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Leaves From My Life

ANNIE KIMBURN KILMER

Author of

WISCONSIN JOYCE KILMER

ITL



Joyce Kilmer and His Mother on Board "S. S. Minnawaska," September, 1914

Leaves from My Life

by

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER

Mother of

SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER



THE KILMER COLLECTION

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To Kenton, to Deborah, to Michael
and to Christopher, children of Joyce
Kilmer, this book is dedicated.

If, in reading it, they learn in even
a slight degree, how much their Father
loved his Mother, it will have fulfilled
its mission, and made happy the heart
of the author, and mother of Sergt.
Joyce Kilmer.

ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER.

Foreword



IT is over six years since my son, Sergt. Joyce Kilmer laid down among the Poppies of France, "Never to laugh nor love again, nor taste the Summer time" (as he says in "Rouge Bouquet," his last poem). Shortly after, I wrote a brief sketch of his life entitled, "Memories of my Son, Sergt. Joyce Kilmer." It was written hastily, under great stress of emotion, and to relieve the agony of an almost breaking heart. As time went on, and I learned to bear my sorrow, I began to realize that it might interest me to live again in memory, a few of our happy years together, here, and in England.

So this book, a postscript to the first one, has been compiled. That it may be of some slight interest to the reader, is the earnest wish of the Author.

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER.

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List of Illustrations

FACING
PAGE

Joyce Kilmer and His Mother on Board "S.S. Minnewaska," September, 1914	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Entrance to the Cheshire Cheese, Fleet Street, London, One of the Few Old London Restaurants.....	5
Hornblower on Watch Calling the Hour.....	9
The Founder of the Salvation Army, Rev. Wm. Booth, as He Appeared in 1900	12
The Streets of Ashbourne, with Entrance to the Greenman and Black Head Inn	14
Newton Grange, Tissington, Cambridgeshire.....	17
Church of Saint Oswald, Ashbourne. The Parish Dates from the Thirteenth Century	20
Tomb of Penelope Boothby; Ashburne Church.....	21
Saint Mary's Church, Wood Ditton, New Market, Cambridgeshire	28
Mill at Wood Ditton, Cambridge, Still Grinding Corn.....	33
Market Cross at Bonsal-Matlock, Erected in 17th Century.....	36
Fourteenth Century Brasses, Memorial to Sir Henry English and Margaret, his Wife, in St. Mary's Church, Wood Ditton.....	44
God-children of the Author, Christened Kilburn in the Parish Church at Wood Ditton, where Thomas Kilburn Was Warden in the 17th Century	47
Kilburn Window, St. Mary's Church, Wood Witton. Inscription: "To the Glory of God and the Memory of Thomas Kilburn, Churchwarden of this Parish in 1632." This Window Was Erected by His Descendants in America, 1905.....	54
Joyce Kilmer, at the Time of Graduation, Columbia, 1908, With His Mother	56
Village of High Kilburn, Yorkshire	58
Kilburn Church, Low Kilburn, Yorkshire.....	60
The White Horse of Kilburn, Carved in the Chalk Stone on the Mountainside	61
Laurence Sterne, Author of Tristram Shandy.....	62

List of Illustrations

	FACING PAGE
Shandy Hall, Coxwold, the Home of Laurence Sterne.....	63
Wheatsheaf Inn, Carperby, Yorkshire.....	64
Wooden Figure from the Ship "The English Rose," Garden Piece at Wheatsheaf Inn	65
Rev. L. Borissow, Rector at Gilling, East Yorkshire.....	66
The Author, Ashbourne, 1909	67
At King's College, Cambridgeshire	69
Mission Van of the English Church Army.....	72
Captain Arthur Biggs, Evangelist of the English Church Army....	73
Kilburn Hall, Kilburn, Yorkshire, where Baron de Kilburn En- tertained King John	76
Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell of Newbury Priory. Sir George was an Officer in the Famous Light Brigade.....	81
Coxwold's Main Street (Yorkshire)	85
Joyce Kilmer as Sidney Carton, with His Mother as Madame Lafarge (Dickens' Tale of Two Cities), at a Reception Held by Dickens Fellowship, 1907.....	91
Parish Church, Coxwold (Yorkshire), where Laurence Sterne Was Incumbent	95
Bolton Castle, Carperby, Yorkshire. Built in 1374.....	97
Mrs. Kilburn-Kilmer as "Sairey Gamp," in Historical Pageant, "Nursing Through the Ages," St. Peter's Hospital, New Brunswick, N. J., 1923.....	106
Ruins of Byland Abbey	113
Joyce Kilmer, B. A.	118
Post Card Photograph of Sergt. Joyce Kilmer, from France, 1918	121
Sergt. Joyce Kilmer in the Uniform of the Intelligence Service, May, 1918	126
Main Street, Kilburn, Yorkshire, showing the "Beck" (creek)....	129
Frederick B. Kilmer, Ph.M., Father of Joyce Kilmer.....	130

LEAVES

From My Life



IN the happy years before the hideous War, my son, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, who now lies in France, used sometimes to say to me, "Your life is so full of adventure, why don't you write a book of it, or at least, compile the verse and prose articles you are continually writing?"

The idea seemed absurd to me at the time, for I was too happy living my life with him to stop and write an epitome of what was happening. But, now he is gone! His dear body has lain in the little cemetery at Fere-en-Tardenois for five sad tragic years, and I'm wondering if any account of fragments of my life may be of interest to any one? I fear not, but still the impulse is so strong to carry out his wishes in this matter, as I always did when he was living.

My early married life was uneventful—I was just a busy housewife. My family, church work, with very little outside interests, kept my time fully employed. It was not until Joyce had nearly reached his teens that I really began to live, because with more leisure came opportunities to more fully enjoy the delight of living. We were always so companionable, and every moment was a joy when we were together. Shall I ever forget our first trip to England! He was only twelve years of age—and it was 1899.

Perhaps I may quote, to give a clearer impression of that summer in England, the letters which I wrote for the local paper and for the benefit of my friends to whom I could not write personal letters. The first was written on the S. S. Patricia of the Hamburg-American Line, which was making her maiden trip the third of June. She was afterwards, when the war was on, taken over by the American Government, but this was in 1899 and everything was peaceful—still, one thing rather jarred on the passengers—when a first-class passenger, a German woman traveling alone, died of pneumonia, she was buried at night with no funeral service. There was great indignation expressed by both German and American passengers, and some of the former told me they had cancelled their return trip on a boat which could do such a barbarous thing.

We didn't know as much of Germany then as we do now, or we should not have been so much surprised. I remember, too, a frail little German sailor for whom I used to save our extra rolls and coffee, served at 7 o'clock, he looked so hungry. I had a German acquaintance talk with him, and the boy told that the food was very scanty and the pay small. The letter and the paper's introduction to it follow:

ON THE OCEAN

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE CITY'S MANY TRAVELERS ABROAD

THE TIMES herewith publishes an entertaining letter from the pen of one of its regular correspondents now traveling in England. It gives a pleasing account of daily life on board of one of the big ocean liners.

On Board Patricia,
Hamburg-American Line,
Third of June, 1899.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

Dear Sir:

"I promised to give you a few hints of my voyage, if I wasn't too seasick to remember, and as we are now on the eighth day and so far I haven't missed a meal, I see no reason why the promise should not be redeemed. We set sail one week ago today with the bands playing, the usual sea of faces on the dock watching the enormous ship with its precious

cargo of souls (to say nothing of twelve thousand tons of freight) sail away. The Patricia is one of the largest ships afloat and owing to the peculiar construction of her keel allows so little motion to be felt that it is hard to realize one is not on a Hudson River steamer. I saw an Episcopalian clergyman on Sunday morning and asked him if he would read the prayers. He was very willing to do so, and we had a beautiful service. Tomorrow he is to officiate again as there is no other clergyman on board.

We celebrated Decoration Day with patriotic music in the morning and at dinner, when the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. That night we had a concert given by two little Polish Jewesses, who play most wonderfully well. They are going over to Berlin to complete their musical education, and the concert was a benefit for them, realizing about \$50. Last night we had another concert, given by first cabin talent, and afterward a donation party for the benefit of the German sailors' fund for widows and orphans. The party consisted of parcels donated by the passengers and afterward sold at auction. The proceeds of that amounted to \$210. Tonight we are to have a ball for our benefit, so you see we don't lack for amusement.

In fact, if one just pays attention properly to the meals, there isn't much time for anything else. This is a programme of the day: At 6 o'clock, coffee and rolls served in the cabins; breakfast at 9; at 10 o'clock, bouillon and sandwiches (cheese and sausage,) are served on the open deck, while we are listening to a very good concert. At 12:30 o'clock we have luncheon of four courses served in the dining room. At 3 in the afternoon, lemonade and cake are served on deck, and at 6 a very elaborate dinner of six courses is served. Then at 9 and 11 in the evening tea and supper are served, but as I am always in my stateroom by that time I am unable to speak of the menu. Last night at dinner the dining room was darkened when the waiters brought in the ice cream, which was a big block of red ice with a candle inside and the cream around it. The waiters marched around the dining room twice, while the orchestra in the balcony above played weird music. It was very interesting and quite distinctly German. Crackers and bonbons were served with cakes, and those of us who had no dignity to lose, and there were many, amused themselves and others by putting on the paper caps. We

expect to land today, and after I have spent a week in London I may tell you how I like it.

As usual on shipboard many people have nicknames applied to them, by the other passengers. I was so fortunate as to find mine last night,—it is “Red, White, and Blue.” I am very proud of it. I suppose it is because I wear the national colors on my cap, and on Decoration Day had our dear old Flag thrown over my steamer rug—the Flag which is never so beautiful or so precious, as when we are not under its protection.

No more at present for the band is playing and I want to go on deck.”

K.

After a week of sightseeing I wrote the following letter:

DULWICH, RICA HOUSE, LONDON, S. E.

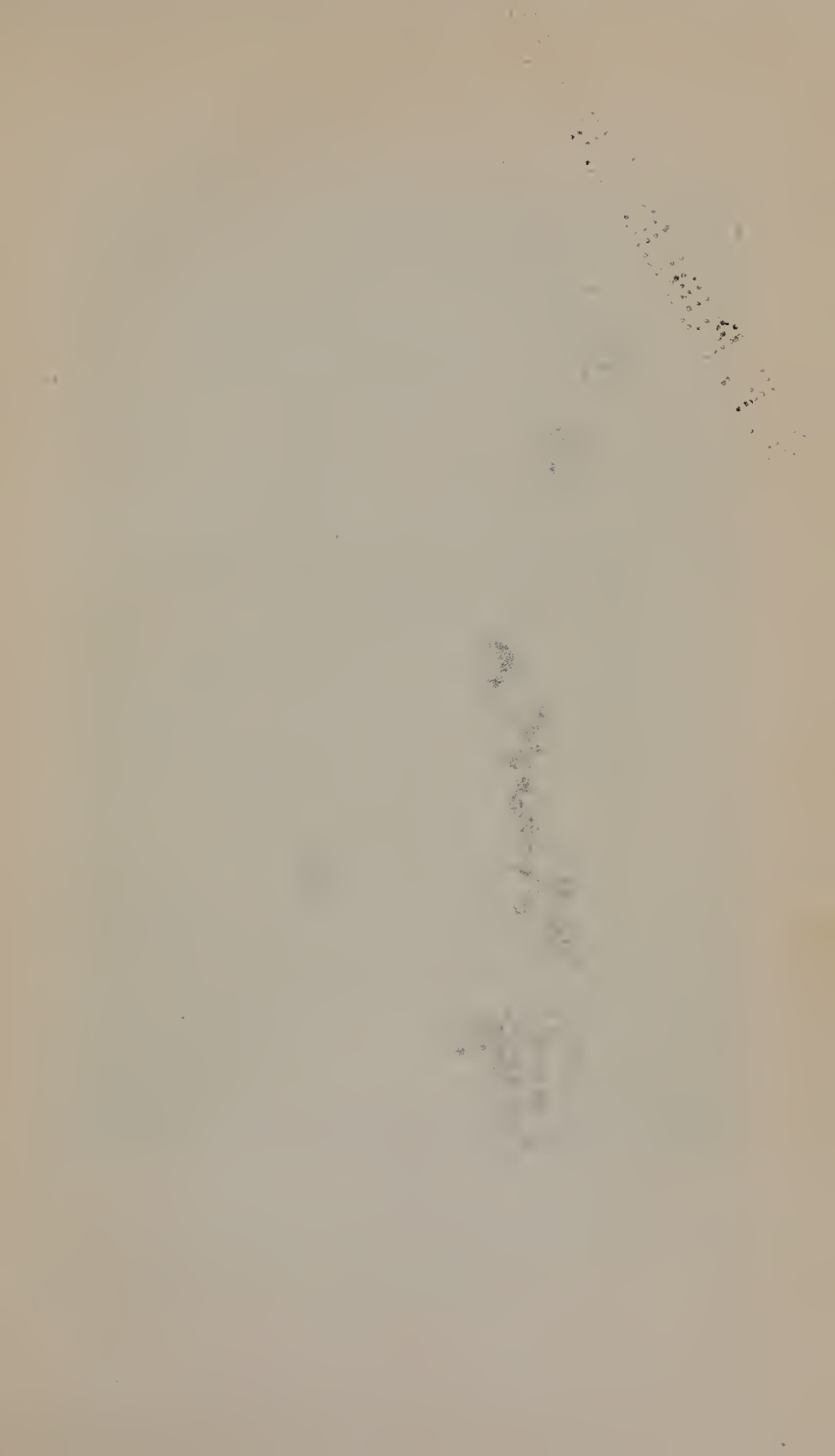
June 12, 1899.

To the Editor of THE DAILY TIMES:

Dear Sir:

I have been a resident of London about a week, and according to promise will attempt to set down a few of the myriads of impressions left on my mind. In the first place we are “stopping” (for no one “stays” in London) in the capacity of “paying guests” in a lodging house in one of the many suburbs of the great city. It is just far enough out to get what passes as fresh air here, and not too far for sightseeing. My landlady is a diminutive Cockney, with a red face, who speaks of her servants as “the Mides,” and interlards her conversation with “Ah, come now,” and “only fahncy” and “there you are again,” while the nasal tones are only faintly duplicated in a down-East Yankee. But I forget. This is not a treatise on dialects. To return to the subject, “London and how it strikes me.”

One of the first things I noticed as I left the steamer for the funny little, but very comfortable, railroad carriage, and rolled out into the lovely green heart of England, was the almost entire absence of fences. Everywhere were seen the trim hedges which, with the quaint old Inns, beautiful old





Entrance to the Cheshire Cheese, Fleet Street, London,
One of the Few Old London Restaurants

stone Churches, and pretty little thatched cottages, made it the most wonderfully picturesque landscape that my eyes have ever rested upon. And then, the wonderful, strange, wild flowers. How I longed to get out and gather some. As we neared London, it was odd to see the haze settle down, and only lift once in a while under the persistent beams of the sun. And then the chimney pots, one for each room in the house. How strange they looked to my unaccustomed eyes.

The fog was very dense at Paddington, and I was very glad to get out of it, and into my lodging house, but as it was quite the other side of London, it took us about an hour and a half in the bus, which we chartered. Still, the trip was made with less trouble than to go in the same manner from New York to Brooklyn, and we brought our trunks and other luggage right along with us. The enormous traffic of London is certainly managed most wonderfully well. The most of it, i. e., the passenger traffic, is done by lines of buses and trams which run through the city and take the place of our trolley and cable cars, and all horse power! Of course there are hansoms, and smaller traps of every description, but the trams and the buses, to be a bit slangy, "take the cake," and the people.

It is great fun to ride on top of the buses. You go up a little winding stair, often with the horses trotting gaily along, and the conductor yelling (beg pardon, "calling," no one yells here) to "hold fast," till you think you are on a Broadway cable car. It looks rather rickety at first as the bus goes swaying along and you look down from an altitude of perhaps 15 feet and think what would happen in case of a spill, but one soon gets used to it, and now I would scorn to ride anywhere else.

This morning we took a bus out to Liverpool station, a distance of about six miles each way. The fare for two people was two shillings the round trip, about 50 cents of our money. I was fortunate enough to get into a seat right behind the driver, and he was very kind and told me lots of things I did not know. Not a difficult task, you will say.

He showed me the shop where the sister of the once famous Barney Barnato now sells fried fish in Petticoat Lane. The sign over the door says: "Polly Nathan."

I crossed the wonderful Thames on the Tower Bridge, and saw the old Tower, once so infamous. Oh, I saw lots of things! I haven't told you about St. Paul's and "The Only Way," now playing at the Princess Theatre, which we saw Saturday and Sunday last, but I fear that I have taken up too much space already, and will bring this very rambling letter to a close."

K.

Perhaps a description of an engagement party Joyce and I attended in London might be interesting. The young lady for whom the party was given was a niece of a book-keeper.

The invitation card was as follows:

"Miss E.———

*Requests the pleasure of your company at an Evening party on Friday, June 16th, 9 P. M. o'clock.
Music.*

R. S. V. P."

The description I quote from my diary:

The evening was very funny, and might have been taken out of one of Dickens' novels. It was mainly an event to celebrate Miss ———'s engagement and also her twenty-first birthday. Her fiance was an enthusiastic young Englishman of the middle class. The "music" was a succession of howls emanating from several of the guests. "Larbord Watch" tried me sorely, and when two young men brayed "Excelsior," I was reminded of what one of Shakespeare's characters said on a similar occasion, "an't were a dog that howled thus, they had shot him." The refreshments were many and included brandy, whiskey, champagne, all sorts of cakes and jellies, and on a table downstairs a regular supper with an enormous cold roast of beef in a prominent place. Mr. Hart proposed his daughter's health, and also the young man she is to marry, who responded in a very nice speech of which he had a type-written copy; in which he got more or less mixed up, but whenever he got in a tight place, he came out triumphantly with the words "in behalf of my dear Ethel and myself," and all was well.

The third letter followed shortly and told of London scenes:

LONDON SCENES.

SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN PLAYS, FAMOUS CHURCHES
AND THE BRITISH BOBBIE TOLD OF
INTERESTINGLY.

London, June 20, 1899.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

Dear Sir:

I have just finished my second week in this wonderful but slow old City and, if you like, will give you a few more impressions thereof. I am charmed to see how kindly the horses are used. They seem to know and like their drivers, and it's well they do, for otherwise they could never draw the immense loads they have. The trams hold about 35, inside and out, while the buses hold very nearly as many, but there is a limit, and standing room is not allowed. I think I told you of my visit to St. Paul's, that wonderful old Cathedral? And also of seeing "The Only Way" at the Princess Theatre.

This last week has been rather lazy sight seeing. I have made one call in Piccadilly, which you know is West, and, as it gave me a glimpse into a fashionable woman's club, the Sandringham, it was very enjoyable. It seemed to me to be an ideal way to live. I had afternoon tea with my hostess, and met a granddaughter of Hepworth Dixon. Had hoped to have met a granddaughter of Charles Dickens, but she was out, unfortunately. Went to the Prince of Wales Theatre one afternoon, and saw "Why Smith Left Home," an American play of course you know, and very well done, only I wish the American servant had been presented a little nearer the truth. When the cook seated herself in her mistress' drawing room, a distinct thrill of horror ran through the audience, and I could not refrain from turning to a sweet young girl who sat at my right and saying, "Pardon, but please don't think that all American servants act like that." She laughed and said, "Oh, I know they don't, I'm an American myself. The play is very much overdrawn." She told me she had been here three years, but I would have thought from her accent that she was a well-born English girl.

The orchestra was very good and it seemed so nice to hear the American airs, and when at the close "God Save the Queen" was played, and the whole audience arose, I did, too, but you know, dear TIMES, it was "My Country 'Tis of Thee" I was honoring all the time, and nobody a bit the wiser. To jump from theatres to churches, I must tell you of two beautiful ones I have seen within the past week. The first one is "St. Giles Without Cripplegate," as it is called. It was built in 1392 being one of the churches that escaped in the great fire of London, in 1666.

Oliver Cromwell was married in this church 1620, and John Fox, martyrologist, Sir Martin Trobisher, navigator, John Speed, historian, and John Milton, poet, were all buried there. There are many beautiful old monuments in the church. The oldest is to Thomas Busby, buried July 11, 1515, with a quaint inscription, in old English rhyme, to the effect that "This Busby willing to relieve the Poore, with Fire and with Bread." (Note the quaint spelling.)

"Did give the house wherein he dyed. Then called ye Queen's Heade."

"Four full loads of ye best charcoles, he would have bought ech year."

"And fortie dozen of wheaten bread for poore house holders heare," etc, etc.

There was a lot more, telling whom he put in trust to see that his generous wishes were carried out, and enjoining others to follow his good example, and a very good one, too. There are two other monuments giving bequests—one for Roger Mason, died third September, 1603 who gave £200 for the purchase of ten gowns of black cloth lined to be given to ten poor men of the parish, every All Saints Day, £16 being the yearly rental. The other one is to the memory of Charles Longby, who died 1602, and left for the poor of St. Giles the money to buy each year "Gownes xx reddie made with xx shirts and xx smocks as they may best be hadd."

But I am afraid I shall bore you with old world inscriptions and will only speak of the fine peal of bells which plays a different air each day at 12 o'clock. The day I was there the bells played the fine old tune of "Hanover" very



Hornblower or Watch Calling the Hour

sweetly. I must not forget to mention the boundary line of the church being the city wall, built by the Romans in the year 306. The other church I would like to mention is quite near my lodgings, being at Dulwich Park (pronounced Dul-litch) only a hapenny bus ride from here. It is a quaint old chapel to the college there, and an inscription on the door reads "Allyn's Chapel of God's Gift, Dulwich." Thomas Allyn, the founder, being buried underneath the chancel, and a raised monument over with the date of his death, 1602. The hand carving of the old pulpit stairs and around the pews is the most beautiful you can imagine, quaint little figures not over five or six inches in length, some kneeling, one reading a book, are all carved with a beautiful fidelity that makes one long, in these ever-scurrying days, for a little of that old world exactness which wrought for all time.

By the side of the chancel, and covering the wall for a space of about ten feet each way, is a most magnificent painting, by Rembrandt, representing the Transfiguration. The old caretaker (who seemed pleased at my interest) said that "Of a bright mornin' when the sun came streaming in, I have counted upwards of 28 figures in the picter." Needless to add, I rewarded her for her powers of observation, for you can't get on without the everready tip, but then the amount expected is so very trifling that it amounts to very little after all—unless you have an absolute thirst for information, in that case you'd best have a good supply of three-penny coins.

I wish I had time to tell you of the Queen's soldiers, with their funny little caps fastened on one ear, something like the organ grinder's monkey at home; of the bluecoat boys, with no coats at all; of the Scotch Highlanders, with their extremely airy costume; of the big boys with their tall hats, short coats, long trousers, and broad white collars; of the babies with their enormous white coal scuttle bonnets,—and why do the perambulators always hold two babies? Can it be that at Dulwich where I live, the climate is conducive to twins, or are they simply friends?—Of the "bobbies," as the policemen are called, with their helmets fastened by a strap under their chin and no club to enforce the majesty of the land, but I must say that I have never seen such wonderful order kept, and it's all done so quietly and easily, too.

Imagine yourself on top of a bus, "outside," they call

it, going over Tower Bridge. Before you spreads a solid mass of vehicles of every description. If it's your first trip you begin to get a little nervous and think "how are we ever going to get through," when suddenly you see a bobbie, who with upraised arm directs the traffic, and in a moment you have threaded your way out, but always to the left.

But I really must stop, or your patience will be quite exhausted. Will write again next week an American's further impressions of England and the English, also about the exhibit of the British chemists now taking place in Agricultural Hall, a very fair imitation of Madison Square Garden, and will close wishing you all an hilarious fourth of July and wondering how I shall get on without it.

K.

The fourth letter gives more impressions of London.

"K" WRITES ENTERTAININGLY OF A CHEMISTRY EXPOSITION—
A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER AND A GLIMPSE AT ROYALTY.

London, England,

July 1, 1899.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

Dear Sir:

I am almost on my fourth week of London but it seems much longer as events crowd so thick and fast upon one that it is not always easy to tell where one left off. But, I think, I promised to tell you of the British and International Chemists' Exhibit, which took place at Agricultural Hall, all last week. But beyond the fact that some thousands of pounds were spent in making it attractive, that an English shilling was charged for entering, and that no samples were given away, I saw nothing worthy of note. I was only there two days. It was too deadly lively! I noticed that Parke Davis & Co., and Ivory Soap Co. had very fine exhibits from the U. S. A. and, of course, our own Johnson & Johnson, with its study of Belladonna, was the centre of attraction at the hall.

Sunday we attended morning service in Westminster Abbey. The choral service was even finer than what we heard at St. Paul's Cathedral. The sermon was preached by the Rev.

Canon Harvey, rector of Sandringham. We were most fortunate in our seats, being quite close to the reading desk and choir, while the beautiful chancel was near to us on our left, and the pulpit almost directly behind us. It was most grand and impressive of course, still it was a wee bit funny to anyone with a keen sense of humor, to see the Vergers (if that's what they call them,) with their long black cloaks, solemnly show the way to pulpit, chancel or reading desks to the different clergy. In one hand these Vergers carried a long staff (I suppose to chastise them if they didn't go) and in the other the clerical cap which they gravely handed to their sacred charge just before leaving. One almost expected to see a tip given.

After service we walked a bit in the gloomy old cloisters, all made of cold grey stone, with narrow cells on one side, where more than 600 years ago the old Benedictine Monks dwelt. Under the pavements are buried many more or less noted people, with most of the inscriptions illegible. One I discovered was quite plain, and, to my great joy, was not in the guide book. It was over the tomb of Clementi, a great musical composer.

The next day, Monday, we spent exploring the Abbey, and I can safely say that there isn't a bust, effigy or monument there that our eyes did not feast upon, from the tomb of Charles Dickens, of recent date, to that of, I think, the earliest, King Sebert, Saxon, who died 616. In the statesmen's corner I noticed Gladstone's beautiful monument with the inscription—

“In the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive.”

I shall never forget my most memorable visit to Westminster Abbey.

The next day we visited the great Tower of London which was built about 1708, and, after going through its gloomy towers, and on coming and standing on the side of what was once the scaffold, where so many people were literally “taken off,” I felt as if I had been guilty of about 4000 murders at least. The only bright spot in it was the Regalia, where the crown which Victoria wears when she is “fixed up,” as also many others, are kept. I was rather disappointed that the Prince of Wales' coronet was of gold only, with not a

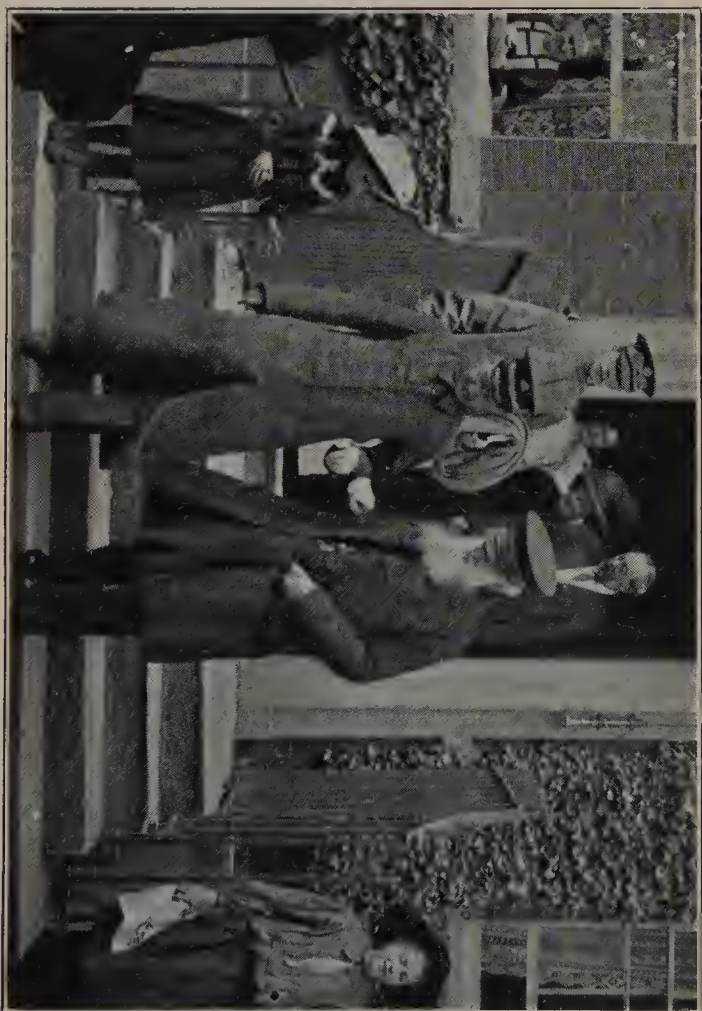
single precious stone. But I heard somebody's guide say that that was because he was not yet reigning, but if I had my way I would put up the model of the Kohinoor (which is shown) in it, he'd look "a bit smart, don't you know."

The Tower armory was to me rather tiresome, (though my boy companion enjoyed it hugely,) consisting, as it did, of mounted Knights in armour, all sorts and conditions of firearms, hand grenades, helmets, and a cheerful collection of thumb-screws, executioners' swords and the like. The most pitiful sight of all, I thought, was the inscriptions carved by the condemned prisoners on the stone walls of Beauchamp Tower, the oldest one being that of "Thomas Talbot 1642" supposed to have been concerned in the "War of the Roses."

The attendants who show you about the famous (and infamous) old tower are garbed in quaint costume worn by the "Beef Eaters" of King Henry the Eighth's time, and it seemed most incongruous, when upon leaving I asked one of them to direct me to a place nearby where I might get luncheon, to receive the answer, in a strong Cockney accent, "Go to 20 Tarrar (Tower) Street and you will find a good place." Speaking of that same accent, I was much amused yesterday when talking to the bus driver about his horses, one of which was, to use his words, "a bit nitty," to hear say (after some reference of mine to the said animal) "E's the ice bred 'oss." After some study I decided that he meant to say, "He is the highest bred horse."

I travel about a great deal on the tops of buses. There is no more delightful way to see and know London, especially if you select a seat just behind the driver, who is usually a very clever sort of man, entirely civil, but more than pleased if you will start the ball of conversation rolling, directly you take your seat behind him, and very grateful for the modest tip you are quite apt to leave on going down. They are all so very fond of their horses and so kind to them that it is a pleasure to be with them. One driver told me he changed horses five times during the day, and on another line they changed eight times.

The cabs are rather nice to "go about in" a la "Boots and Brewer" in "Mutual Friend," but unfortunately they have a strong disinclination to ever give back change, so on the



The Founder of the Salvation Army, Rev. Wm. Booth,
as He Appeared in 1900

whole I prefer the bus, or even the humble tram. Thursday we spent the day with some pleasant friends we have met, who live at Blackheath, where the very naughty Wat Tyler used to disport himself so many years ago. There were no signs of him that day, however, but instead a gorgeous garden fete given by the Marchioness of Dufferin for the benefit of the women of India. It was formally opened by the Duchess of York, possibly England's future queen in case Queen Victoria gets over the habit she has of living, and the Prince of Wales succeeds, as the Duchess is next in line. Shall I confess it? There was a large crowd standing on either side of the road waiting to see her drive by, and I, Republican I, made one of the number! It was quite simply done.

Punctually to the moment when the fete was to open (half past three) a mounted policeman rode past, followed closely by a large open carriage in which were seated the Duchess with her Gentleman and Lady-in-waiting. She is a stout, rather handsome, lady with rich coloring, and she bowed to the right and left rather mechanically I thought, as she drove through the silent throng; except for a few handkerchiefs waved, there was no enthusiasm shown; not a "huzza" was heard. My hostess explained the reason. It seems that a year ago they had expected the Duchess, and had spent about one hundred pounds (which is a tidy bit of money to a Briton) for the decorations with which to make her welcome. But when the day arrived she drove in a closed carriage, and consequently they were unable to see her; so they didn't like it and this was the way they showed their resentment. After the excitement of seeing the Duchess drive past was over, my hostess, with two of her charming daughters, took us driving through the beautiful County of Sussex. The scenery was most delightful, and it seems so wonderful to see banks of holly growing wild along the roadside. I felt like picking a lot and sending it home for Christmas. After dinner we came home by railway and bus, feeling that we had enjoyed a most perfect day.

Yesterday we went out to Queen's Hall, Oxford Circus, W., to hear Chevalier, the famous coster singer. We were much pleased. He was in America not so long ago, but I can understand why he did not make more of a success. Unless one has heard a good bit of the Cockney dialect it is impossible to understand him. He was especially good in one,

the refrain of which was "Hit aren't hegsactly wat 'ee says as the narsty way 'ee says it" and I only wish you could see Chevalier's nose when he sings "narsty." He is also good in other than coster songs, one representing an English clergyman in "Our Paris Bazaar," a Frenchman in a burlesque French song, and an old English farmer in "Ee carn't take ah roize out of I." Oh yes, and one other, "The Fallen Star," representing a decayed actor, which was really quite touching. He also sang one other coster song, "The Coster's Serenade," and his "Arriet, Dy'e Eer?" followed by the whistle, accompanied by most expressive pantomime, is inimitable. He had some other very clever artists with him, but of course he is the "bright particular star."

But I am afraid I have written more than you can find room for, so will close, only adding that next time I write I will describe a Fourth of July (Anglo-American) entertainment to be given on that day in Royal Albert's Hall, and which I hope to have the pleasure of attending.

The fifth letter concludes the impressions of London and gives a little sketch of Joyce and my stay in Derbyshire, while Mr. Kilmer was on the Continent.—

BEAUTIES OF HAMPTON COURT—A FOURTH SPENT IN LONDON
WITH ITS SIGHTS AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

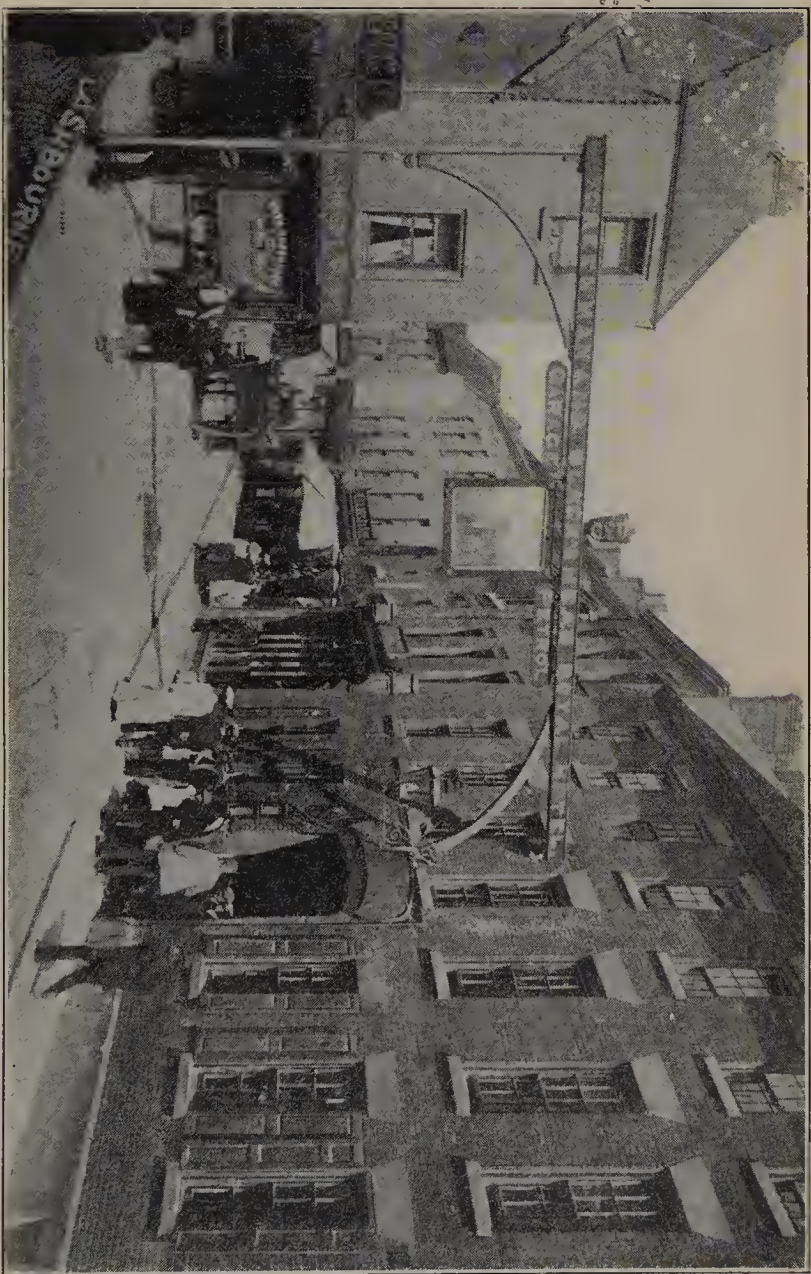
Newton Grange, Tissington-Ash-
bourne, Derbyshire, England.

July 11, 1899.

To the Editor of THE NEW BRUNSWICK TIMES,

Dear Sir:

I have spent one month in London and am now in one of the most beautiful parts of England, County of Derbyshire, Newton Grange township. Tissington and Ashbourne are the names of the two Hamlets nearest us. We are right in the central part of England. The farm where I am stopping has a long picturesque stone cottage of two and a half stories, with ever so many gables in the roof and English ivy wandering all over. If fresh air, good abundant food, and charming scenery can make one happy and contented, I am sure to be so here.



The Streets of Ashbourne, with Entrance to the Greenman
and Black Head Inn

I have only been here a few days and so have done but little exploring, but will devote this letter to jotting down a few of the many things I saw before leaving dear, wonderful, smoky, old London. We spent one day at Hampton Court and I cannot begin to tell you how I enjoyed it. Not to mention the magnificent paintings which cover the walls of over 40 enormous rooms, the historical associations connected with the walls wherein most of England's royal personages have moved and enjoyed the brief summer of their lives, combine to form a subject too great for my weak pen. Suffice it to say that though I was awed and almost overcome by the great beauty and splendor of those bygone centuries, so lovingly preserved by loyal English hands and hearts, still, as I looked on the painted faces of the dead and gone Kings and Queens, I was very glad that I was an American, for among them all I did not see one that looked as honorable as our Presidents.

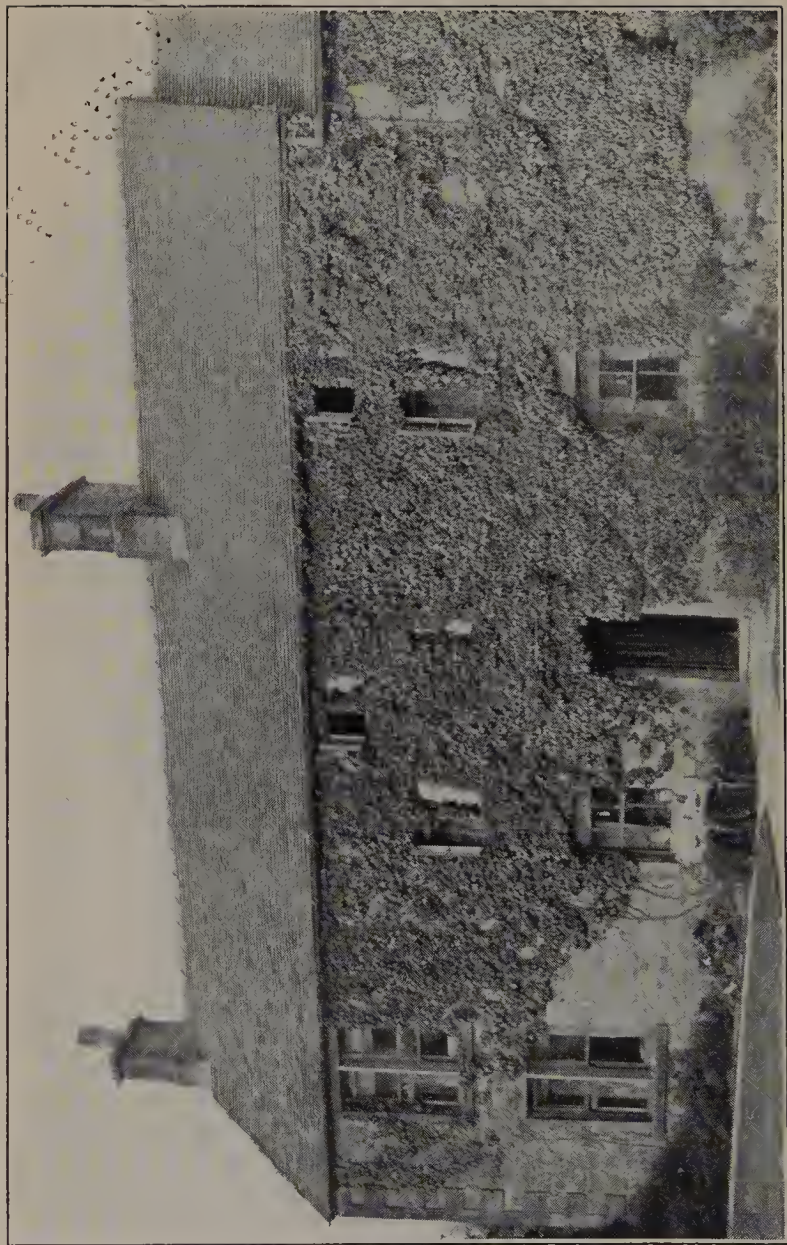
The grounds are beautifully kept. We wandered through the maze built by Edward III, and only one of our party got to the centre or to the entrance again without the assistance of the man in charge. We could easily have spent days admiring and studying the wonderful tapestries that are in many of the halls. The attendants are most civil, and seem to be very glad to give you any information in their power. In fact they seem to take a personal pride in the matter.

We went to Hampton Court by bus to New Cross Station, thence by railway. We came home by water and I was painfully reminded of trips that I have taken on the Raritan from New Brunswick to New York. Only this was worse! I never knew a boat could move so slowly. We were five hours on the water, so don't expect me to gush over the Thames, for you will be disappointed if you do. It doesn't begin to compare in beauty with our noble Hudson, and I don't think it's as deep as the Raritan. However, the "Cardinal Woolsey" finally landed us at Blackfriars Bridge, and one forgiving spirit (it wasn't I) called out, "Good Night, Captain," to which that individual (who looked exactly like a stage Irishman, for he had a bright red face and snow white whiskers around his chin) responded, "Please to make 'aste, ladies and gentlemen," which I thought was cool to say the least, considering the time he had taken.

The Fourth was spent very pleasantly. A large American flag floated from our sitting room window all day, though we left our lodging house early in the morning to spend the day in Town, but right after breakfast I went in the parlor and played all the patriotic airs on the piano, I could think of, but winding up of course with "God Save the Queen" just to be polite, but, between you and me and the British Museum, I called it "America!"

And then, visibly refreshed, I took my "gamp" (Anglice, umbrella) and started. Taking a bus at the "Kings Arms," a "Pub," (now don't say you are innocent of what that means), we rode to the bottom of Rye Lane. Then we took a tram to Blackfriar's Bridge—then a hapenny bus over the bridge, and from there a hansom to Golden Lane, Barbican, which was where we were to meet the rest of the party. My cabby had looked once or twice too often on the wine when it is red, a fact that I discovered before we got very far. However, we got to our journey's end safely owing to the general debility of the horse, which prevented his resenting too much the cabby's erratic driving. Having maddened the latter by handing him the exact fare and 2d., for they generally calculate on "doing" you out of a sixpence or a shilling, I entered 104 Golden Lane, where the other members of the party were awaiting us. After taking lunch at a cafe nearby, we went to the Royal Aquarium, which is an immense entertainment hall with a continuous performance going on, of very good artists. It presents the most pleasing features of a circus and a high class vaudeville and, as such, was of course much enjoyed by the small boy of the party.

We left there about 5 o'clock and then took a walk down the Strand and Regent Street. I cannot say I am much impressed by the shops. "There are others." Tiffany's was closed in honor of Independence Day, which I think is a more appropriate title than the one we use. Many other American shops were closed, and in Piccadilly, the Strand, and in the vicinity of the Hotel Cecil and Metropole (two big fashionable West End hotels much favored by Americans) I saw between twenty and thirty United States flags, big ones too. In one place I saw our flag and the Union Jack, both enormous ones, tied together with blue ribbon. It looked so pretty. Everywhere the kindest feeling toward America seems to prevail.



Newton Grange, Tissington, Cambridgeshire

After getting a very good dinner in a French cafe in the Strand, we came back to our lodging house in Dulwich, feeling that we had spent a very pleasant Fourth of July, though there wasn't a firecracker in it.

Next week I will tell you what I have discovered in Derbyshire.

* * * * *

The sixth and last, for I have preserved no more of the 1899 letters, gives notes of our stay in Derbyshire.

OLD CHURCHES

WITH TOMBS, INSCRIPTIONS AND SCULPTURES OF ANTIQUARIAN INTEREST—DESCRIBED IN "K's" CHARMING LETTER.

Newton Grange,
Tissington-Ahbourne,
Derbyshire, Eng., July 22, 1899.

To the Editor of THE TIMES,

Dear Sir:

I have been in rural England two weeks, and in that time have walked miles upon miles over lovely green moors and meadows, not to speak of the chalky high roads that I have been glad to escape to, via the neat stone wall, to avoid the too intrusive familiarity of the meek looking cow and family. I will only add, before leaving this painful subject, that the stone walls here are exceedingly well built and do not prove false to the most agitated climber.

I am stopping at present in a dairy farm and lodging house, carried on by tenants of Lord Hinslip (usually called Inslip in these parts). The house itself, a long, rambling, two-and-a-half story stone building, was once the Manor House of the family, but about twenty years ago was renovated, or restored rather, so that it lost the many of its old picturesque features; but those are still existing in the funny little stone cottages in the little hamlet of Tissington, situated a little over a mile away. The casement windows, with about thirty little diamond panes to each window, and a little door in the centre, opening outward; the luxuriant ivy growing over the whole front of the building often; the shy little flaxen haired children clustering around the door

and all anxious to catch a glimpse of strangers; the quaint old parish church, St. Mary's; the hall of the Lords Fitz Herbert with their coat of arms on the front of the house; the little village school, also with the Fitz Herbert arms displayed, all combine to form a most pleasing picture of England 200 years ago.

The vicar of the church is a Fitz Herbert, a cousin of the present Lord, and is a tall, scholarly looking man. We had been through the church exploring it, and, stopping at the vicarage to return the key, I was so fortunate as to meet him. He was most kind and gave me much valuable information about the church, which is one of the oldest in these parts, dating back to King William the Conqueror. In fact, the old stone font, with its almost illegible carving, and its conical top, something like an old fashioned candle extinguisher, suggested even a more remote era.

In the stone of the Norman Tower you may see the grooves which were made by the Archers sharpening their arrows. Those marks are also to be seen in another dear old church near here, that of Fenney Bentley. There are several monuments in the Chancel of St. Mary's of kneeling Lords and Ladies, most of them Fitz Herberts, but I think the quaintest one is a group of three stone figures—kneeling on the left an old man in a black cloak and doublet, while opposite him are two young women, also kneeling, with prayer books open before them, and the following inscription underneath:

“Francis Fitz Herbert, Esq.
Departed this life the 4th. of January
Aetat 80 years. Anno Domini 1619.

Love, justice, honor here,
All at once in one appeare
Let the reader silent be, and do
honor on his knee.

To this reverend esquire, who hath now
his full desire
Of that peace he ever loved, in his life
and death approved.
Laid here with his two loyal friends,
Most renowned in their ends.”

I have given you little of the quaint spelling, but have not written exactly as it was there, because that would make it rather confusing in this day, but I think it's rather aggravating to give one no further clue to the identity of the "two loyal friends." I imagine them to have been two faithful servants, and as such, of course, it was quite distinction enough to be buried so near the "quality" while the slight item of having their names mentioned was hardly worth consideration. A beautiful female bust, that of Martha Fitz Herbert, died 1699, is also in the chancel.

The church at Fenny-Bentley, which I mentioned a moment back, is still more interesting from the fact that it has a raised tomb below the church, with two recumbent shrouded figures, with their heads tied in bags, apparently, after the gruesome fashion of those days. The inscription was in Latin, but the Vicar, who was so kind as to show us through the church, said the larger of the figures represented one who fought at Agincourt. The other was life, while the sixteen rudely carved little figures, also shrouded, represented his eight sons and daughters, also buried there. The Vicar had us write our names in the visitors' book, and showed us the church records, which dated back to 1316.

He spoke most kindly of America, and he said he hoped more friendly feelings would exist between the two great countries. He also mentioned having an uncle, Rev. John Hall, a Presbyterian clergyman, in New York.

But I must get on if I expect to give you even a hint of the four churches we devoted the day to seeing not long ago. We took a "trap," as the farthest church was twelve miles away, yet in that radius we saw the churches of Clifton, Norbury, Mapleton and Ashbourne, the second and last being the oldest and most noted. That at Norbury, being most remarkable for an enormous Crusader's image recumbent, very rudely carved in stone with the inscription, "Sir Henry Fitz Herbert, VII, Lord of Norbury, Knight of the Shire of Derby, 1298."

It was doubly interesting from the fact of the legs being crossed, the custom in those days when they buried a Crusader. This branch of the Fitz Herberts has always remained Roman Catholic, and the church was originally Roman. We visited

the priest's house nearby, now disused, and only in charge of a caretaker. The walls are all of solid oak and most beautifully carved, and in one which had evidently been used as an oratory or chapel, texts of Scripture were carved on the panels.

I have only time to give passing mention to the fourth and most noted church of all, that of St. Oswald, at Ashbourne, of which George Eliot says, "Father indulged me with a sight of Ashbourne church, the finest mere parish church in the kingdom."

We had to buy tickets at three pence each from the vergers who showed us through, and who also sold us copies of guides to the church, to which I am indebted for many of my dates.

Erection of the Chancel and Trancepts, 1220.

Consecration of the Church by Hugh de Patishull, Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield, 1241.

Probable date of Saxon Cross, which marks the first preaching of Christianity in this Parish, 800.

"Nicholas de Esseburne was the first Vicar in 1200.

The record of the consecration of the Church engraved on a brass tablet, is on one of the walls of the Sacristy, the date of that is 1241.

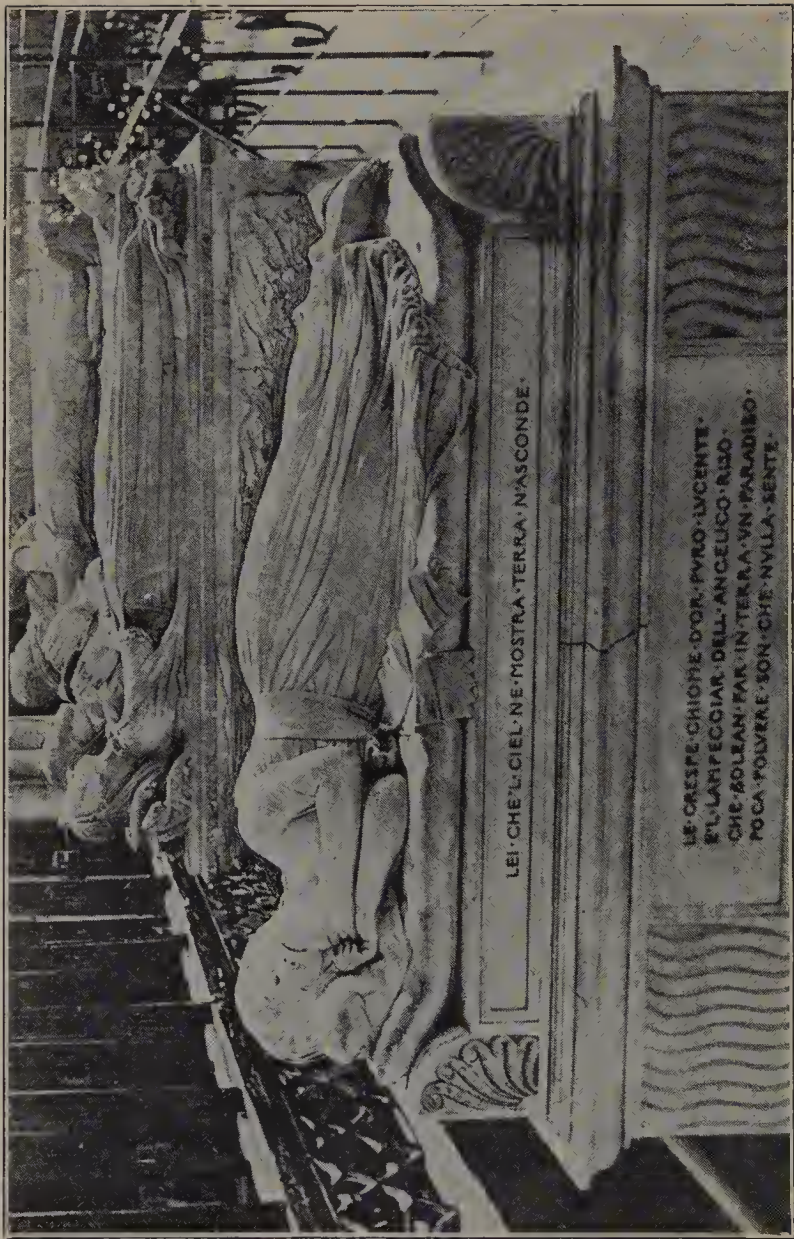
I can't begin to tell you half of the interesting things connected with the beautiful old Church, nor a tithe of the magnificent tombs and monuments there are in it. I must, however, mention one, the choiest one of all, that sleeping figure in purest white marble, of little Penelope Boothby. It is the only monument that is always kept covered with a heavy linen cloth unless visitors wish to see it, but when the vergers reverently lifted the cloth we were awed as well as touched by the beauty of the sleeping child which lay before us. Her cheek is resting on the open palm of her little right hand. The eyes are closed as if in sleep, but the sweetest, most angelic smile plays around the exquisite mouth.

Underneath is the following touching inscription on the four bases of the monument in Latin, Italian, French and English. I will give the English.

Ashbourne Church from North-East



Church of Saint Oswald, Ashbourne. The Parish Dates
from the Thirteenth Century



Tomb of Penelope Boothby; Ashburne Church

TO PENELOPE

Only child of Sir Brooke and Dame Susanna Boothby,
born April 11th, 1785. Died March 13th, 1791.

"She was in form and intellect most exquisite.

The unfortunate parents ventured all on this
frail bark and the wreck was total."

I must close now for I fear I have taken up too much space
and reserve for another letter a description of life on a farm
in country England.

K.

I do not recall the date of our sailing for home. I only
know that it was some time in the latter part of August. We
sailed on the "Neptuno," of the White Star Line, an old boat,
making her last voyage. Still we were comfortable and were
glad to be going home. Joyce was in the Rutgers Preparatory
School then, and I was happy watching his progress. Dr.
Eliot R. Payson was the headmaster and to his fine leadership
the school owed most of its success.

In 1901 and 1902 I began work on the geneological data
of my father's family, although I knew from the book of
"Histories and Antiquities of the Kilburne family" bequeathed
to me by my father, that we were descended from one Thomas
Kilbourne, once church warden at Wood Ditton, Newmarket,
Cambridgeshire, England, who emigrated to this country in
1635, settling in Wethersfield, Connecticut, with his wife and
five children, and my father was in the eighth generation from
Thomas Kilburne's second son, George, who came a few years
later, and settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Some of the
lines of descent were missing. I became so interested in
the work that I decided to visit England again in 1903 with
Joyce, of course, for I could not possibly have left him behind,
and make my principal point of interest at the old vicarage
of St. Mary's Church, Wood Ditton, Newmarket. I had been
in correspondence for some months previous with the Rev.
Hugh Guy, M. A., and vicar of St. Mary's, and had made
arrangements for Joyce and I to be "paying guests" at the
vicarage during our stay in that locality. On our previous
visit to England we had met two English girls who were stop-
ping at the same Manor house at Tissington, Ashbourne. I
wrote the elder one on my return home, and we had corre-
sponded. When she learned we were coming over in 1903,

we received a cordial invitation from her mother to visit them at their home in Finchley, London, N. We were invited for a fortnight, and accepted for ten days.

We, Joyce and I, sailed for England on the eighteenth of June. Perhaps a letter written on shipboard and published in the local paper may be of interest:

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM MRS. F. B. KILMER DESCRIBING INCIDENTS OF A FOURTEEN DAY TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

On the good ship "Colorado,"
Eighth day out, and nearly half way over,

June 26th, 1903.

To the Editor of the HOME NEWS:

I promised to write you when the mood took me, so behold me "in your mind's eye, Horatio," seated on deck, with the ocean a glorious expanse of blue and silver before me, while a gentle (?) northwesterly breeze plays havoc with hair and veil. At my left Miss S., the charming singer, reading "Lovey Mary," to the interesting young Scotch girl with a wooden leg (though she's not proud of it). A game of ship golf has just been started between Captain Cox and Miss T., the young English lady who teaches in Canada and goes home every summer. The only other passengers on deck at present are sweet Mrs. T., the Scotch-Brooklyn lady with her two dear little children, and Mrs. F., the American in poor health, who wants to tour "England, Scotland, France and Holland in three months! I wish her joy and better health and sense!"

And now do you want to know why we are so long, "long, long on the way?" This is a freight steamer, only carrying a few people who must prefer a long passage, as the ship has never been known to make it in less than fourteen days, and this trip we are already a day behind, owing to the head wind which has buffeted us almost ever since we left home. However, it is a jolly crowd, and the time passes away pleasantly. The one table in the cozy little dining salon is just comfortably full, with twelve passengers and six officers, comprising the captain, first, second, and third officers, Dr.

Moore and the chief engineer. They are all bluff, hearty Englishmen, and the ship is managed with all the cleanliness and care that characterizes the White Star Line, or any of the English ships. Every morning the smiling, red cheeked English stewardess knocks on your stateroom door with the question "Will you have your cup of tea now?" and one always will. The meals are good, plentiful, and nicely served. There is a wine list on the table, but no one uses it, not even the officers. Breakfast is at 8:30, luncheon at 1, afternoon tea at 4, and dinner at 6. The boat is a very long one, nearly as long as the "Etruria" (I noticed as we both lay in dock the day we sailed). But of course much wider. A pleasant thing about this line is that you are in sight of land for three days before landing (which sounds as though it was meant for a joke, but isn't). I rather dread the English channel, whose perils we have to encounter, but they tell me that, like a certain personage, it isn't as black as it is painted, and after all, when one has honestly done their best in the way of being seasick for the first three or four days out of the voyage, I don't see how there can be anything left but ozone in their system!

Yesterday we had service for the second time on board ship. It was much more of a success. We had three hymns, and our nice Captain Cox read the prayers very well indeed. There is no place, I am sure, where the church service sounds so beautiful as at sea, for nowhere do we more fully realize our helplessness.

The sailors are an interesting lot of men. Some of them have regular art galleries on their chests and arms. Talk of the vanity of women! What civilized woman would submit to such torture. The assistant engineer, a dark, handsome Greek, looks as though he might have come from some grand opera. He was the first one who attracted my attention when I came on board, from his attention to the ship's cat, a rather dilapidated looking animal which he picked up on the Bowery. Thanks to his tender care the cat is now in fine condition, and the captain suggested this morning that if we run short of meat we still may have prime rabbit pies, but we will not anticipate.

This Greek sailor I was just mentioning is also the ship's barber, and the captain says he gives all the money he earns in that way to the Sailor's Orphan Fund. It is fun to see the

sailors every night in the after deck. They have about an hour after supper for games, and they play leap frog, ship cricket, and tie each other up with ropes. Last night they gave us quite a concert. Several of them played the concertina, and the little quartermaster plays the violin. They played "Men of Harlech," "Holy City," "Bonny Doon" and "Mary of Argyle" really very beautifully. But I think you must be tired of ship's gossip by now.

My next letter, I hope, will be more interesting, as it will be descriptive of life in a London Home. Meanwhile, I am,

Cordially yours,

K.

The next newspaper letter, written after we had been at our friends' house for a week, follows, not, of course, for the literary merit, for it hasn't any, but just because it gives a fresher description of England twenty years ago than my memory could possibly do now, when the mists of sorrows have obscured the bright glow of happy yesterdays.

FINCHLEY ROAD, LONDON, N. W.,
ST. AUSTELL, NEW WEST END,

July 11, 1903.

My dear Mr. Boyd:

I have been one week in London and will now redeem my promise of telling you a little of life in an English home. My former letter was posted at Portland, which is one of England's convict stations, but I didn't see a single "gentleman of leisure," so have nothing interesting to relate about it. We were all getting pretty anxious to get off, for no matter how much you may be attached to a ship and the passengers, two weeks is amply sufficient to make you pine for "fresh fields and pastures new."

On the 16th day we landed at Hull, and at once proceeded by train to London. Found the corridor cars very comfortable. At Peterboro was refreshed by a delightful tea basket, containing a dear little earthen ware teapot holding two cups of tea, two slices of buttered bread, a tiny jug of cream,

cup and saucer, with three lumps of sugar—price of sixpence! Why don't we have something like that on our trains? Arrived at our friends' station at 8:30 p. m. The lovely English twilight was still bright enough to see their kind faces as they waited for us, while we had a "heart to heart" talk with the guard about our luggage. That settled, some of us, with the trunks, took a "four-wheeler" home, while the rest of the party walked, as it was only a few minutes from the station. Arriving at our destination, we found a bountiful English supper provided for us, and after that was over and we had heard some delicious music we went to bed, tired but happy.

Our friend's home is very lovely, quite in the north of London, and about seven miles out, it is almost like the country. The house sets well back from the street, giving ample room for the flowers and shrubs, so dear to an Englishman's heart, while at the rear there are easily two hundred feet of lovely English lawn for croquet, while narrow beds of bright hued flowers border both sides and the end. We stayed in Sunday morning, to rest from our journey, but at four o'clock several friends dropped in for afternoon tea, that function which ranks in importance, next to the Magna Charta, over here, and it is really the jolliest time of the whole day. Were I a young man, I should have completely lost my heart to the beautiful girl I sat next to, and whose charming smile and delightful manner is indelibly imprinted on my memory.

At 6.15 we all started for St. Luke's Church, about three and one-half miles from here, and such a walk, as the service began at 7 o'clock and we had to hurry, and though I was implored to take a bus, I refused, for the credit of America was at stake, and do you think I was going to be out done in walking by any Britisher? Not a bit of it, so I persevered, and we arrived at the church a little warm, but none the worse for our exertions, and I had the pleasure of hearing from the Englishman who was my companion, the remark, "Well, you are a good walker," as we entered the church.

St. Luke's is a very pretty church, rather larger than our own Christ Church. A very good vested choir of about forty voices, men and boys. Vicar and curate read the service very beautifully. The curate, a very clever little Irishman (of whom more anon) preached a very good sermon. After service we rode home on top of a London bus that had Oxford Circus on the side.

Monday we took a bus ride right across London to make a call on a young friend who plays the harp beautifully. As we were in London North and had to go to London South, it gave me a pretty good idea of how the great city looks when on a gala occasion. As President Loubet was to arrive that day, everything was gay with decorations. French, American and German flags hobnobbed with the Union Jack! It may have only been my imagination, but it seemed just as though our dear flag seemed more at home than the French or German colors, and hung less stiffly in the breeze. Besides the flags and pennants there were enormous festoons of beautiful paper flowers spanning many of the streets along the Strand and in fact the greater part of the West End. I could fancy how London looked at the time of the Coronation. Arriving at our destination, we had a hearty afternoon tea, which means the addition of water cress, cucumber and Toronto salad, and strawberries as big as walnuts, and much sweeter than sugar, with clotted cream to dip them in. We had our tea in a dear little Summer house, just outside the dining room. When that was finished we adjourned to the drawing room, where our young hostess gave us some charming music, on the harp, while my especial hostess accompanied her on the piano. We left there at six o'clock and got home about 9.30 o'clock. After a good supper we said goodnight, but I am bound to confess I heard a London rooster crow before I fell asleep.

Thursday we saw Windsor, and I see I must cut my description short or Mr. Boyd will have to get out a special edition of the HOME NEWS for my letter, so I will only say that after going to the top of Round Tower for the magnificent view and coming down 240 steps, we were invited to attend the service just commencing in St. George's Chapel. I shall never forget that service. There is a magnificent choir of twenty-four boys and twelve men's voices, and two solos were sung in the anthem by two of the most delicious boy soprano voices it was ever my pleasure to listen to. The castle itself was not open, but the service at St. George's Chapel and the view from the Round Tower amply repaid me for the trip. The next day we attended the opening of the new vicarage here in Finchley. It was very pretty, and the English afternoon tea was served in the Parish House, then service in the church, at which the Dean of Peterboro preached. Then to the hymn of "Onward Christian Soldiers,"

the clergy, choir and congregation marched to the vicarage grounds. The dean, vicar, and curate made a very pretty picture in their white robes as they stood on the steps of the piazza, while the few prayers and benediction were pronounced. We went directly home, and the little curate came afterward for supper and the evening. He is a most delightful little man, and I enjoyed him very much.

Thursday morning some of our party went to the National Art Gallery, while I, with two of my friends, saw Madame Tussand's. Of course it is our Eden Musee, with a very strong English flavor, which to me greatly improves it. I felt quite among old friends, though, when I wandered near a group of our Presidents, with Lincoln looking uglier, and Cleveland fatter, than I ever saw pictured (or wax figured, if that is correct) before. The chamber of horrors was much more horrible than in the Eden Musee, and the lack of ventilation gave it an extra touch of weirdness that was more than satisfying.

Friday we did a little shopping. Saturday some of us went to the Henly Regatta, which was, of course, magnificent. I stayed home and rested.

Today we have had a very pleasant young Englishman making a week-end visit. (He was the one who took them all to Henly, as he is very keen on boating, and came home with them at 12 last night).

This evening we expect to go to St. Luke's for evening service, where there will be communion.

Tomorrow we expect to go through a famous rose garden near here. My host has been good enough to procure invitations for us, so I feel that we must avail ourselves of his kindness, though I'd much rather stay home and rest. The other members of our party started for town and expect to see the Tate collection of pictures, the Dore gallery, Bank of England and Houses of Parliament, with the eldest daughter of the house, whom I call the "miniature steam engine."

Tomorrow afternoon we all expect to meet at a friend's house for afternoon tea and supper.

Tuesday the curate comes again for a goodbye visit to us, as we shall leave for Cambridgeshire on the 15th. We shall

be at a country vicarage, and when I get rested I shall write from there, if you care to hear from me.

Before I close I want to say that London is getting almost as bad as New York. I don't enjoy it nearly as much as when I was here before. What with the motors and electric cars, if you are not told to "step lively" (as at home) you have to do so. And even the staid old bus drivers have been contaminated by the rush, and I have had to jump from the bus steps while it was in rapid motion.

Goodbye for the present, dear HOME NEWS,

Cordially yours,

A. K. K.

On July 15th. we went to Wood Ditton, and again I have recourse to a letter written on July 26th. entitled—

IN MERRIE ENGLAND.

LIFE THERE AS DEPICTED BY
MRS. A. K. KILMER.

IN THE HOME OF HER ANCESTORS.

PRETTY PEN PICTURES OF HOW ENGLISH PEOPLE LIVE,
MOVE AND HAVE THEIR BEING.

WOOD DITTON VICARAGE,

July 26, 1903.

My dear Mr. Boyd:

When I promised to write you about life in a country Vicarage, I fondly supposed that it would flow on in such a placid way that letter writing would be one of the easiest things in the world to do, but I find that is anything but true. My ten days in London were calm and peaceful in comparison with what has happened since I reached here, nearly a fortnight ago. I suppose it's the clerical surroundings that make me wax scriptural, and long to say to my kind hosts (in the words of the Psalmist) "Oh, spare me a little that I may recover my strength before I go hence." In the first place the parish church claimed my undivided attention.

St. Mary's is a beautiful old stone church, built in the 13th century. Its square tower and massive buttresses make



Saint Mary's Church, Wood Ditton, New Market,
Cambridgeshire

it interesting apart from the fact that in 1632 my G. G. G. G. grand-father was church warden in it three years previous to his coming to Connecticut, and founding the Kilburn family. I read his name in the tattered old parish records, and in a sort of waking dream try to imagine him walking about these very roads, and going to the dear old church for the last time before embarking for the new world. Some of the inscriptions on the old tombs in the churchyard are most quaint. One with the bars of a gridiron at the top has these lines on it:

“Here lies a corpse who was the man
That loved a sop in dripping pan,
But now believe me, I am dead,
And here the pan stands at my head,
Still for sop to the last I cried,
But could not eat and so I died.
My neighbors they, perhaps, may laugh,
When they do read my epitaph.”

Below the bars of the gridiron are these words:

“To' the memory of William Simonds, who died
March 1st, 1753, aged 80 years.”

The vicar's family consists of his wife and four of the most delightfully well behaved children I have ever met anywhere. A pretty dark eyed governess keeps them in good order, while a maid and a man look after our ruder wants. I find by reference to my diary that since we have been here we have visited Bury St. Edmunds, noted for the ruins of the old abbey built in 637, and the fine old parish church of St. Mary's built at the same time, but not allowed to fall to ruins.

The place was also interesting to me because it was at the “Angel” (a quaint old inn, in the middle of the town), where “Mr. Pickwick” and “Sam Weller” made a short stay.

We expect to spend another day at the Bury before we leave, and shall dine at the identical “Angel,” but the day that we were there we were invited to take luncheon with the venerable vicar of St. Mary's, Dr. Stanchill and his family, and I shall not soon forget the delightful hospitality shown me by him and his two daughters. After luncheon he took me through the beautiful old-world garden filled with the

loveliest flowers, growing in such profusion, as we never see at home, and when he showed us a magnificent old mulberry tree nearly three hundred years old, supposed to have been planted by the monks and have buried treasure at its roots, I felt as if I ought to apologize for being alive at all. My country seems so crude and young, but never mind; wait until America is two or three thousand years old, *then* we will show them ivy-covered ruins, mulberry trees and things!

The parish church at Wood Ditton was restored two years ago at a considerable expense by the then patron, late Col. Harry McAlmont. He died last year and his widow is on the continent. We walked out to Chevely Park (where they once lived), the other day. The house is shut up, but we went through the conservatories, and also saw the famous horse, Isinglass, in his padded stall. He was the late Col. McAlmont's favorite—and no wonder—for he won over £58,000 (nearly \$300,000) in races, as a marble tablet over the stable records! The man who attends to him sleeps in the same building—and has named one of his children for the famous horse. Can devotion any farther go? I hope not.

But this is a digression. We took afternoon tea with friends at Bury St. Edmunds, then by rail to Newmarket and from there the pony cart conveyed me home, then supper, then bed.

The only thing I have against my entertainers is that they expect you to eat all the time, and not sleep at all. This is the program of meals for one day: Early cup of tea at 7:30 A. M.; breakfast at 8.30; at 11, if you are around—a glass of milk and some biscuit (sweet crackers); dinner at 1.30 P. M., hot and cold dishes; 5 o'clock, afternoon tea, of course—the most delightful meal of the day. I shall make it an institution when I get home. Here it consists of buttered bread, lettuce, cakes and unlimited tea. At 8 you are expected to eat a hearty supper, with hot and cold dishes ad. lib. After that chat for an hour or so and then bed.

The second day of our stay at Wood Ditton, the vicar took us to the parish school, quite a good-sized building, with a Master and four young women teachers. When they took us through the various rooms, and at our entrance each pupil stood—the boys pulling their forelocks and the girls dropping

little curtseys—I had the strangest feeling—just as if this had happened a hundred years ago, when I was Lady something or other! The last room was where the little tots were, and I think I enjoyed that the most.

They sang for us in their sweet little voices two songs, one about “Daisy Dimple” and the other with a refrain of “Good-Night, Papa” (a, as in apple,) “Good-Night, Mama,” accompanied by graceful wavings of brown, yellow and black heads.

When they had finished I gave the teacher in charge some money to buy them “sweeties” and left, feeling sure I had made a good impression.

Newmarket, three and a half miles from the vicarage, is a horsey little place. As most of my readers are aware, it is where many important races take place. They were over for the year when we came, and I was not sorry, for that wasn’t what I came to England for.

Yesterday morning I went to the old parish church to see a wedding. It was very simple, only the parties interested coming, accompanied by a bridesmaid and groomsman, and the mothers remaining at home to cook the wedding feast. As they drove along in the coach, probably for the first time in their lives, I, seated at the roadside, waiting for the vicar to come along, waved my hand at them, to which they all responded in high good humor. I had heard the vicar read their bans for the third and last time last Sunday, so I was very pleased to see them married.

Still another important event I expect to witness in the parish church—a pair of twins are to be christened and I shall have the honor of acting as Godmother for one of them.

The young mother is sister to the vicar’s man, so we are all very much interested at the vicarage. When I went to the cottage to see the babies the other day I said I would like to act as Godmother to one of them, and the Grandma said in an awed tone of voice: “Eh, but that will be grand to have a loidy be Godmother.” I was ushered up the breackneck stairs and saw the dear little things, in the stiffest of white frocks. I picked out the prettier one as my Godchild, and shall give

it my maiden name, thus perpetuating the old name in the parish, where it flourished nearly three hundred years ago.

One day last week we took tea by invitation at the home of the senior warden's wife. It was very delightful, but I have not time to describe it now.

This week we have a choir treat at Yarmouth, a visit from the school master and his wife, a trip to Ely Cathedral, and I believe, the photographer is coming to take all our pictures. In between we play croquet; the vicar and I are invincible. Goodbye for the present.

A. K. K.

ENTERTAININGLY TELLS OF INTERESTING TRIP

VISITS PARISH WHERE AN ANCESTER
WORSHIPPED NEARLY 300 YEARS AGO.

ENGLISH PEOPLE'S LOVE OF BEAUTY.

WOOD DITTON VICARAGE,

CAMBRIDGESHIRE, ENG., AUG. 13, 1903.

Dear Mr. Boyd:

I am nearing the end of my stay in this dear old parish and would like to write you once more, before the impressions have faded. As I wrote you in a former letter, it is the parish where nearly three hundred years ago my lineal ancestor lived and moved and had his being. The old church where he worshipped, and served as warden, is the Mecca of my pilgrimage very often. It has recently been restored by loving hands, and its ancient beauties, wherever possible, have been preserved.

Of the old oak pews built in the 13th century only a few remain. At the heads are beautifully carved figures, and it is interesting to note with what fidelity and painstaking care the patient fingers must have toiled, six centuries ago. The vicar has very kindly given me one that was not used at the time the church was restored, and it stands before me now on the broad window sill in the pleasant room where I am visiting. It is about ten inches in height and is a female figure kneeling, with clasped hands. The folds of the drapery hang as gracefully as when they were first carved, and the em-



Mill at Wood Ditton, Cambridge, Still Grinding Corn

broidery on the front of the gown is still plainly visible. Needless to say, I prize it very much.

And now I wonder where I shall begin to tell of all the happenings since I last wrote? We have had another day in Bury St. Edmunds, where we took dinner at "The Angel," quaint old Inn made famous by Dickens in "Pickwick Papers." Bought curios in an "Old Curiosity Shop," and were happy, wandering through the town, all the long sunshiny day.

We have had tea with all the dignitaries of the parish, i. e., the senior and junior wardens, and the schoolmaster, which was very nice, of course, but what I enjoy most are the rambles I daily take past the pretty, picturesque English cottages, with flowers everywhere.

I am sure the English people have more poetry and love for the beautiful than we, at least it shows more plainly in the laboring class than with us, for not only is their little patch of ground in front of their cottages full of flowers, but at every little diamond paned window will be seen scarlet and pink geraniums in full bloom.

We spent the day at Ely. Saw the wonderful cathedral; attended the afternoon service where we heard some fine singing from the vested choir. How the English boys can open their throats and sing. We climbed up into the choir and saw a view which I cannot properly describe, but which I will carry in my memory forever.

We took tea at the Miller's the other day. Near his farm house is the Wind Mill, which is a landmark for many miles around. The Miller is a handsome old fellow of 70, with a family of eleven children, all grown, six or eight of whom are at home just now for the holidays. As they are (all but one) girls, and look very much alike, the shaking hands going and coming became rather complicated. I just kept on shaking hands with any of them that looked as if they desired it, and I am sure I repeated the act with some of them.

After we had had our tea and a little music (and, by the way, I was charmed to see that they did not know the words of their National Anthem much better than we do) they began

bringing out their autograph albums for us to put our names in, and I signed mine till I was dizzy.

We have had an outing to Yarmouth. I did not go as it was rather a long day, but I wish now I had, if only for its association with the "Pegotty" in "David Copperfield."

We took a walk out to Kirtling (about four miles off) not long ago, and visited the old parish church, in which the North family have had memorials for four hundred years. The present Lord North has a very pretty place. We walked through the grounds. He was expected home that day but we did not wait, as I had a suspicion that he would care as little about seeing us as we did to see him.

I expect to officiate as Godmother once more, for a little Englishman, (aged six days) who will bear the name of George Kilburn added to his surname, and who will wear a christening frock bought with my money.

This afternoon we shall go to the Sunday School treat. The children (about 80) will meet at the parish school buildings at 2 o'clock, where they will play games till they can't walk, and then eat till they can't talk. Then they will go home to their suppers after a gift of sweets has been handed to each by the vicar's wife—poor lady, she is the busiest woman I know.

The English people are not supposed to "hustle" but they can get as much solid work into a square inch of time as any American I ever saw, and they do it easily.

I must close now and prepare to think of going from this lovely spot.

This is the day after, and I am in the depths of packing; have only time to add that the christening came off as I supposed it would. The baby behaved like a little English angel (which is not always the case at such a time). I attended the Sunday School treat in the afternoon and I was made happy in a great many different ways, first by seeing the children so thoroughly enjoy themselves, second by hearing them give six cheers for me (as proposed by the schoolmaster), and lastly, one of the "miller's lovely daughters" presented me

with a lovely old sundial which has been in their family over 200 years.

I go to Derbyshire tomorrow. If anything worth mentioning happens there, I will write again.

A. K. K.

MRS. KILMER ON HER TRAVELS

WRITES DELIGHTFULLY OF HER EXPERIENCES ABROAD.

S. S. "COLORADO," Aug. 26, 1903.

Dear Mr. Boyd:

My conscience, which is always abnormally active, when I want it to be quiet, is suggesting that I promised to tell you about my adventures in Derbyshire. I only had eleven days there, but the time was full of pleasure.

I left Wood Ditton Vicarage (where I had spent four and a half happy weeks) the morning of August 15th. The vicar and his wife drove us to the station at New Market, and it was with a feeling of regret that I looked my last on their kindly faces. The dear little English engine tooted and we started.

The journey was pleasant but uneventful, if I except the excessive cordiality of a British female whose little granddaughter I admired, and who astonished me (the British female, not the child) by taking from her handbag a bottle filled with a suspicious brown liquid which she uncorked and handed to me with the startling invitation to "take some." I refused in some trepidation, and said, "I really don't require it," upon which she responded with dignity, "I take it for an innard trouble which I have—crewel." After that, conversation languished.

We arrived at New Inn, a pretty little hostelry in the Derbyshire Hills, about 3.30 in the afternoon. It was raining quite hard but our friends were awaiting us at the little station of Alsop en le Dale, while our luggage, which we had missed a few stations back, was "not lost, but gone before," and was already awaiting us in our rooms at New Inn. The thoughtfulness of our friends had caused a cheery fire to be started in the grate in our sitting room, where afternoon tea was awaiting us,—so we didn't mind the weather—whether it rained or not.

A real live Baronet and family were stopping at the same Inn, and I found them very delightful people. Sir James is a most courtly gentleman and his Lady said such pleasant things to me about America that I forgave her her title on the spot. After all, poor thing, she couldn't help it.

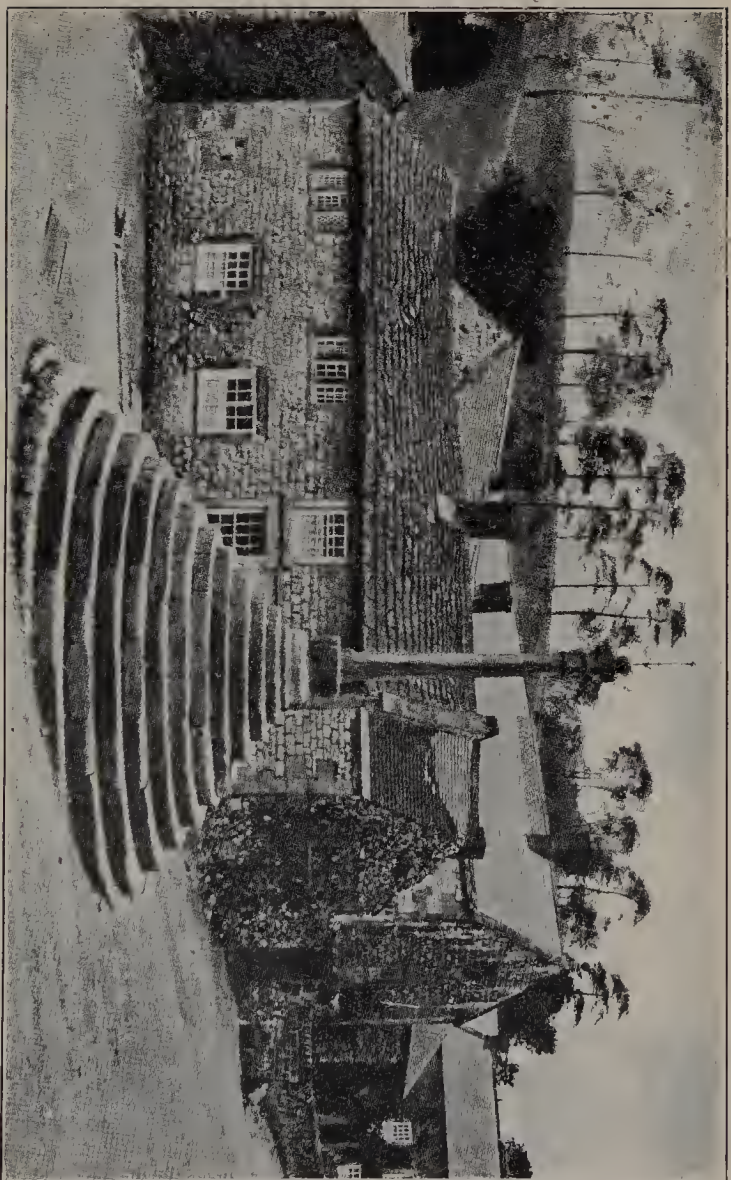
We had several very pleasant trips during the eleven days we spent at New Inn. We spent one day in the quaint old town of Ashbourne. We had seen the beautiful old Parish Church on a former visit, but we wandered around the streets, doing a little shopping, and looking with interest at the horses that were displayed in the market place: there was a horse fair on that day.

We had our dinner in what is now known as the Ashbourne Hall, but what was once the home of the Cockayn family. They were famous for their loyalty to the "Pretender," as he was called, and we saw the old oak door with the inscription on it—"Prince Charley's Door, 1745."

We spent a day at Buxton and renewed old acquaintances at the Crescent Hotel. Buxton is much like our Saratoga, only, of course, with a strong English flavor. It is very beautiful, and I think I prefer it to the latter place. We still had the rain with us, so we could not drive to the "Cat and Fiddle," the old inn which Sir Walter Scott has made famous in "Peveril of the Peak" but we had seen it on our former visit, so we had to make the memory of the "highest hostelry in England" take the place of a second trip. We visited the pump room and some of us drank the water from the same well which Queen Mary drank from, and if it was any nastier in her time than it is now, she has my sympathy.

We heard some very fine music from the stringed orchestra in the pavilion. Then some of us went to the Devonshire Hospital, said to have the largest dome in the world, while the rest of the party (myself among the number) were very kindly shown through a beautiful old house in the "square," which once belonged to a relative of a Buxton friend who showed it to us.

Among the friends I made in England on the occasion of my former visit, was a dear old artist from Derby, who was stopping for a fortnight's visit at the same place where I chanced to be spending a few weeks. He is an antiquarian



Market Cross at Bonsal-Matlock, Erected in 17th Century

and archiologist, as well as an artist, and we had many rambles and drives together. The acquaintance continued after my return to America, and when he knew I was to revisit England, he invited us to spend a day with him at his home in Derby. We did so, and that little visit stands out as one of the very pleasantest memories connected with a country whose memories, to me, are all of pleasure.

He met us on the day appointed, at Friar's Gate station, and took us at once sight-seeing. We visited a very good museum and picture gallery, and went through two beautiful old churches. Space forbids describing them, but they were well worth seeing. Then home to his house, where after a most beautiful and dainty meal was served he showed us water colors, engravings and etchings till my head swam. After tea we prepared to take the train for home, when I was astonished and delighted by his giving me two beautiful etchings, and four exquisite engravings, his own work, which he wished us to take back to America with us, as a souvenir of our visit. He went with us to the station, and as I said "goodbye" to him, I thought the English do certainly have the faculty of remembering their friends.

I was much touched by noticing in two vases in his drawing room the identical Golden Rod, Ferns, and Immortelles, which I had sent him from the Berkshires in Massachusetts two summers ago.

But the record of my brief visit in Derbyshire is drawing to a close.

I attended church, of course, at St. Mary's Tissington, which I had seen in my former visit, and the vicar was good enough to spend the evening with me. I also received a call from the rector of the Church at Fenny Bently, whose acquaintance I had also made before. Though an old man of 74 he rode over on his "cycle" and seemed as hale and vigorous as a man of 40. The English wear well, in every sense of the word, and it is because they do not allow the trend of life to carry them past health or friendships.

Our party had one delightful walk through Dovedale, which is like a pocket edition of the Rocky Mountains, with cliffs, waterfalls, and stony spires put in neatly, as through a salt sprinkler, but I will not make fun of it, for indeed it is most lovely.

We left New Inn the 24th, arriving at Hull, our sailing point, the same day. After seeing our luggage safely deposited in our cabins, and learning that the "Colorado" would not sail till the afternoon of the next day, we went back to Hull (Alexandra Dock is some distance away) and spent the night at a very excellent hotel—The Victoria—recommended to me by Lady W's brother. Found it everything that could be desired, and after a good night's rest, took a cab the next morning, at two shillings and six pence an hour, and drove around Hull, saw the beautiful old church of the Holy Trinity, and was shown by a verger some rare old illuminated missals done by the Monks hundreds of years ago. We got back to the "Colorado" in time for luncheon, but went out again, and took several trolley rides through Hull. We sailed at 7:30 and are now nearing Portland, where I expect to post this letter.

I shall soon see New Brunswick, and hope you have had as good a time this summer as your friend,

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER.

September found Joyce and me back in New Brunswick. He was in his final year at Rutgers Preparatory School and doing very well, though Dr. Eliot R. Payson, the headmaster, kept the boys up to the mark and did not give them any too much encouragement. I remember once Joyce came home from school rather downcast, I, who knew his every mood, questioned him. He finally said, "Well, Dr. Payson said to me this morning, 'Kilmer, I don't know what they will say to your Greek when you go to college, that is, if you ever do go!'"

I soon assured him that was only Dr. Payson's emphatic way of spurring him on to renewed effort. That my encouragement was well founded, in fact was proven, when in his Senior year at "Prep" he took the first Lane Classical prize, the largest one that Rutgers College then gave—a free scholarship for the academic course at Rutgers College and \$100 in money. I remember so well when he took the exams. He said, to prepare me for disappointment, (though I was never disappointed in him) "I don't expect to get either first or second prize and am simply taking the exams to see in what branches I am weakest." Then he turned his right shoulder to me, for I always gave him the lucky tap, and said, "Good

luck," as I kissed him goodbye as usual. When he came home that afternoon he told me, with that delightful shy hesitancy that he always showed, that he had taken the first prize—and I was not surprised, but very happy.

France gave him in 1919 the posthumous honor of the Croix de Guerre with Palm, and as I pinned it over my sad heart, below the little service flag he gave me, I was proud again, for I felt him near me, but Oh! such a different pride! But, I will not let my mind dwell on sad thoughts, for this little book is to be a record of the happy time my son and I spent together, though it would take a much larger volume to recount them all.

In the Autumn of 1904 he entered Rutgers College as a classical student. The next two years were brimful of happy college life. His fraternity was the Delta Upsilon and I attended many of the fraternity functions. Our home was the abiding place of many of the young people, and a number of boys called me "Mother," to my great delight, because I took such a heartfelt interest in all the "Frat" happenings, still I found time to finish a work which had been very dear to me, that of arousing interest in a Kilburn Memorial Window to be placed in the Church of St. Mary's, Wood Ditton, where the first Kilburn was church warden in 1632. To make my object known I wrote and published a little pamphlet which I will transcribe here.

A KILBURN MEMORIAL.

In 1632 at Wood Ditton, Cambridgeshire, England, Thomas Kilburn, the founder of the American family of that name, (spelled variously Kilburn, Kilbourn, Kilburne and Kilbourne, Kilborn, Kilborne, Kilbon,) was Church Warden of St. Mary's Parish Church, (Church of England,) a picture of which, adorns this page. In 1635 at the age of fifty-five, with his wife Frances and five children, he set sail for the new World in the ship "Increase." He settled in Weathersfield, Connecticut.

In 1855 Dr. Kenyon Kilbourne, (descendant of John, youngest son of Thomas, the founder of the American family) was sent over to England by the Kilbourn Geneological Society, to make research into the origin of the family in England.

The results of his labors appeared in "The History and Antiquities of the Kilbourn Family" published 1856, a book of nearly 500 pages, in which may be found the baptismal records, taken from the Parish Church, of Thomas, (the founder of the American family,) as well as the first known records of the family in Yorkshire in 1070, where the Town of Kilburn is mentioned in the Domes Day Survey. Dr. Kilburn quotes from Mr. Gill, an English Historian, as follows: "The discovery of the remains of Roman walls and pavements in the vicinity of Kilburn, establishes the fact, that the region was inhabited long before the Norman conquest. As the word Kilburn is evidently of Anglo-Saxon origin, it was probably first given as a name to the locality by the Saxon invaders of the sixth century."

So to those who boast of a family that came with William, the Conquerer, we may proudly say, that the name of Kilburn was well known when William, the Conqueror came. But our immediate interest, however, is with Thomas Kilburn, the first of the family to reach America. In the volume referred to, may be found the record of Thomas Kilburn's family, as also that of his Church Warden-ship at St. Mary's in 1632.

My grandfather was Samuel Kilburn, of Sterling, Massachusetts. My father was Anda Kilburn, who was born in the same place. I am in the ninth generation from Thomas, (being a lineal descendant of his second son, George.) About three years ago, by correspondence, I became acquainted with the present Vicar of the church at Wood Ditton, Rev. Hugh Guy. During the last summer (1903) I made a visit to the Mother Country and was so fortunate as to make my home for nearly five weeks at the Vicarage of Wood Ditton, with Mr. Guy and his charming family. It is the purpose of this writing to tell of my visit and my hopes as to what may come to pass.

The primal object of my travels was to make myself, as far as possible, familiar with the "Church of the Kilburns" at Wood Ditton. I arrived at the Mecca of my pilgrimage, July fifteenth. The Vicar met me at the New Market Railway Station with a little cart drawn by a diminutive pony.

Rev. Hugh Guy is a tall, athletic Englishman of about forty, he is a good specimen of a Vicar of the Church Militant.

In preaching or talking his blue eyes twinkle, his broad shoulders jerk, and you note at once that he feels the truth of every word he says and has the courage of his convictions. He is an Oxford man, and was (before accepting the Living at Wood Ditton,) Curate at St. Mary's, in the Parish of Bury St. Edmond's, Cambridgeshire.

I shall never forget my drive to the Vicarage. It was one of those perfect days that they have (sometimes) in England, clear, balmy, a cloudless deep blue sky overhead, and underfoot English roads that centuries of travel have made perfect. Leaving New Market we drove for about two miles through one of the most fertile and beautiful countries in England. Lovely hedgerows skirt the roads and divide the fields. The ground is gently rolling, till you come nearly to the church, then two rather steep hills which Mr. Guy humorously called "switch-backs," St. Mary's came in view.

On page 53 of the "Kilburn Book" may be seen a sketch of the church as it appeared in 1855, but this picture gives a very inadequate idea of its present beauty. The church is situated on a rising knoll of ground about three and one-half miles from New Market. It is on the estate of the late Col. Harry McCalmont and was formerly a hunting seat of the Duke of Rutland. Col. McCalmont was a sportsman in every sense of the word and at his marriage with Mrs. Fanning, bought the estate, in which, as it embraces New Market, the great racing centre of England, he thought to end his days. In the paddocks connected with Hall, at Chevely Park, he placed his most valuable horses, notably the famous "Isinglass," who won over £58,000 (nearly \$300,000 in our money) in races for his master. Col. McCalmont also built a handsome station at New Market, and last but not least, in 1899 he repaired and restored the dear old Church of St. Mary's to perhaps more than its original beauty.

No better person could have been found to see to the work of restoration than the present Vicar, who is a born Antiquarian and loves every stone in the old church.

Col. McCalmont the late "patron" of the Parish Church had just settled in his lovely home with his wife, and his step-daughter, Miss Fanning, (whose marriage with Lord Vivian was solemnized this last summer,) when death took him. The

beautiful Hall is closed and unoccupied (save for a few servants) and in the hands of executors, who hold the estate in trust for the next of kin, Col. McCalmont's nephew, a boy of fourteen, now at school at Eton.

The "Church of the Kilburns" (St. Mary's Wood Ditton) is a beautiful stone building, the picture here shown does not do it justice, as the rear and side views are more attractive than the front. The floating buttresses on the square tower must have been standing as early as the eleventh century. In the Kilburn book it stated that this church was between five and six hundred years old. Whoever made this statement evidently underrated St. Mary's antiquity. During the work of restoration a stone coffin was found, and now stands near the side entrance. As stone coffins were used in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries only, we may take this fact as a substantial proof of the great age of St. Mary's. (Authority for the statement as to the time of the use of stone coffins may be found in "Notes and History of Holy Trinity Church, Hull, Yorkshire.")

Of the village of Wood Ditton, which in Thomas Kilburn's time, 1635, clustered around the old Parish Church, not a vestige remains. To me it is better so. St. Mary's seems to say "Generations of puny men with their little hopes, their little fears, may come and go; all traces of them may be swallowed up; but I remain."

The Vicarage of St. Mary's Parish is situated about a quarter of a mile from the church and in a most charming spot. It is quite like a typical English Manor House. At the right side of the road are two gates, leading into a pasture, where graze Mr. Guy's cow and donkey in undisturbed friendship. As we drive through the gates leading to the Vicarage, a big red Scotch collie and two Pomeranian poodles make their appearance and welcome the strangers. We are met by the Vicar's wife, who is as charming in her way as the Vicar is in his, and my introduction to the lovely, well ordered life of an English country Vicarage begins.

But I may not linger on those charming days: first, because I am not writing a book; and second, because I wish to centre interest in the church. I have stated that the village of Wood Ditton has left the immediate neighborhood of the church, but I have not stated where it has gone. About three

quarters of a mile beyond the Vicarage are a number of picturesque thatched cottages, which look as if they had been standing for at least one hundred years. The Parish or "Board School" is there also. This vicinity is called Saxon Street. It is, however, part of Wood Ditton Parish. A modest little frame building, quite modern, is called Saxon Street Church and here the Vicar holds Sunday afternoon services, but service is held every Sunday morning and evening in old St. Mary's Parish Church, (the one in which we are interested) and for the most part the christenings, marriages and funerals are also solemnized there.

But now I want to tell you about the church. I visited it the very next day after my arrival, and in it I reverentially and lovingly spend hours and days during my sojourn. As you see by the cut, the only entrance for the congregation is on the side. What appears in the picture as an entrance in front was formerly a door, but has been walled up and is no longer used. The vestry door, for the use of the choir and clergy is at the east end. As you enter, the first objects the eye falls upon are enormous stone pillars supporting the arched roof. These are covered with rude initials cut by irreverent peasantry in sermon-time long ago. Next are noticed two rows of old oaken pews on either side of the church, (all that could be restored of the many that once filled it.) These old pews have beautifully carved figures on them, and I looked on them for hours thinking of the patient fingers that toiled and carved them in the days when everything was done by hand. In the west end of the church (the front as shown in the picture) is the Baptistry. Very fine wrought iron memorial gates, with four brass faces, separate that portion from the main body of the church. The ancient stone Font, resting on an octagon stone step, stands in the centre.

The emblazoned Coat of Arms of the Duke of Rutland with the motto "Semper Eadem" (always the same) hangs on the right hand wall. Opposite in a large frame are the Apostle's Creed and the Ten Commandments. A very good stained glass window is at this end, showing six groups, representing Charity with four small figures above. I knelt by that old font three times during my stay at Wood Ditton, acting as God-mother to three babies born within the parish and to whom I gave the names of "George Kilburn" Sharpe, "Annie Kilburn" Starling and "Thomas Kilburn" Woollard, respcc-

tively. It seemed to me fitting that the name of Kilburn should be perpetuated in that ancient parish where nearly three hundred years ago, our English ancestor was a Warden and prosperous farmer. The church records say he had "twenty score acres." He is mentioned as a "Husband-man" on the ship's list of passengers, and his means were sufficient to bring himself and family to this country. When his widow, Mrs. Frances Kilburn died, in 1650, (eleven years after his death,) she left an estate to be divided among her children of nearly £400 (about \$2,000.) No inconsiderable sum, two hundred years ago, and showing that our Thomas Kilburn, was a man of wealth as well as prominence.

The floor of the church is beautifully tiled, this work having been done at the time of the restoration of the church. A plain oak pulpit (well in keeping with its massive character) stands at the left, just outside the chancel. A reading desk of the same wood stands at the right. Two brass figures of some Knight and Lady of long ago, are in the floor just in front, only the figures remain, the inscription having become illegible. Inside the chancel is the altar, while on either side are the seats for the vested choir of twenty men and boys, gathered from the farmers and laborers of the parish. A good rood screen of finely carved oak, ornaments the chancel, and a very fair pipe organ stands at the left. A marble tomb in memory of "John Deave, gentleman," lies in the chancel; two marble tablets also in memory of members of that family are on either side of the church. Behind the altar at the east end of the church is a large window about the size of the one shown in the picture. This window is of plain uncolored glass, I hope that in time it may be filled with a memorial to Thomas Kilburn, subscribed for, and placed in position by his descendants in this country. And now you know my object in telling you about the church. Do you still care to hear any more of my plan? If so read on.

I have already secured a number of promised subscriptions for this Memorial. Mr. Frederick D. Kilburn, State Superintendent of Banks, Albany, N. Y., at my request has consented to act as Custodian of the Kilburn Memorial Window Fund, and to him all contributions must be sent.

Remittances may be made by check, draft, money order or registered letter.



Fourteenth Century Brasses, Memorial to Sir Henry English and Margaret, his Wife, in St. Mary's Church, Wood Ditton

A window in keeping with the character of this noble church and which will fittingly represent our family and express our gratitude to its founder, will cost at least one thousand dollars. It should not be difficult to raise this sum in so large a family. Every person bearing the name in its various spelling—Kilburn, Kilbourn, Kilburne, Kilbourne, Kilborn, Kilborne, Kilbon, etc., as well as every person connected by kinship, with this name, should subscribe. The names of all subscribers will be transmitted to the Vicar at Wood Ditton and entered upon the records of the ancient parish, where our founder was Church Warden in 1632. The design of the window will be decided upon after the amount is subscribed. All persons receiving this circular are asked to cooperate in creating interest in the project of placing the Kilburn Memorial Window. The writer of this letter, especially desires to receive names and addresses of persons bearing the family name or who are connected with the family by marriage.

Information upon the subject of the fund or St. Mary's Parish at Wood Ditton may be procured by addressing the originator of the plan, and the writer of this letter.

MRS. KILBURN KILMER,
147 College Avenue,
New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Subscriptions to the fund to be sent to:

FREDERICK D. KILBURN,
State Superintendent of Banks,
Albany, New York.

Extract from Ditton Parish Magazine, August, 1903.

“OUR PARISH CHURCH.”

“It will be of interest to the Parishioners of Wood Ditton to know that there has been staying at the Vicarage a lady from America, Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer by name, whose ancestors were connected with Wood Ditton Church over three hundred years ago. The ancestor common to all the Kilburns on the Western Continent was born in the Parish of Wood Ditton in the County of Cambridge, England, A. D. 1578, where he was baptized on the 8th day of May of that year. He was Church

Warden in Wood Ditton Parish in 1632. He had eight children, viz.:—Margaret, Thomas, Elizabeth, George, Mary, Lydia, Francis, and John, who were baptised in Wood Ditton Church.

“On 15th of April, 1635, Thomas Kilburn, with a portion of his family, embarked from London for New England in the ship ‘Increase.’

“The family settled in Wethersfield, Connecticut, where Thomas Kilburn, sen. died previous to 1639, and Mrs. Frances Kilburn, his wife, died in 1650. George Kilburn, their son, was the great great great great great great grandfather of Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer now staying at Wood Ditton parish with her son, Alfred Joyce Kilmer, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, U. S. A.

“It is also of interest, to find in the History and Antiquities of the Kilburn family, compiled by Mr. Payne Kenyon Kilbourne, A. M. in 1856, an old cut of the Parish Church without the addition of the Chancel. The Rev. Josiah Walker, Vicar of Wood Ditton in 1855 supplied the date from the old Registers (which go back to the year 1567) necessary for the author’s purposes, who in 1855 writes thus about his visit to Wood Ditton. ‘I visited Wood Ditton and had the pleasure of going through the Church in which our ancestors were baptized, and where one of them officiated as Church Warden two hundred and twenty-three years ago. The building, I was assured, is between five and six hundred years old, and bids fair, if left undisturbed, to withstand the storms of five hundred years to come.’

“It has been suggested that an East window be placed in the Chancel of the old Church by members of the Kilburn family in America, and in time it is hoped that the necessary funds will be forthcoming from the descendants of this ancient family, whose ancestor was Church Warden. A plan for this object is already being set on foot.”

*Extract from Wood Ditton Parish Magazine,
September 19, 1903.*

“The visit to the Parish of Mrs Kilburn Kilmer, and Mr. Alfred Joyce Kilmer her son, came to an end on August 15th We hope they will take back to America some pleasing recol-



God-children of the Author, Christened Kilburn in the
Parish Church at Wood Ditton, where Thomas Kilburn
Was Warden in the 17th Century

lections of the old Parish. From the Baptismal Registers it will be seen that the old name of Kilburn is still to be handed on, Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer having acted as Sponsor to several of the little ones in our parish."

BAPTISMS.

One Lord, one Faith, One Baptism.

August 7th. Annie Kilburn Starling. Wood Ditton.

August 10th. Thomas Kilburn Woollard. Wood Ditton.

August 12th. George Kilburn Sharp. Saxon Street.

Mr. Kilmer had all the directories searched for all persons bearing the name of Kilburn in the various spellings and I sent the pamphlet to every one of the 800 names we found. I addressed every envelope in long hand, and learned to use a typewriter that I might answer the swarm of letters which came in response.

I am sorry for the love I bear my Countrymen to be forced to state that a large majority of people writing to me evidently labored under one of two delusions—that there was money from some mythical estate in England of which they were to be a delighted recipient, or else I was making something out of it.

I suppose if Mr. Kilmer and I had culled the wealthy members of the family, instead of taking the rank and file as the directory lists gave me, we, or I rather, might have obtained a much larger sum. However, enough was received by Mr. Fred B. Kilburn who was custodian of the Kilburn Memorial Window, to purchase a window, which I got in London.

On the twenty-ninth of June, 1905 Joyce and I sailed from Montreal on the Canadian Pacific Line. We met many interesting people and some not so much so, in fact I see in the steamship list which lies before me the names of a certain Scotch professor, a Professor————— and family, consisting of a feeble washedout wife and five children, which were rightly named the pests of the ship. As they had no governess and their parents seemed unconscious of their existence, they ran riot over the decks bumping into every one and making themselves generally obnoxious. I remember an incident which occurred on our last day out. I was walking

the deck with an English gentleman when a young Wenley or so, ran into us. The gentleman said "Are *these* American manners?" on the supposition that they were of that nationality. To which the eldest replied, with the most scornful emphasis, "*We* are not Americans" and my outraged soul found comfort in saying with still more emphasis, "No, thank God!" I remember a delightful Swedish lady, Miss Sigria Ruth, with whom Joyce and I had many interesting conversations. She used to tell Joyce Folk Lore stories, one about the Milky Way he used a few years later, in one of his poems. I will quote it here. It is from "Summer of Love," his first book of poems, published 1911 by the Baker and Taylor Company, New York.

THE WAY OF LOVE.

When darkness hovers over earth
And day gives place to night,
Then lovers see the Milky Way
Gleam mystically bright,
And calling it the Way of Love
They hail it with delight.

She was a lady wondrous fair
A right brave lover he,
And sooth they suffered greivous pain
And sorrowed mightily,
For they were parted during life
By leagues of land and sea.

She died. Then death came to the man
He met him joyfully,
And said "Thou Angel Death, well met!
Quick do Thy will with me,
That I may haste to greet my love
In Heaven's Company."

Now on one side of Heaven he dwelt
And on the other, she.
And broad between them stretched sheer space
Whereon no way might be,
The empty, yawning, awful depth,
Unplumbed infinity.

The deathless spheric melody,
 Came gently to his ear,
And dulcet notes, the harmonies
 Of Seraphs chanting near.
He heeded not for listening
 His Lady's voice to hear.

The Saints and Martyr round him ranged,
 A goodly company,
The Virgin, robed in radiance,
 The Holy Trinity.
He heeded not, but strained his eyes
 His lady's face to see.

At last from far across the void
 Her voice came, faint and sweet.
The bright hued walls of Paradise
 Did the glad sounds repeat;
The distant stars on which she stood
 Shone bright beneath her feet.

"Dear Love," she said, Oh come to me!
 I cannot see your face.
Oh will not Lord Christ grant to us
 To cross this sea of space?"
Then thrilled each heart with Love's own might.
 He answered, by Love's grace.

"The world is wide, and Heaven is wide,
 From me to thee is far,
Alas! across infinity
 No passageways there are.
Sweetheart I'll make my way to thee,
 I'll build it, star by star!"

Though all the curving vault of sky
 His lusty blows rang out.
He smote the jewelled studded walls
 And with a mighty shout
He tore the gleaming masonry
 And posts that stood about.

He strove to build a massive bridge
That should the chasm span.
With heart upheld by hope and love
His great task he began.
And toiled and labored doughtily
To work his God-like plan,

He took the heavy beams of gold
That round him he did see;
The beryl, jacinth, sardius,
That shone so brilliantly,
And no fair jewel would he spare
So zealously worked he.

He stole the gorgeous tinted stuffs
Whereof are sunsets made,
And his rude, grasping, eager hands
On little stars he laid;
To rob God's sacred treasure house
He was no wit afraid.

And so for centuries he worked.
Across the void at last
A bridge of precious mold did stand
Completed, strong and fast.
So now the faithful lovers met
And all their woe was past.

But soon a shining angel guard
Sped to the throne of gold
And said, "Lord see yon new-made bridge,
A mortal, overbold,
Has built it, scorning Thy desire!"
Straightway the tale is told.

Then said: "Now, Master, Thou mayest see
The thing that has been wrought.
Speak, then, the word, stretch forth Thine hand
That with the speed of thought
This poor presumptuous work may fall
And crumble into naught."

God looked upon the angel then
And on the bridge below.
Then with his smile of majesty
He said; "Let all things know,
This bridge which has by love been built,
I will not overthrow."

When darkness covers over earth
And day gives place to night,
Then lovers see the Milky Way
Gleam mystically bright,
And calling it the Way of Love,
They hail it with delight.

On landing we went directly to Finchley, London North, to the same hospitable people who entertained us in 1903. For ten days we did nothing but go to the theatres and art galleries even taking in Madame Tussaud which I always enjoy though Joyce considered himself too grown-up to go, so he and the elder daughter would go off by themselves, while the mother and the younger daughter and I would have our trips together.

I wrote in my diary of a bus ride I took with Joyce and the eldest daughter. Oh, those horse buses! How delightful they were. It was always my ambition to get in a seat (on top of course) and directly behind the driver and ply him with questions, which he seemed always pleased to answer. There were horses in those days, and their intelligence seemed superhuman as they threaded their way through the dense traffic with apparently no guidance from the driver. I never saw a whip used, or saw the mark of one on their sleek glossy sides, and know the driver loved them.

One driver told me of a son who had deserted from the English army on account of his superior officer's cruelty to him. The gruff English voice broke as he said "E'll never come 'ome, for 'el be shot if they caught 'im, but I *would* like to know if 'ee was alive or dead." The son had enlisted in the American Navy, but after the first letter had never written again. I said that when I got home I would try to look him up—and the old father with evident trepidation gave me his son's name and his own address. I *did* try, but nothing came of it, I never wrote to the father as it was better for him to hope than for me to write telling of my failure.

It was another bus driver who told me what the sign "Ancient Lights" meant, which I noticed fastened above some of the windows. It meant that no one must build to obstruct the light.

On this particular morning that I write of we went right across the city from London, N. W. to S. E., saw the Bank of England, Petticoat Lane, Thread Needle Street (and Oh! how nice the fried fish smelt in the awful little shops as we passed), Whitechapel, London Hospital, Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, Royal Exchange, Mansion House, etc. I had many such rides and my interest was always keen and unflagging. Those who only know the hideous motor buses which for some years have taken the place of the old horse buses, little realize what a pleasure they have missed.

After ten bewitching days in Finchley, London N. W., we, Joyce and I, went to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Wood Ditton, Newmarket, Cambridgeshire, where we were to remain as "paying guests" until after the Kilburn Window was dedicated.

I would like to quote from my diary an account of a happy birthday spent at the vicarage. The ring Joyce gave me that day I still wear.

August 4, 1905.

My birthday! Joyce came in my room at seven a. m. and gave me my kisses and present, a lovely ring from the Garnet and Carbuncle Shop in the Strand. The ring is of garnets and pearls and the design is very unique. I like it and shall wear it on the second finger of my right hand. When I came down to breakfast the children kissed me as usual, but added: "Many happy returns of your birthday, Aunt Annie!" Mrs. Guy, the vicar's wife, also kissed me and said the same and Mr. Guy shook hands, as he wished me the same.

When I sat down I found flowers all around my plate and a big birthday cake iced and lettered "A. K. K., Many Happy Returns Of The Day, August 4, 1905."

A dear little china jug with the Bury Arms on it, (a model of the Leather Bottel) from the governess, Miss Roberts. After I had begun my breakfast the maid brought in a package, ostensibly from the post, but which really came the

day before and Mr. Guy added the address pasted on the opposite page. The package contained two beautifully bound books of old English songs from the whole family, and their names were also written in each volume. They are books that I wanted two years ago and I am delighted to have them. Mr. Guy drove us to the station at Newmarket.

We went first to Moyses' Hall and saw Mr. Barker and the museum. Then did a little shopping and saw St. James Church. Then went to "The Angel" and had a good dinner—pigeon pie, salad, vegetables, beer, plum tart, an excellent meal. Charges not bad.

Just as we finished three women came in, I was sure that one, at least, was an American and went up and spoke to her. They were all U. S. too, the Misses Palmer, went from Plainfield and Dunellen, New Jersey, the other was from New York City. We saw them afterward in St. Mary's Church, which we visited after dinner. Then we saw the Roman Church, St. Edmund, rather interesting, but modern. The Alms Box, a very beautiful thing with a statue of the Saint above, was said to be made of the Oak at which he was martyred. Before dinner we also saw the Abbey Gardens and Ruins, oh, so lovely! At four p. m. we had an excellent tea which rested me nicely. We wandered about the town until train time, 5.38. Mrs. Guy met us at Newmarket with the trap. Miss Gwilt came, too. For supper I cut THE CAKE and the elder children, as a treat, sat up until I went to bed at ten, so ended the happiest birthday I have ever known.

FUNNY SIGNS OF BURY

"E. Pretty & Co., Drapers and Housefurnishers" (I see by my bill that I bought two falls, (American veils,) for one shilling ninepence ha'penny.) "Mrs. Death, Licensed Dealer in Tobacco." "Sneesum, Jeweler," "Sneesby, Grocer," Inns—"Angel," "Hunted Stag," "Dog and Partridge," "White Lyon."

Another quotation from my diary of August 3:

The days are going on quietly at the Vicarage. There has been a visit to Saxon Street Board Schools, to the mill people, to tea at Chevely Rectory to see Rev. Mr. Douglas, sister and mother. Afterwards we went through the lovely old church and also visited the gardens and grapery.

The dedication passed off very well, indeed. Joyce and the two vestrymen went up in the chancel and the presentation speech was made by him. Rev. Mr. Douglas preached the sermon, a very good one. Then he came home with us and had supper.

The following was the program of the dedication:

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WOOD DITTON, JULY 30, 1905.

DEDICATION OF
THOMAS KILBURNE MEMORIAL WINDOW

AT EVENSON, 6.30 P. M.

SPECIAL LESSONS: 1 CHRONICLE XIX, 9 TO 16

EPHESIANS IV, 1 TO 17

HYMNS A. & M. 602. 165 (PROCESSIONAL) THIRD COLLECT.

At the end of Evenson and before the Hymn, the following to be said by Mr. Alfred Joyce Kilmer, Representative of the Kilburne Family:

"We, the descendants of Thomas Kilburne, Churchwarden of this Parish in 1632, have erected this window which we now give to the Parish of St. Mary, to the glory of God and in Memory of Thomas Kilburne."

Special Dedication Prayers to be said by the Vicar all standing. O Almighty Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, the entrance of Whose Word giveth light; Vouchsafe, we beseech Thee to accept this offering at our hands, for the adornment of Thy House of Prayer, and to consecrate this our gift to Thy Glory and ourselves to Thy service for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. O Almighty and Eternal God Whose Divine Majesty filleth Heaven and Earth, Who nevertheless dost deign to receive our willing offerings of what Thyself has given; Vouchsafe, we humbly beseech Thee to accept this window which we now dedicate to Thy honour, for the adornment of Thy House and in memory of Thy servant. Grant that they who worship here, being drawn by Thy Holy Spirit to the contemplation and love of Heavenly things, and daily be conformed to the image of Thy Dear Son; to Whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and praise now and for evermore. Amen.



Kilburn Window, St. Mary's Church, Wood Ditton.
Inscription: "To the Glory of God and the Memory
of Thomas Kilburn, Churchwarden of this Parish
in 1632." This Window Was Erected by His De-
scendants in America, 1905

HYMN 538.

PREACHER: REV. E. K. DOUGLAS, M. A., RECTOR OF CHEVELY
AND RURAL DEAN OF THURLOW.

HYMN 604. THE BLESSING.

CHURCHWARDENS: MR. H. GARDNER
MR. GEORGE PAINE.

VICAR, REV. HUGH GUY, M. A.

An account of the Sunday School treat at Wood Ditton, which appeared in the Newmarket Journal of Saturday, August 19, 1905, was as follows:

WOOD DITTON

“Sunday School Treat:—On Saturday last the children attending this Sunday School had their annual Summer treat, and in spite of the showery weather, spent a very happy afternoon. After a short service at the school at 3 o’clock, the children adjourned to a meadow, kindly lent by Mr. Sidney Taylor, where cricket, football, rounders and various other games, kept all busy until tea was enjoyed at 4.30 p. m. The Vicar thanked all who had contributed to the treat, amongst the number being Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer (who always takes such an interest in this parish). The teachers and Mr. and Mrs. Smith were accorded three hearty cheers. Mrs. Guy, Miss Gwilt, Miss Roberts, the Misses Jennings, Miss A. Smith, Miss Hatley and the Misses Guy gave their valuable help in seeing after the comfort of the little ones both at tea and in the field.”

The next year passed quietly and happily with Joyce in his college life. 1906 found him a Sophomore at Rutgers College, but owing to his classical bent higher mathematics proved too much for him. That summer he spent working for the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, while I obtained board at the nearby village of Ardsley so that I might drive over to the camp every day or so and see him. He said many times afterwards that it was the most interesting work he had ever done. Among the poor children of New York, The Tribune’s splendid charity give hundreds a free outing of a fortnight.

When we came home in the Autumn he found he would be forced to take the Sophomore year over again, owing to

the conditions which he had incurred. He was fond of Rutgers, and his Fraternity the Delta Upsilon, and was quite willing to lose the year, but I could not bear to have him do so for the sake of a study he would not take in his Junior year. As I was so unhappy over it Mr. Kilmer said to him one evening at the dinner table, "Well, boy go down to Columbia University tomorrow morning and see what they think about your ability?" He went, and the next evening I was made very happy by a telegram saying that he had two points more than were necessary to enter the Junior year.

That Winter I spent with him in New York, going out Tuesday morning and coming back with him Friday afternoon. He made good progress there and gained many honors which are all enumerated in my book, "Memories of My Son, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer." By that time he had become deeply attached to Miss Aline Murray, stepdaughter of the late Henry M. Alden, who was for forty years Editor of Harper's Magazine. Their engagement was announced in his senior year at Columbia from which he was graduated on May 23, 1908, and his marriage followed closely after, on June 9th. He was only twenty-one.

They were married in St. Luke's Church, Metuchen, where the Alden's beautiful home had been for many years. It was a sweet wedding and I felt none of the jealousy mothers are credited with feeling as I looked on the lovely face of the young girl who was to be his wife.

The little church was beautifully decorated with June blossoms, and Aline looked very lovely. Rev. E. B. Joyce, for whom Joyce was named, who had christened and prepared him for confirmation in Christ Church, New Brunswick, assisted the Rector, the Rev. Dr. John Fenton of Metuchen. As the ceremony was concluded each one of the children (for they were nothing more) sought the eyes of their mothers—and as I looked into Joyce's dear brown eyes, I felt nothing but happiness that he was happy.

They went away on their honeymoon that night, but the second day after, and every day until I sailed for England on June 20th, I received a letter from him. It was sweet to get those letters, but it is even sweeter now to remember that in the days of his greatest happiness he still thought of me.



Joyce Kilmer, at the Time of Graduation, Columbia,
1908, With His Mother

I sailed on the Atlantic Transport and soon made friends with many young people on board who were so kind to me as soon as they knew my son was on his honeymoon and I was alone on the Atlantic Ocean for the first time. They say that youth is heartless, but I did not find it so. I remember so well, the first evening out. I had gone alone to the bow of the ship and as I remembered how he and I used to stand there singing college songs in 1903 and 1905 my first tears since his marriage began to flow, but only for a moment for suddenly a number of boys and girls swarmed around me and a pretty girl said, "Now, you are not going to feel badly any longer, come and play hide and seek with us."

And I so far forgot my loneliness and, also my dignity that I instituted a new feature in the game, that of hiding in a deck chair well muffled up in rugs and when one of the "seekers" came up to my chair with a shriek of "Here's one of them," I feebly moaned "Oh, I'm so sick! I wish you wouldn't disturb me!" and the girl abashed said, "I'm so sorry," then when she turned to go, my boy companion in the next chair, also muffled up, sprang up and we both rushed around the other side of the deck and touched the goal. When they discovered our ruse they disturbed many innocent really seasick passengers in the belief that they were only shamming, as I had been. The next day there were bitter complaints from all those who were able to talk, and for those who weren't it did not matter, but I hope they never knew I was the ring leader in the affair.

Summer of 1908 was briefly described in a letter I wrote for the home paper, and which I will quote here:

MRS. KILMER WRITES OF ENGLAND

LONDON, SEPT. 12, 1908.

My dear Mr. Boyd:

I sail next week, and it seems absurd to be writing you at this late day, when I fully intended doing so long ago, but the time has flown so delightfully fast that letter writing—once my greatest joy—has been this summer very much of a bore. This is how my time has been divided since June 20th, when I sailed from home: I was in lodgings for three

weeks at High Kilburn, Yorks, and saw old Kilburn Hall, where centuries ago my father's ancestors, Baron de Kilburn, Lord of the Manor, entertained the King.

Of course I saw everything worthwhile in that vicinity; the famous old Abbies of Byland and Riveaux, and spent a day at York. I shall never forget the Minister. One day I was in the quaint old town of Thirsk—was strolling through the market place with my landlady's daughter—(it was market day and the town was alive with the country folk) when suddenly I saw a motor standing near me and in it were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson of New Brunswick. You may be sure that I lost no time in making myself known to them, and it did seem good to see faces of those I knew at home.

From High Kilburn I went to Hawes, Yorks, where I spent a week at the Vicarage there. It was delightful—the place for real comfort is an English vicarage. Then I spent ten days in Buxton, Derbyshire, at the Crescent Hotel. Buxton is as English edition of Saratoga with all the unpleasant features of the latter left out. The weather was charming all the time I was there, and I was sorry to leave but I had lodgings at Tissington Ashbourne, Derbs, at a place called Newton Grange. It was the Manor House of Lord Inslips Estate, and now leased as a big dairy farm. I have been there several times before and am fond of it. Was there three weeks and what happy ones they were. From there I came direct to London where I have been for the past fortnight. My hotel is very central, on one of the side streets connecting the Strand with the Embankment (Thames).

I have gone about a good deal. Have seen the wonderful Franco-British Exposition twice and would like to see it half a dozen times more. It is perfectly wonderful. I went the first time with a young boy friend who is very keen on pictures, sculpture and music, so we did the French and British galleries very thoroughly and also enjoyed the Palace of Music. My second visit was made with an Englishman who had large interests in the mining districts of Colorado, so ores and machinery attracted him, and between the varied tastes of both escorts, I got a pretty fair idea of the art and sciences as well, not forgetting to enjoy a few of the things "on my own" as they call it here. For instance, I insisted on seeing "Old London" which takes you back to London as



Village of High Kilburn, Yorkshire

it was in 1500. I also saw the Irish village of Ballymacutcheon, with the thatched McKinley cottage, where the great grandfather of our late president was born, the Roundtower of old Killcullen, reproduction of the old Irish Cross of Donaghmore, over 1000 years old, the Old Abbey of Anamore, the Oghawstone, and many other of Ireland's monuments. I also rode in a jaunting car, and when we came out, made straight for the Indian Government Building, and had a ride in a Rickshaw, drawn by a black native and if you ask me whether a jaunting car or a Rickshaw is the more comfortable, I say it is six of one and half a dozen of the other.

We had luncheon both days at M. Paillard, the famous French restaurant, caterer for the British appetite. My nerves weren't quite strong enough for the trip in the Flip Flap, which poises you over 200 feet from the ground. Neither did I do the scenic railway, spiral, and lots of other things with a strong flavor of Coney Island. But to me, the wonderful Exhibition, covering an area of over a 140 acres, with its snowy buildings, will remain a beautiful picture as long as life and memory last.

But I mustn't spend any more time on the Exhibition or you will think that is all I have seen in England. I heard "Pinafore" by an excellent company at the Savoy, saw "Faust" at His Majesty's under Mr. Tree's management. This afternoon I expect to see Mr. Martin Harvey at the Adelphi, in the "Corsican Brothers," one of Mr. Irving's plays. I also saw him at Buxton in the "Cigarette Maker's Romance." He is the actor who made such a success in "The Only Way," in New York a few years ago. He played it after our own Henry Miller had had a long run of the same play, and Mr. Harvey was equally well received.

Last Sunday I attended service in old Westminster; going in the evening out Latimer Road, to Harrow Mission, where an old friend of mine, Mr. Orton Bradley, is doing a good deal of music. Mr. Bradley is an Oxford man, Harrow is the preparatory school which he also, of course, attended, so he takes a great interest in it. He was in New York for some years and conducted a St. Cecelia Society at the home of the late Mansfield Hillhouse, New Brunswick, and when I saw him, at even-song service at Harrow, march in at the head of the vester choir, with his Oxford gown and hood,

and afterwards read the lessons, I thought how astonished and pleased his New Brunswick friends would be if they could see him. I had the great pleasure of giving him afternoon tea in my sitting room in my hotel the next day, and both he and I much enjoyed the chat over old times.

But I must stop. I haven't told you a tithe of the good times I've had, of the promenade concert at Queen's Hall; of the delight of buying just a few things at Peter Robinson's big shops at Regent and Oxford Streets; of the thousands of beautifully dressed French women, whom I have marvelled at, (for London is more French than English, or even American this summer) it will all have to be left to your imagination, but when did an Editor ever lack that?

Meanwhile, I suppose I ought to say, I'm delighted at the prospect of sailing for me next week, but the truth of the matter is, I wouldn't at all mind staying a month or six weeks longer.

Yours cordially,

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER.

There were many things omitted, of course, in that hastily written press letter, but the most important was the first cable I ever received from Joyce. It came when on my way home, and was as follows:

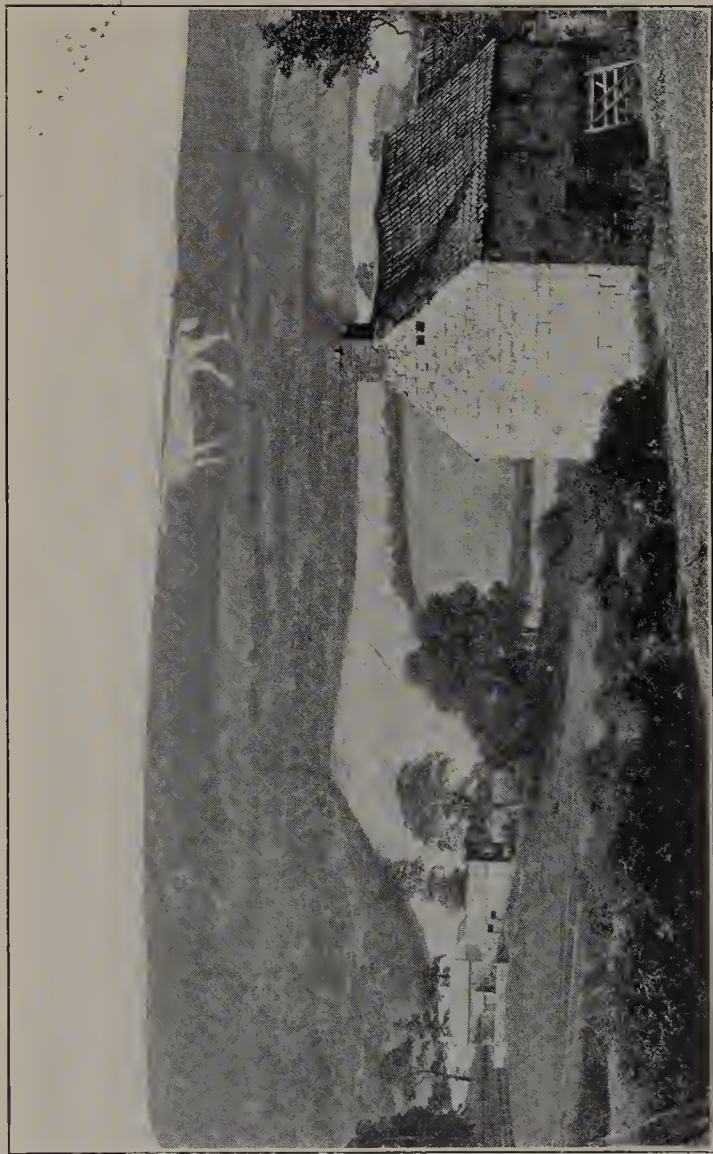
"Please come at once." (My last cable from Joyce, may I add, was from Fance, Feb. 1918, saying, "Your valentine will be late, but you'll get it." Alas, I was never to receive the last precious valentine he ever wrote me, as it was lost in the mails, as were so many letters in those horrible times, but I have the memory of his dear thought of me, in sending me that cable in the midst of the horrors of war, to keep in my heart forever!)

Before sailing for England I had decided to stay for a while in Kilburn, Yorkshire, which is thus described in the "History of the Kilburn Family," by Payne Kenyon Kilburn:

"The town of KILBURN is mentioned in the Dromedary survey in 1070, at which date, some of its lands were under cultivation. The earliest account respecting Kilburn is that it was a Royal Hunting-Park in the time of William Rufus and King



Kilburn Church, Low Kilburn, Yorkshire



The White Horse of Kilburn, Carved in the Chalk Stone
on the Mountainside

Henry I. A beautiful and extensive plain, commencing about a mile from Low Kilburn, still bears the name of Kilburn Park.

“At Hode within the limits of the parish of Kilburn, the famous Roger de Mobray established a Church, Priory and Castle, in 1138. At this place the Abbot Gerald died and was buried in 1142. The priory was subsequently removed to the adjoining parish of Byland, where a magnificent pile of buildings was erected, which now constitutes one of the most extensive and interesting ruins in Yorkshire. It can be seen from Low and High Kilburn distant about three miles.

“Mr. Gill mentions the discovery of Roman walls and pavements in the vicinity of Kilburn, which establishes the fact that the region was inhabited long anterior to the Conquest.

“William de Kilburn, (the proudest Briton of the 13th Century) was Lord of the Manor of Kilburn, in Yorkshire. He died 1233.”

As I had found Cambs delightful, but a little damp as it is rather low, and Yorks is higher, I wrote to the Vicar of the Parish Church in Kilburn. With the courtesy which one always meets in England, I received a prompt reply from the then Vicar, Rev. Ralph Pronde, B. A., giving me the names of people letting lodgings in High Kilburn, which I had said in my letter I preferred, and also sending me some lovely post card views of the lovely little old world Hamlet.

I immediately wrote to one of the parties named and arrived there after a pleasant railway journey from London. I changed cars several times as one often does in England. and my next to the last stop was York, where I took another train for Coxwold, three miles from Kilburn where I was to be met by a man and a trap. I was sitting with a little Salvation Army lassie, looking out of the car window and enjoying to the fullest extent the lovely rolling countryside, the pretty cottages with trim hedges everywhere, (which are nowhere quite as lovely as in Yorkshire.) Suddenly my amazed eyes rested on what appeared to be a gigantic white horse on the hillside. Greatly agitated I said, “What am I looking at? It looks like a horse.” “It is the Great White Horse of Kilburn which was carved there over fifty years ago,” explained my little companion. At that time I did not know

that there were two other horses carved on the hillsides of Berkshire and Ipswich, but the Great White Horse of Kilburn soon became very familiar to me in the many summers I passed in that locality. Many times I have climbed to the top, always by the tail, the steepest part, and stood with five others on his eye. That summer my son sent me my usual birthday poem, he made the White Horse his theme. I will quote it:—

WHITE HORSE OF KILBURN.

TO A. K. K. ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1908.

Last night the beat of hoofs was heard upon the shaded street,
It broke the silent brooding of the peaceful country-side;
I looked and saw a horse that stamped its terrible white feet,
A giant horse, as white as flame, long maned and starry
eyed.

“Who is this monstrous visitant?” said I, “Bucephalus?
Or Rosinante, looking for another crazy knight?
Or (not to be conceited) may it not be Pegasus?
This mighty horse, this glowing horse, so beautiful and
white.”

He proudly tossed his noble head, and neighed “Across the
foam

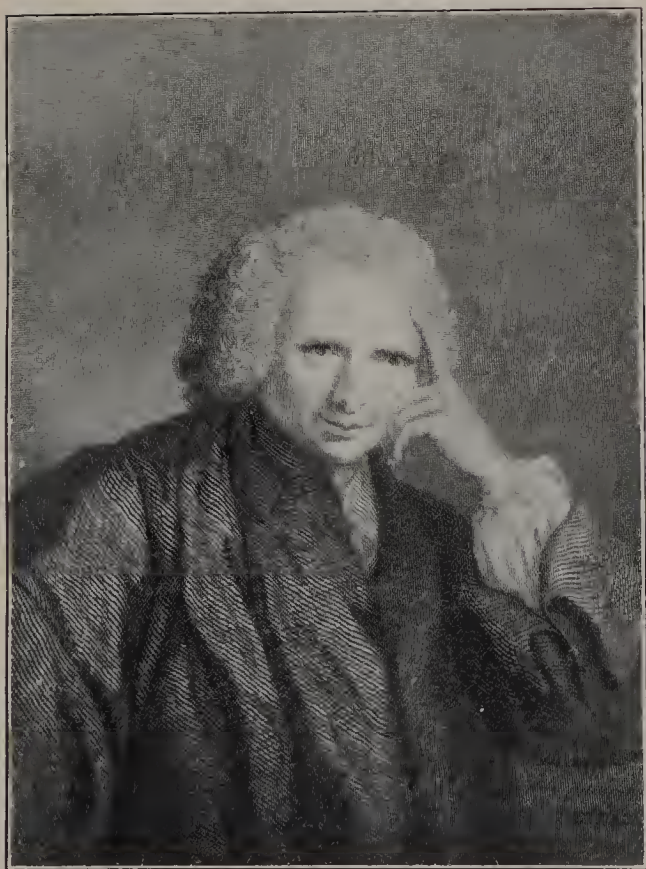
My stable lies, with clouds for roof, and mountainous
green walls;

I come to take your message unto Her, who near my home
Will hold her birthday feast before another evening falls.”

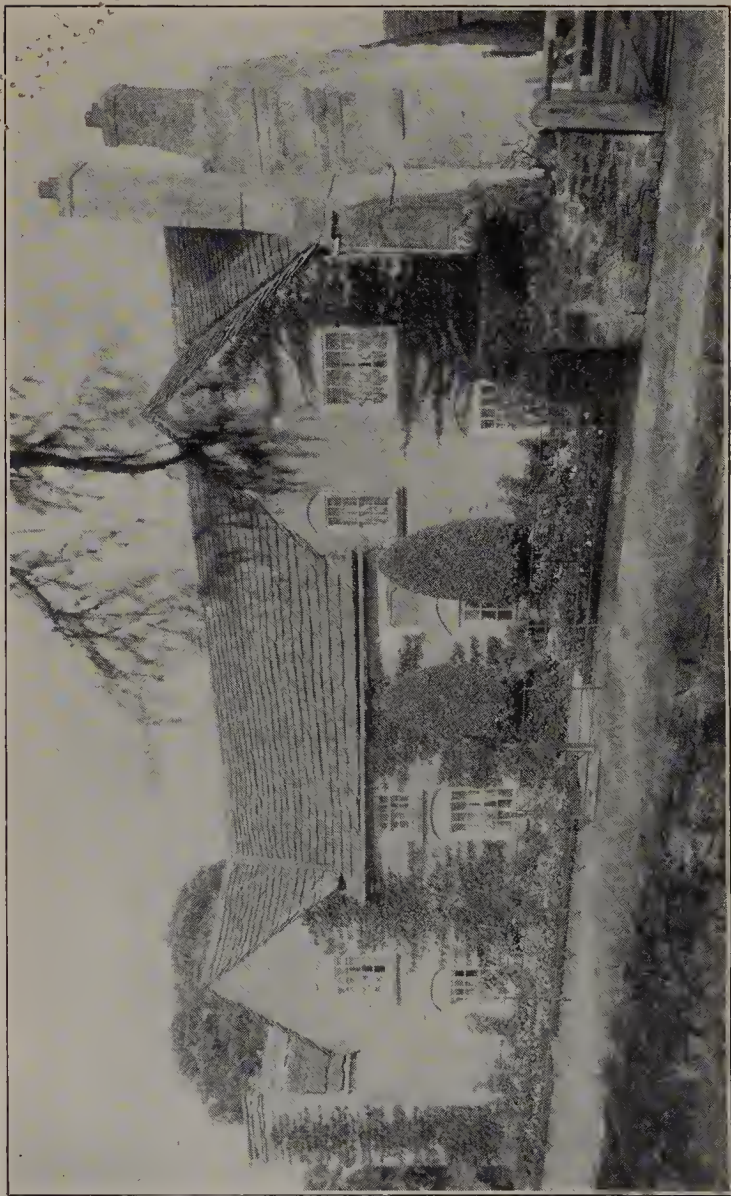
“Go back, O Horse,” I said “and seek your pleasant dwelling-
place

And here’s a gift for you to take, I trust it to your care;
Support this heavy load of love until you see her face,
Then humbly kneel before her feet and lay my homage
there.”

Coxwold was once the home of Laurence Sterne where he wrote “Sentimental Traveler” and “Tristram Shandy.” He was the Incumbent of the Parish Church. His home, called “Shandy Hall,” stands in the centre of the tiny village, opposite the Church, and not too far from “The Fauconberg Arms” and where he had many a meal. In later years I spent three summers at “Fauconberg Arms” and learned to know and love it



Laurence Sterne, Author of *Tristram Shandy*



Shandy Hall, Coxwold, the Home of Laurence Sterne

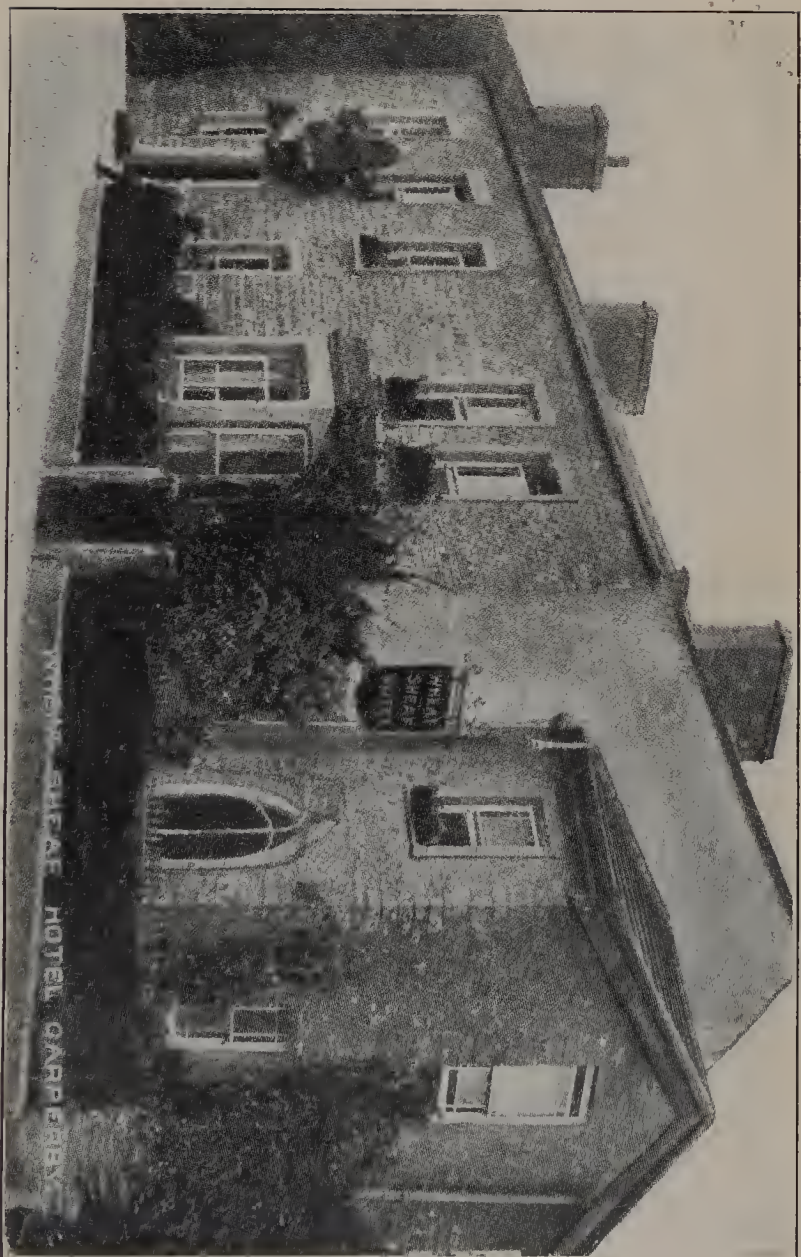
very well, but this summer of 1908 I only knew that my destination was High Kilburn, three miles from Low Kilburn, where I expected to stay in lodgings three months. It was a pretty cottage where my conveyance stopped, and I was very pleased with my low ceilinged "homey" sitting room, where all my meals were to be served, and the adorably tidy bedroom on the floor above. My landlady's uncle had been a curate, and she never forgot the fact nor let me. She had a pleasant daughter, but she herself was rather a gloomy individual, and I found her trying, though the food was all that could be desired, and the sitting room and bedroom neatness personified. It was a wet summer and I missed Joyce, and I would wake in the morning feeling so lonely for him, and as the rain pattered on the cottage roof I would hear Mrs.——— knock on my door bringing my early tea, and when she came in, her gloomy face made me still more forlorn, as she would say "It's a bit dool (dull)". However, I have always been able to extract all the sunshine in my life and I soon became used to her, though I always called her "Old Vinegar," to myself. It was she who told me of the village tragedy:—

The Vicar had been there for many years. His family consisted of two sons and seven daughters. For some reason he had a strong objection to any of his sons or daughters marrying, and as he had an iron will, it prevailed, with the exception of the eldest son who became attached to the daughter of the man who kept the village inn, and who married her secretly, before his father found it out. In rage he disinherited the son and drove him from home. The boy enlisted, went to South Africa, and never returned! The poor girl stayed on at her father's inn, and when I saw her she was a prematurely old woman, with snowy hair, and a face from which all hope and joy had fled. I never heard the Vicar read the parable of the Prodigal Son for the lesson in church, that I did not wonder if he thought of his own son so far away. Perhaps if he had come home Rev. Mr. Proude would have been like the father in the Bible, but he never came back. Mrs. Proude died some years before her husband, and they said that the last words on her lips were, "Ralph, my son."

1909.

That summer I sailed for England the 17th of May on the "Toronto," Wilson Line. I wrote no press letters that year,

so must rely upon my travel books for reference. I wrote that some weeks were spent in Ilkley—a delightful Spa. From there I went to Carperby in Wensleydale simply because I found by reference to a 'Travelers' Guide that the Wheatsheaf Inn was kept by a Thomas Kilburn. I was most comfortable there, and pleased to know that the landlord's daughter, Annie, who ran the funny old inn, was as capable as she was good looking. She was overjoyed when she learned that my name was Annie also, and so the two Annies had many a jaunt together in her little two-wheeled cart called a trap. One morning she took me to an auction a few miles off. It had been quite an interesting old farm house, but the old man, the owner, who died there alone and unattended, had become a miser in his later years, and the once fine old furniture was well nigh worthless from neglect. He had been well-to-do at one time, and many of the things were bought in Paris when he went on his wedding trip with his first wife. The second wife had died a few years before, the neighbors said, as much from neglect and lack of proper food, as anything else—only a hard faced granddaughter was left to settle affairs. I remember I bought a lovely old oil painting of him, painted when he was a little boy of two, and it hangs in my old fashioned room now. He is represented sitting under a big tree, with a little black kitten on his lap. Little Sammy Tattersall (as he was then doubtless called) had a blue dress on, and coral beads around his baby throat. His hair was yellow, and his eyes bright blue, and some of the old people at the auction said they were just as blue when he died. I thought perhaps the granddaughter might object to my bidding it in, together with an old steel print of Beethoven, for 2/6d. but she only glanced indifferently at it and said, "No, I don't care for gran' dad's picture." As Rip Van Winkle said, "are we so soon forgotten when we're gone?" but poor old Sammy Tattersall had been ignored and forgotten for many years. The painting was in the attic with a lot of rubbish, though the fine old print of Beethoven was still hanging on a wall over a cracked and worn out piano. It hangs over my piano now, in my living room and is greatly prized. I had the portrait put in a fine gilt frame and it adds much to the charm of my old fashioned room. I was amused at a friend's suggestion that I should say the picture was of one of my ancestors in England, but while I have had a few in this country which I had just as soon sell. I have never felt the inclination to



Wheat Sheaf Inn, Carperby, Yorkshire



Wooden Figure from the Ship "The English Rose,"
Garden Piece at Wheatsheaf Inn

buy one anywhere! The Wheatsheaf Inn was a quaint place. In the back garden, but visible from the road, was an enormous figure of a woman about ten feet tall, with flowing draperies that seemed to flutter in the wind. In her right hand she held a rose, and she once stood at the bow of a ship which was called "The English Rose." The landlord, Mr. Kilburn, told me that he was once a sailor on that boat and when she had outlived her usefulness he bought the figurehead, for he had longed for it when a boy, and had it placed in the back garden of his Inn.

He was fond of fishing, and would often furnish the brook trout which would sometimes be served with my supper. I think I ate more that year than any summer in England, for Wensleydale cream cheese is most delightful, and also fattening, as I learned to my sorrow when I found I weighed 10 stone, 7 lbs. (147.)

Just before leaving for Kilburn, York, I attended the great Historical Pageant held at York that summer—a wonderful event. To those who have been fortunate enough to have seen an English pageant no words of mine are needed, to those who have not, no description that I am capable of could do it justice. I will only say that the first group, B. C. 800, represented Ebraug plighting his troth with a British maiden, and founding Caer Ebraug. And so it went on down through the ages to the present day. There were hundreds of people in the pageant, many of them lineal descendants of the characters representing the different epochs in the last four or five centuries. It made me feel so young and immature (as an American, I mean).

It was in 1908 that I made a delightful acquaintance which was to last 'till death severed the bond of friendship. I was going from Coxwold to York one day, when on entering the third-class carriage I saw a handsome old cleric with snowy hair and bright blue yes. I entered into conversation with him, for it is quite proper to address a parson in England, even if you don't know him. He seemed interested in the American woman spending three months in the Yorkshire countryside, though I doubt if his interest would have been as keen had I been an "American Tourist."

I learned that he was the Rector at Gilling East, a few stations off, and later I was to learn that he had tutored the

Indian Prince Ranji Singhi at Cambridge where he (Rev. L. Borissow) was forty years a Precentor at Trinity, and when I accepted my first invitation, through one of his daughters who kept the beautiful Rectory at Gilling East in order, I found a charming home. Mr. Borissow's wife had died many years before.

One of the daughters had been an especial favorite of Ranji Singhi (as he was familiarly called by the English) and the home held many evidences of his generosity. In the drawing room was an ivory elephant about a foot high, with sparkling ruby eyes. The Misses Borissow showed me many wonderful jewels, so big and gorgeous that they didn't look real!

From then on, up to the summer of 1915 when he, his daughters, and two nephews of Ranji Singhi, had tea with me for the last time, in my sitting room, at Fanconberg Arms, Coxwold, York, (he died, alas! that winter), I was never in Yorkshire that I didn't have a number of invitations to spend "a long day" (i. e. from luncheon 'till after tea) with them.

In the summer of 1909 I received a note from him which I will quote here:

"THE RECTORY,
GILLING EAST, YORK.
June 18, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer:

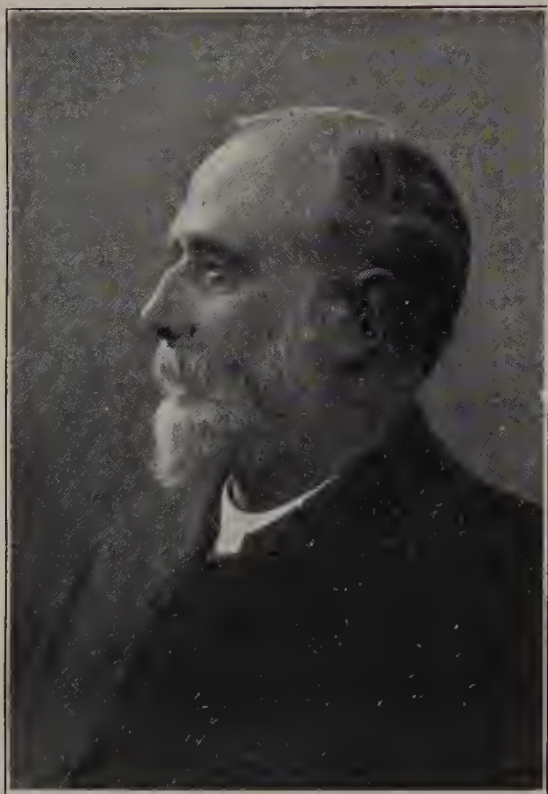
I hope you received my letter before you left home. You must be in England by this time, and I am writing to say how pleased I and my daughters will be if you will spend a long day with us, as soon as may be convenient to yourself. We will then go up to the castle and examine the emblazoned frieze of the famous dining room. So please let me hear from you.

I am addressing this to High Kilburn, thinking you may be there.

Believe me, Y'rs Sincerely,

L. BORISSOW.

Of course I went, and a funny little incident occurred which goes to prove that "new rich" people in England, much resemble their cousins in the same class, over here. We called



Rev. L. Borissow, Rector at Gilling, East Yorkshire



The Author, Ashbourne, 1909

at Gilling Castle. The family, Hunter by name, and wealthy mine owners, had only recently leased the castle. Miss Hunter attached herself to me, but when we reached the famous dining room (of which Mr. Borissow speaks in his letter) and I wanted to minutely examine the Yorkshire Crests which were all emblazoned in a frieze around the walls, and find if possible, the Kilburn Crest which I was sure would be there, I was hurried through by Miss Hunter who wished to show me what she seemed to consider the most interesting part of the castle —viz. the *Kitchen!* where the family had recently installed all the newest labor saving electrical designs known! My mind was never so evenly divided between rage and amusement, but I don't think I showed it.

My summer passed all too quickly, and I sailed for home on the Atlantic Transport S/S "Marion," 17th of September.

Life was very happy for me in the early years of Joyce's marriage. On the 21st of March, 1909, his first child was born, Kenton Sinclair. Mr. Kilmer and I motored over to Morristown that Sunday when Joyce telephoned that a son was born that hour, my arms held the dear baby, and I sang the old cradle song which I used to sing to his father when *he* was a baby, "Oh, had I the wings of a Dove I would fly."

Joyce had been working on Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary, and teaching in Morristown Public School. I didn't see as much of him those years ('08-'09) as in 1910 when he moved to New York, having an apartment on 184th Street, where he began in real earnest his literary labours, writing verse and reviews.

From then on, up to the War, every Thursday when we could arrange it, we had luncheon together.

It was at one of those happy hours when my first inspiration of putting music to his poetry came. It was always his custom, when he had written a poem, to submit it to me. That day he handed me a manuscript saying "Here's something I thought you might like to see. I wrote it the other day, you know, Fairies are supposed to sleep in the daytime." It was, "Lullaby to a Baby Fairy." I read the first line—

"Night is over; in the clover globes of crystal shine"
I looked up at him and said, "It sounds like a song." He said, "I thought perhaps a song might be made of it."
I read the next line—

"Daylight calling, Sunlight fading on the wet green vine" and exclaimed "Why, it sings itself, "and then he said, "Why don't you make a tune for it?"

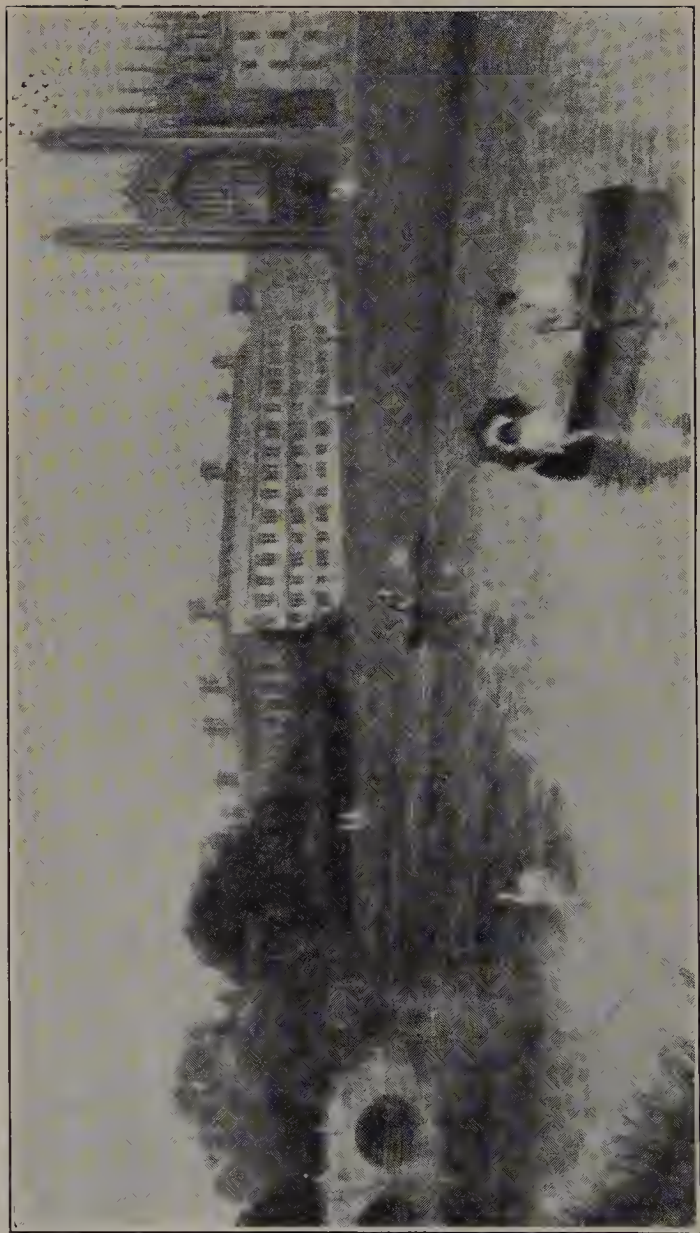
I said, "Oh! Dearest, you know that I haven't a bit of composition in me," but just as I spoke these words the tune began to form in my mind, and on my way home, in the train, the rest of it came to me.

It was published at the Star Music Publishing Company, High Holborn, London W. the following year, and was the first of six which I was to compose.

When I took the latest one, "Trees," to the same place in 1920, the same man began to urge objections, saying there was a "printer's strike,"—"the cost would be much greater," etc., etc. I said "You remember doing those other songs for me?" naming them—"Lullaby to a Baby Fairy," "Song of Terre de Amour," "Gifts of Shee," "The Yellow Gown" and "The Valentine," He said, "Oh! yes I remember them very well." I said—"Those poems were written by a young poet, in the height of his career, this one, "Trees" is by a dead Hero Poet, who lies in France, killed in 1918." He said, "I'll do it," and he *did*—though it was nearly the end of the summer before it was done.

I sailed for England the 30th of April, 1910, on S/S "Friesland," American Line. The trip was uneventful, till a day before landing, we received, via wireless, the news of the death of King Edward VII. There were few English people known to me on shipboard, but I was much struck by the deep grief of my cabin mate, a little English widow.

She had left England in her youth, on her marriage with a young American, had not been home in over twenty years, and was sincerely attached to her adopted country. On the death of her husband she decided to go home to England, and spend the remainder of her days there, as she had no children or other ties to bind to America but on the voyage she talked longingly of the great country where she had been so happy, and seemed to feel no great anticipation about her return to England. But when the wireless flashed the news that the King was dead, she threw herself down on her bed, sobbing as if her heart would break, and saying, "I didn't think I would care so much." I think love of country is one of the strongest



At King's College, Cambridge

the human heart holds. I never saw the little lady again after landing, but I often have wondered if she was contented in her native land.

On landing, and for some weeks afterwards, I was struck by the solemn dignity with which England bore the loss of her Ruler. Everywhere the Union Jack hung at half mast. Every woman, even to those selling flowers, wore no color in their hats. It seemed at first, very unusual and sombre, but that impression wore off, and in a day or so it seemed still more strange to see anyone wearing bright hued colors. My traveling costume was grey, and I took the Cardinal colored poppies from my hat, and for six weeks wore no bright colors.

I visited a lady in Cambridge, and when we attended a concert in King's College, she looked with disapproval on the hat of an American lady who sat in front of us, and which was decorated with vivid pink roses, and she said to me (under her breath) "I think she might have taken those roses off," and indeed it *did* seem incongruous, and very much out of place!

I was in London, Yorkshire and Buxton that year. While in Kilburn, Yorkshire, I went to the quaint little village of Pickering near by, to attend the Pageant, and while it could not compare, of course, in size or beauty with the one I saw in York, still in the words of a young mother admiring her first baby in my presence, "He (it) has features all his (its) own." The pageant was given in the lovely grounds of the castle, and it was delightful to meet the village people in the streets before and after the pageant, strolling along perfectly unconscious, in gorgeous Mediaeval costumes. An American would have been frightfully embarrassed.

While visiting a friend, Mrs. Pearce, at her beautiful home at Silbury Grange Road, Cambridge, I had what was to me a unique experience. Coming down to breakfast one day, she told me she had just received in the "early post" an invitation which included "the American lady stopping with her," from a young student friend of Kings College, Cambridge. We were asked to have dinner with him in his "diggings," afterwards going to the concert in the Chapel of Kings. Of course I was delighted at the prospect, for though I had known and liked many American Collegians, I had never dined with an English one.

At the appointed hour, dressed in our prettiest gowns, we motored to "Kings," and were directed where to find Mr. Geoffrey Sinclair's sitting room. The door was open, but no one within, so we walked in.

We noticed, first, in front of a cheery soft coal fire, two or three covered dishes on the floor, the contents of which afterwards proved to be sole and potatoes, placed there evidently to keep warm. Against the wall was a table neatly laid for three. Presently our young host came in, a little flustered, but not much, with something he found he needed at the eleventh hour. There were lovely flowers on the table, but the chinaware was rather "chippy," and bore evidence of belonging to a college boy's menage.

After seating us at the table, a venerable female with a weird black bonnet on, came in and began waiting on us. I wish I had her picture for these pages! She was what was called, in college parlance, a "Bedda."—I suppose because she made the beds—anyway, she was the funniest looking waitress I ever saw, but the meal was good, and when our young host served the coffee, which he said was made from a Cambridge receipt, being made with claret mixed with the coffee, we were entirely satisfied with the meal and him. Putting on our gloves again, we descended the stairs, and walked over to the Chapel of Kings. The concert was delightful. "Kings" boys are said to have the finest voices in England—so our young host said—and I have no reason to disbelieve him. In the intermission, we went out and rowed for a little while on the pretty river Cam.

After my return to London I sent Mr. Sinclair a tea cosy in the shape of a Chanticleer, and he sent me a gold hat pin with the crest of his college on it. We exchanged a few letters when I went back to America, then I lost track of him. I have often wondered if he was in the War.

In May, the next year 1911, I sailed on the Atlantic Transport for England. The Coronation made it the most notable summer (spent abroad) in my life! Some letters which will follow, give a few impressions.

My summer was spent in London, St. Mary's Vicarage, Wood Ditton, Newmarket, Cambs, Ipswich, Oxford, Wemleydale (where I was at the Wheatsheaf Inn elsewhere described) and High Kilburn.

While at Ipswich I stopped at the Great White Horse which Dickens mentions in "Pickwick Papers," and saw the room where poor Mr. Pickwick unintentionally surprised the single lady doing up her hair. The room is called Dickens' Room No. 36, and is kept exactly as illustrated in the book.

England was remarkable that year, in another less pleasant way, by an excessive drought which lasted the whole summer through, and I had the unheard of experience of hearing English parsons pray for rain—also I was bitten by more sorts and conditions of insects than I ever knew in New Jersey, which has quite a reputation of its own in that respect!

Some of the events of the summer are told in the following letters reprinted from the local papers:

WILL WITNESS THE CORONATION

MRS. KILBURN KILMER, OF COLLEGE AVENUE, WRITES
INTERESTING LETTER ABOUT ENGLAND—IS VISIT-
ING IN PRETTY COUNTRY VICARAGE IN
CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer, of College Avenue, who sailed for England early in the spring to spend the summer and also witness the coronation, is now delightfully located in Cambridgeshire, about 100 miles from London, and sent the following interesting letter from the vicarage at Wood Ditton, where she is a favorite guest:

VICARAGE, WOOD DITTON,
NEAR NEWMARKET, CAMBRIDGE,
ENG., MAY 29, 1911.

My dear Mr. Boyd:

If I'm ever so unfortunate as to require the removal of an appendix, or any other organ which modern surgery has decided was a great mistake on the part of the Creator, I shall ask that my New England conscience be operated on also and all, or nearly all, of it be removed, because of the fact that I promised several friends, just before sailing for England on April 22, that I would surely write at least one letter to the Home News after my arrival. Here I am, seated in the Vicar's library, for the present, "Mistress of all I survey, my right there is none to dispute," for the vicar starts for

London this morning, where he joins "Mrs. Vicar" in celebrating the golden wedding of her parents. This is the vicarage of St. Mary's Parish Church, where in 1905 I placed the memorial window to my English ancestor, one time Church Warden here.

I am always at the Vicarage for some weeks, and am very happy, as there is nothing so restoring to tired nerves as the restful calm of a well ordered English Vicarage. Here every taste may be gratified. If you are fond of animals, ponies, dogs, cats, birds, who claim the loving care they are used to; and if you prefer walking to driving, you may go to Newmarket, only three or four miles off, and any morning meet a string of resolute looking jockeys (for Newmarket is a great racing center), mounted on their beautiful horses, cantering slowly through the town on their way to "the links;" or, if sports attract you; an excellent tennis court and croquet ground are here.

For exercise, country walks there are, of course, in abundance. I have tested Chevily and Stetsworth, through Duchess Drive, and many others, and never tire. I never saw rural England so lovely as this year. The hedges all abloom with May, the pink and white blossoms like enormous bouquets. Everywhere spring is so advanced it seems at least a month ahead of the almanac. Even the cuckoo changed its note to that of June over a fortnight ago.

I was interested the other day in some Church Army people who came to have tea with us—two bright boys of 22 and 19, sent out by the Church of England to do evangelistic work. The Church Army work is very like that done by the Salvation Army, only that men and boys are employed, and so far as I have seen, no tambourines. It aims to reach the non-church going people, with the intent, of course, of making Church of England converts. The workers travel in a big van and hold meetings on the village green, or private lawns. Captain Briggs, the older boy who was here, was charming. He was my partner in croquet, and if he preaches as well as he plays croquet, I should like to hear him. He is sending me a photo of the van, which will have an honored place in my scrap book.

Coronation is only three weeks off, and all the shops are busy decorating. London will be as gay as she was sad last



Mission Van of the English Church Army



Captain Arthur Biggs, Evangelist of the English Church
Army

year. I have an excellent seat where I expect to view the procession on the 23rd, but shall not try for the Coronation for many reasons. On that day I shall go to Crystal Palace and see the "Imperial pageant," which is on now. To a lover of Dickens (as I am) the reproductions of "Peggotty's" boat hut and "The Old Curiosity Shop" will prove a great attraction, but of course there are thousands of other things to see, and one never expects to see a tithe of the wonders. I spent two days at the Franco-British Exhibition two years ago, and really saw very little. I remember I amused my escort (a conservative Englishman) very much by asking where the American exhibit was. I couldn't realize, somehow, that we were not in it.

But I fear I am taking too much space. If you care to hear from me again, just let me know and if possible I will oblige you.

Very cordially yours,

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER.

MRS. KILMER WRITES HER IMPRESSIONS OF THE CORONATION

Kilburn-Coxwold, Yorks, July 16, 1911.

Dear Mr. Boyd:

I'm wondering if a few belated echoes of the coronation would be of interest to your readers? I shall take it for granted that they may be, and proceed, after my usual fragmentary manner, to give you a faint idea of what it all meant to me.

To begin with, the local, that is the London press, had shrieked so loudly and persistently that the crowds would be enormous; that prices for seats would be fabulous, etc., that I was tempted to "chuck the whole thing," as a slangy boy of my acquaintance puts it. I shall always be glad, however that I didn't, and that the morning of the 21st of June found me on my way to London.

Arriving at Liverpool street station, I took a taxi to my lodgings in Kensington Garden, W. Of course London was brilliant with its thousands of flags and other decorations, but I saw nowhere those immense mobs of people which the papers had told us would make travel on foot impossible, nor the

light-fingered gentry, before whose depredations I had thought it might be necessary to remove the gold fillings from one's teeth, or else have them forcibly taken away. No; all seemed much as usual.

That evening I saw "The Follies" at the Apollo Theatre, and once you decide that they are really meant to be funny they were really very amusing. But I wouldn't advise an American on his first visit to England to go there, unless he was a serious turn of mind, for he mightn't know what it was all about.

SEEING LONDON FROM THE TOP OF A MOTOR BUS

The next morning, while the King was being crowned, I spent on top of a motor bus, which is always my especial delight, for nowhere else may you have such a view of the streets and everything in them. I went from the top of Queen's Road W. right through London, west and east, for 16 miles each way. It was the best way to see the decorations, and they were wonderful. I had seen London decorated in honor of President Loubert, a few years ago, but this, of course, far surpassed it. Then, too, it was an overwhelming contrast to London as I saw her last year, with her flags half mast, the shop windows with not a trace of color in them, and every person in black.

The 22nd of June was a brilliant, sunshiny one, all the colors of the rainbow emptied in the streets, and on the happy people who sauntered along them. Of course the West End shops made the most imposing show of decorations, but all over London, and England as well, the people seemed to revel in the delight of showing their loyalty and adding what they could to the beauty of the scene. "I remember one out Stepny way, seeing a small cart with milk cans in it, propelled by a donkey and driven by two small boys and two flags, one "Old Glory" the other the "Union Jack" proudly floating over the boys' heads.

THE WONDERFUL LONDON "BOBBY"

In the evening of the 22nd I set out with a companion to see the illuminations. We took a bus, got as far as Marble Arch, where the most impressive thing happened. That is, to

me the most so, because it was all done so easily. One lone "bobby" with arms outstretched under his waterproof cape, looking like a big bat, was all that was needed to tell the millions of wheels that all vehicle traffic must turn aside. And it was done. The Angel with the flaming sword at the gate of Paradise couldn't have done it any easier, and he only had two to keep back. I'm afraid that's irrelevant, but its too late to change it now.

Well, we climbed down from our bus and took the underground as far as the Bank, and though the crowd in that journey was dense, I had been much more mauled (no other word expresses it), going uptown in the underground in New York, and heard worse language from the guards.

It was wonderful—the streets that night. One could hardly sufficiently admire the illuminations, for looking at the streets full of people—just people on foot, for nothing else was allowed along the line, all enjoying themselves quietly. The most violent form was toy whistles. I remember seeing a well dressed girl blow one in the ear of a policeman and then run, with her two companions. I looked at the policeman's face, and couldn't see the slightest trace of anger. He looked a little contemptuous, but more bored than anything else.

SEEING THE CORONATION PARADE

The next morning we started to see the Royal Progress, where excellent seats had been engaged at the Borough Polytechnic, which is south. There again we had been alarmed by the silly press, which had shouted all seat-holders must be in their seats by 7 o'clock, and as the procession would take up all the morning, it seemed rather a dreary outlook. However, we found out that was a mistake also, and so left at 9 by the tube, arriving at our seats about 10.

It's quite hopeless, my attempting to describe what I saw. It was all so wonderful. Of course my interest centered in the King and Queen as they drove past in their royal carriage. I had good opera glasses, so saw them very distinctly. She looked very lovely, but quite pale, and her graceful neck must have been quite stiff the next day from its constant bowing.

It was all over in the early afternoon, and the next day I was back in the quiet Vicarage, from where I wrote my last two letters.

The Vicarage gates still held vestiges of the various flags which had decorated it during coronation day, and the Coronation Anthem was repeated at both services the following Sunday.

Now I am in lodgings in Kilburn (no "o" in it, please), Coxwold, where many centuries ago old Baron de Kilburn, Lord of the Manor, lived in Kilburn Hall and entertained King John. Quiet country folk live there now, and in the banqueting hall, with massive oak wainscoating to the ceiling the village butcher's baby holds his court, and wears (to his pretty young mother's great delight) a string of coral beads which I had the pleasure of buying and clasping around his tiny throat.

New Brunswick seems a very long way off, yet I know that when September comes I shall be glad, as I always am, to think of home once more.

Cordially yours,

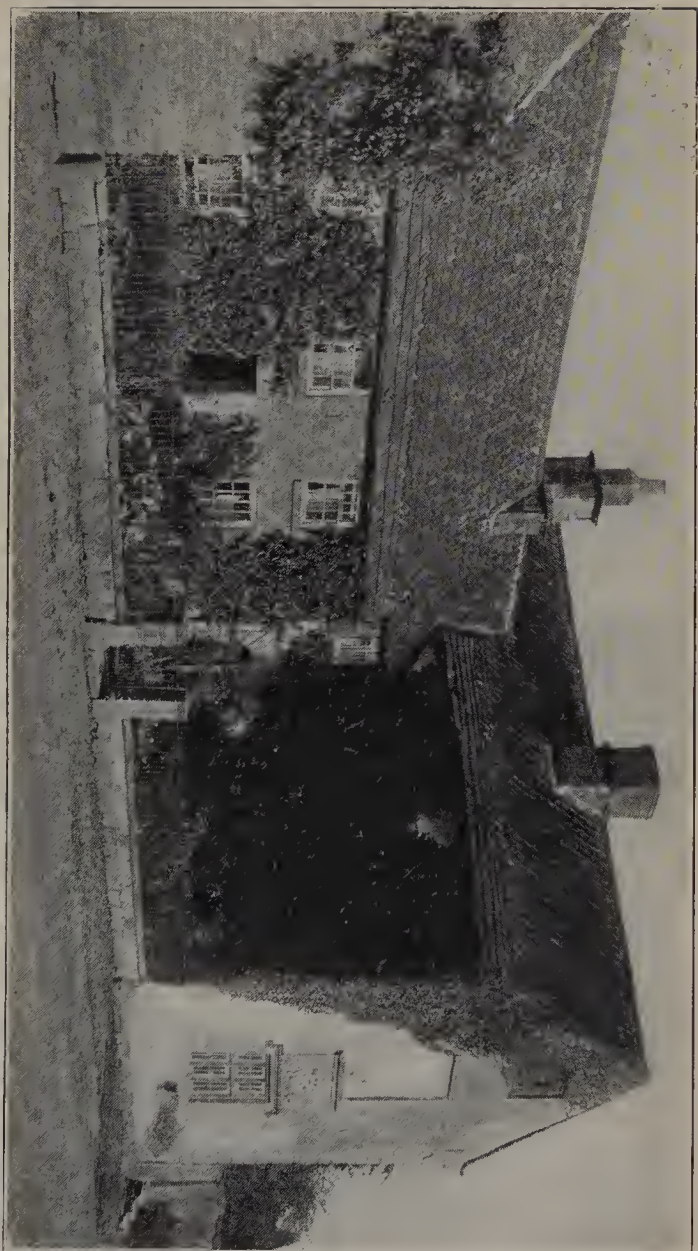
ANNIE KILBURN KILMER.

MRS. KILMER WRITES ABOUT BIG STRIKE.

To The Editor Of THE HOME NEWS:

Almost on the eve of my departure for home the spirit moves me to tell you what I saw of the great railway strike, which is only just over.

I haven't the faintest idea what it was all about, only that a little over a week ago employees of the big railways in the empire decided to go on strike. Then for some unknown reason the North Eastern Railway also went in, and there was where it affected me. The first practical demonstration I had of the trouble was when I arrived at Coxwold Station the 17th, expecting to take a train on the N. E. for York, and from there to London, where I proposed spending "a long week-end" with a friend in Hartfordshire. But there were no trains running on schedule time, so my suit case and I drove back to my quiet lodgings in Kilburn. But when Sunday came, everybody said the strike was over, though the Vicar in Coxwold Church that morning had preached very mournfully on the theme, as had most of the clergymen in England.



Kilburn Hall, Kilburn, Yorkshire, where Baron de
Kilburn Entertained King John

But by Sunday night everyone was sure it was all over. Monday's Yorkshire Herald told us that all but the North Eastern men had gone back, and when Tuesday came I decided to go to York, only 20 miles away, for the rest of the week.

But to my horror, when I again arrived at Coxwold Station the station master said, solemnly, "There will be no train to York till 4.17 this afternoon (it was then 11 in the morning). The service of the North Eastern is still unsettled. My advice to you is to drive to Easingwold (six miles off) and from there you may be able to get a car."

All this in the quiet, deliberate way that only an English Station Master can assume, and which takes more than a strike to change.

"In the bright Lexicon of (American middle age) there's no such word as fail." So, turning to my driver, I said: "Well Joe, put the suit case in the trap. We will drive to Easingwold."

On our arrival at that little Hamlet, the man in the garage of the place, told us he had no petrol. He had sold the last at ten shillings the gallon (over double its usual price), and when I said, "Well, haven't you enough to take me to York? You can get plenty at the Station Hotel." He shook his head mournfully and said, "There isn't a drop of petrol to be bought in York." By that time my Spirit of 1776 was up, and I said to my driver: "Joe, we will get our dinners, and then we will drive to York," which we did.

But it was funny, on arriving at the entrance on the Station Hotel, when the porter, looking with some disdain at the humble country trap, said, in answer to my gesture to take the long-suffering suit case from the back, "Haden't you better see if you can get a room?" I said, "The room is engaged," and he withered.

The first intimation of the strike was when the haughty young lady who presides at the desk said, as I registered and asked if No. 145, the room I had engaged, was ready for me:

"You'll have to pay more for the room than you did before. The rooms are ten shillings."

This was explained to me later by the chambermaid, who said that there was such a scarcity of provisions they had raised the price to keep people out! The hotel was full of directors and various officials, to say nothing of soldiers, who were everywhere. One was conscious of a tense feeling of excitement, though everything was quiet.

The menu card at dinner was cut down to about half. I had seats engaged at the Royal Theatre for a "Girl in the Train," and we drove through the crowded streets, with people just idly standing, waiting patiently for news of the strike, which meant nothing but trouble for them, it gave me the strangest feeling. I had seen English crowds in sorrow over their dead king, in joy over their new one's coronation, but I had yet to see the sullen apathy of a crowd which hopes for nothing, but waits with the stillness of despair for any news.

The play was well done by a good London company, but I listened in vain for any allusions to the strike, which with us would have been many. There was little applause, and the audience seemed half stupefied, like the crowds in the street were.

The next morning I decided to walk around the two big stations of the North Eastern Railway, which adjoin the hotel. It was a wonderful sight; scarcely a train to be seen either coming in or going out. The big station, swarming with people carrying their own luggage, for of course not a railway porter was to be seen! About 15 or 20 young men in tweed suits acting as volunteers, and wearing scraps of red or green silk on their coats to distinguish them from the others. Pickets sent out by the strikers to prevent any employees of the North Eastern Company from working, and soldiers in Khaki to preserve order.

Of course, it was the last day of the strike, and things were calming down; but only for a few days before the electric light had all been taken from York (as well as the other cities) and there had been threats of burning the North Eastern Hotel. But Thursday the strike was declared off and the men are back again, with the knowledge that they have lost a week's pay, that they have gained nothing by the strike, and that provisions are higher today than they

were a week ago. As far as I can see, the public is paying for the strike, as well as the strikers, for railway charges are to be increased, in addition to the price of food. Some say it was the fault of the Liberal Government, but whatever I may be I am not a suffragette, so express no opinion, only I am very glad indeed that if there had to be a strike, that I was here to see it.

I expected to sail for home in about a fortnight. Am going down to Cambridgeshire next week for a few days, and then to London, up to sailing time, September 9th. Hope I shall not be too late for the Delta Upsilon convention.

Cordially yours,

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER.

The Winter of 1911—1912 was a happy one for me. "Summer of Love," Joyce's first book of poetry, was published by Baker & Taylor Company, New York, and dedicated to his wife. I will quote the tender verse.—

"To Aline:

A vagrant minstrel of the street,
No poet of the laurel crown,
I kneel, dear Princess, at your feet,
And lay my book of verses down.
See all the love that lingers there,
And so, for love's sake, find it fair."

In this connection I would like to give a letter written by the "Dean of Literature," the late William Dean Howells, praising the book of Joyce's which I had sent him; but before doing so must quote a former letter he wrote in answer to one of mine, where I told him that Joyce Kilmer was my son, but that he must on no account let him know that I had written about him, or mentioned his verse, as he was almost morbidly sensitive about my praise of him in public. I also mentioned the fact that when his (Mr. Howell's) novel, "Annie Kilburn" was published in 1898, I had written him that I was an "Annie Kilburn" and received a gracious letter in response. This is the letter of 1912:

12 EAST 58TH STREET, NEW YORK.

March 10, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer:

I am glad to hear again from one of my heroines—I believe the very best I invented, or one of the best, though Nature seems to have improved upon her. Your son's secret shall be safe with me, though I do not see why, if he has given it to the world in a book of verse, I should not have known it even from his mother. Do wish him all success for me.

Yours sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS."

I sent "Summer of Love" at once, and received the following charming letter:

"12 EAST 58TH STREET, NEW YORK.

March, 15th 1912.

Dear Mrs. Kilmer:

Of course your son is a Poet: you and he both know that. Looking through his book I have no question except as to which kind of poems I like best, and I find that they are the non-passionate kind, like—"And Forbid them Not," "The Grass in Madison Square," "Metamorphosis," "For a Child," "The Subway," These are the most clearly thought, the most freshly felt. If he can go on from there, he will go far.

Yours sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS."

Joyce *did* go far—both worlds know that now!

I sailed again for England on the American Line the 6th of May. After a fortnight spent in the beautiful Cathedral town of York, I went again to the Wheatsheaf Inn, in Carperby, Wensleydale, which I have described elsewhere. Nothing changes much in England—or didn't in the years before the war, and everything was just the same as on my last visit. One notable event stands out, however. I learned that Sir Martin Harvey was playing, "Oedibus Rex" at Leeds, not so far off, and of course went to see him, for I have always been an ar-



Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell of Newbury Priory.
Sir George was an Officer in the Famous Light Brigade

dent admirer of his since the very first time I saw him in "The Only Way," on my first visit to London way back in 1899. Since then I had seen him in most of his plays—"The Cigarette Maker's Romance" (which I liked next to "The Only Way"), "Taming of the Shrew," "Corsican Brothers," and many others whose names I do not recall. He was wonderful in "Oedibus Rex," but when I saw him last Winter (1924) in our own Century Theatre I could not see that the years had taken any toll of him and of course the fine play was better produced in the Century Theatre than in the smaller one at Leeds.

I attended the Scarborough Pageant that Summer, and while I enjoyed the quaint old seaside village, especially the older part of it, the Pageant itself didn't impress me nearly as much as the ones at York or Pickering, though it was very beautiful.

In August I went to the "Fauconberg Arms" in Coxwold, York, and was comfortable as usual in my pleasant tiny sitting room, where my meals (with the exception of early tea) were served. My window sill was always full of potted geraniums, which glowed brightly in the Western sunshine all the afternoon, while from one of the windows in my big airy bedroom on the floor above, I could plainly see beautiful old Byland Abbey, barely three miles away. I used often to walk there after tea, for between tea time and supper were three or four hours.

It was at Coxwold that I met the late Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell. He was the only officer left of the famous Light Brigade. Their lovely home, Newbury Priory, was just out of Coxwold, and I have been there many times. The estate was very large, comprising Coxwold and a number of other villages around. When Sir George died, the next year Lady Julia had to pay a "Death Duty" of £58,000 (nearly \$300,000). Lady Julia died two years after Sir George.

In one part of the Priory are said to be the bones of Oliver Cromwell, brought there secretly by one of his descendants and Sir George's ancestors.

While in Coxwold that Summer I met the Vicar of Filey, Rev. T. Cooper, otherwise known as "The Walking Parson."

He was good enough to give me one of his books in which he recounts his wanderings over England and on the Continent. They are written in a bright discursive vein, and I am sure his sermons, when he got back to his Parish Church in Filey, must have been very interesting from the result of his tours.

Another Parson I met that year was the Rev. T. Elwood, Vicar of Hawes. I spent a fortnight as paying guest at the Vicarage, and found him and his wife most delightful people. The church at Hawes is modern, but has an interesting history. The Vicar told me that two unmarried sisters of the congregation wished to build a new church but could not agree as to the architecture. One wished a spire, while the other insisted on a square tower—so they compromised on having *both*—a thing I never saw before in England, though there is an Episcopal Church in Rahway, N. J., which has a strong resemblance, though probably not from the same cause.

My first songs, "Lullaby to a Baby Fairy" and "Song of Terre de Amour," were both published that summer by the Star Music Publishing Company, Ltd., 84 High St., New Oxford St., London, W. C.

Mr. Kilmer came over that year and we went to Germany for a month. We were at the Palast Hotel in Hamburg, saw the building of the "Imperator," and heard some fine music, but the shadow of what was to come I am sure hung over me, and I could not enjoy it as I would otherwise have done, though I did like Carl Hagenbeck's animal farm—but I can still hear the buzz of the Zeppelins which would go over our heads every morning, practicing the deadly work Germany was to do two years later. From Hamburg we went to Bremen, which to me was a much more attractive city. We sailed from there on the "Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm" the 7th of October.

WINTER OF 1912-13.

The Winter of 1912-13 was a happy and busy one for Joyce, and so for me. He was working on the Editorial Staff of the NEW YORK TIMES, editing "THE CHURCHMAN," and writing much verse and little prose.

His little daughter, Rose Kilburn, (my God-daughter also) was born 15th November, 1912. She was a most lovely baby

but frail, and became a victim to that dread disease, infantile paralysis, when only a few months old. Her little life was a brave struggle, to which she succumbed at last. She died 9th September, 1917, only a short time before Joyce sailed for France. A broken Rose, but blooming and restored, I am sure she was the first to greet him less than a year later in Paradise!

I sailed early for England the Spring of 1913 the 12th of April, on the S. S. Minnehaha, Atlantic Transport Line. I must quote a steamer letter written by my mother's sister, dear Aunt Annie. I wish I could give the exquisite Chirography! Here is her letter:

"BINGHAMTON, April 8th, 1913.

My dear Annie:

While on old ocean's highway, should you encounter any "Thank you ma'ams," may they be as gentle as a caress, and as quieting as a lullaby. Then, when you get to the Country of your far away Ancestor, remember there are those who are nearer akin who are thinking of you and hoping you may enjoy every minute of time you are gone. Don't forget that little railroad known as the memory route, and send us thoughts occasionally. Received your letter, and am *so glad* everything is taken such good care of at your home.

"God be with you 'till we meet again.'"

AUNT ANNIE"

SUMMER OF 1913.

On landing in London I spent only a few days at my favorite hotel (at that time) "The Norfolk," in Surrey St., Strand, before going to Oxford. At Oxford I put up at "The Mitre," which had been recommended to me by my young friend, Arthur S. Devan, a New Brunswick boy from Rutgers College, and who was taking a Rhodes Scholarship course. He invited me to have tea with him in his rooms in Christ College, and had asked another Rhodes Scholar from the University of Pennsylvania. We had a jolly time, though not as hilarious as my dinner with the Cambridge Student at

"Kings," but there was a solemn dignity about Oxford that awed even me, who am not easily awed! Still I managed to get a little fun out of solemn old Oxford! for I had two American boys to dine with me at my hotel, and afterward we saw a pretty musical comedy at the Shaftbury Theatre, and the next night saw "Merrie England," the Elizabethan Comic Opera, by the Oxford Operatic Society, in The New Theatre. It was wonderfully well done, and we much enjoyed it.

From Oxford I went to Ipswich, where I stayed for a short time at The Great White Horse, elsewhere described.

I managed to see two good plays (both later to be produced over here) "Milestones," and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

I must not forget to mention that while in Oxford I had a very lovely tea cosey made from my own design, at Elliston and Cavell, Ltd. It was of black satin, lined with old rose, and on each side was a beautiful cluster of clover blossoms, and four-leaved clovers, in their natural colors. I still have the bill, which was 18/9 d., less than \$5.00.

I will quote a letter which I sent to the local paper and which will give a little more of that summer, though there may be "vain repetitions" in it:

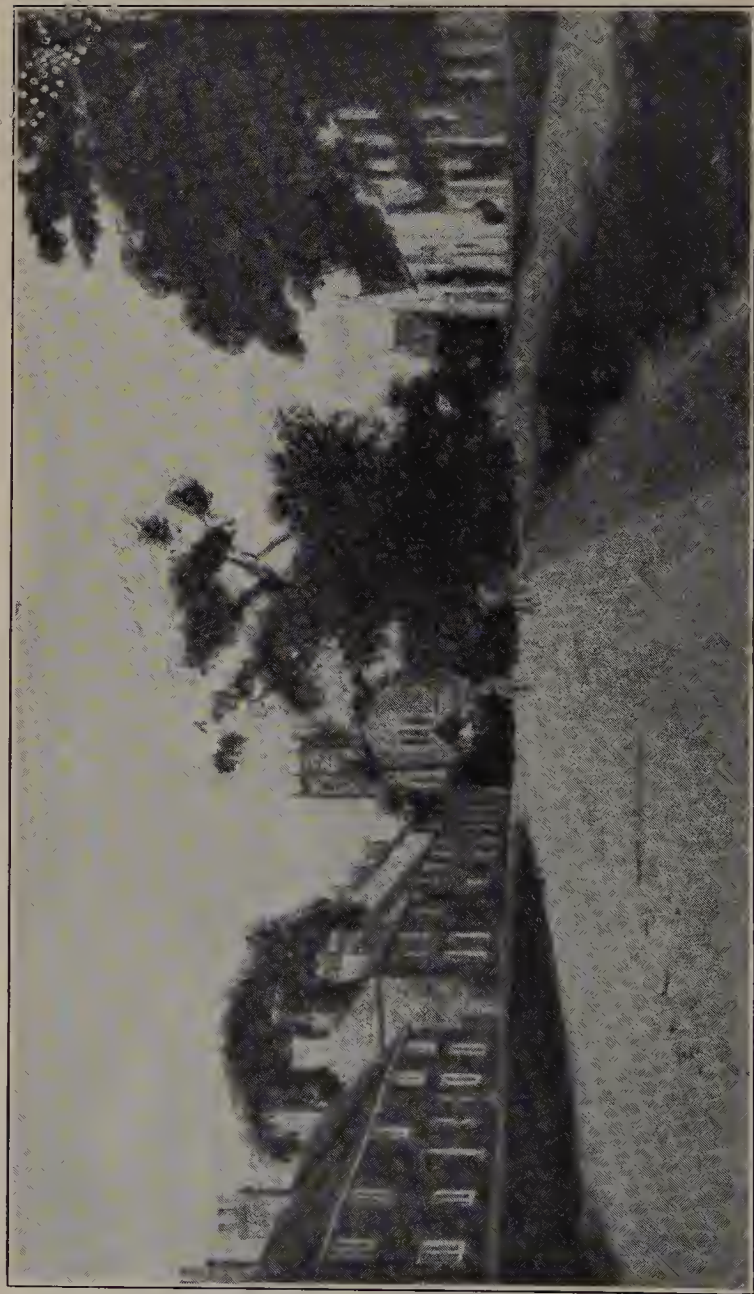
"Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer, of College Avenue, who has been in England since early in the Spring, and who will spend some weeks on the continent with Dr. Kilmer, who has just joined her, before returning to her home here, sends another of her interesting letters to the HOME NEWS, as follows:

NORFOLK HOTEL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the HOME NEWS:

My conscience, ever a troublesome one, is reminding me that I promised to write another letter from England, so now before I start for a little trip in France and Italy, I will give you just a glimpse of my quiet country life in Yorkshire, and the last fortnight spent in busy London.

Of the former, where I stayed for thirteen weeks at the quiet Inn, my life was uneventful. Cricket matches by the



Coxwold's Main Street (Yorkshire)

village team of girls, with adjoining villagers, Sunday School treats, invitations to tea and tennis by firm friends at the Old Hall at Coxwold, and other places, weekly visits to York, that lovely old Cathedral Town, where I saw a number of good plays, and spent one week-end at Holbrook House, once the home of Lindley Murray, but now occupied by my friends the Pressleys. Mr. Pressley is the Editor-in-Chief of the YORKSHIRE HERALD, and through his interest in one of my latest songs, I was able to sell nearly the whole edition, which only goes to show the truth of the ancient proverb "A Prophet is Not Without Honor, save in his Own Country."

I left Coxwold the 25th of August, and had all the village girls and boys to see me off. The last hand I grasped was that of Lady Julia Wombwell, who was at the station to see her daughter off. I have visited at Her Ladyship's beautiful home in Coxwold, The Priory, and been all through it as well. Words are quite inadequate to describe its beauty, and the fact of its not having passed out of the hands of the old family makes it more interesting.

Since I have been in London, I have had a still better time than when I was here in the Spring. Have had to refuse a number of out of town invitations, have seen a number of good plays, notably "Within the Law," and a famous French actor in "The Picture of Dorian Grey" by Oscar Wilde. It was a gruesome play but I enjoyed it, and it was pleasant to see the scores of French people in the audience, who so heartily appreciated their compatriot.

One morning I revisited, for the first time in ten years, Madame Tussaud's, grandmother to our Eden Musee, and was charmed to see President Wilson and his Cabinet, King George and Queen Mary, who is not as beautiful as Queen Alexandra, who was also there, Mrs. Pankhurst and Charles Dickens. Of course, not all in the same box. I'm afraid they wouldn't get on well! Dickens was in a library, all by himself.

I have had many a stroll down the Strand, and one day I asked a policeman where I might get some hairpins, as women's shops are not plentiful on the Strand. He never flinched at my question, but only pausing long enough to rescue a frenzied tourist from sudden death by a taxi, said:

"If you turn up Villiers Street, two streets up, on the right, you will come to a little shop half way down, on the left, where you will find hairpins." And sure enough I did, but I wonder what would happen if I asked a Broadway "copper" the same question?

I went by invitation to lunch at the Ladies' Army and Navy Club, with my Cambridge friend, Mrs. Pearce, whose late father was a Professor in King's College, London, and who was the author of many books on wild and natural flowers in England. We also visited the Country Club that afternoon, where Mrs. Pearce has friends. Then she came back with me for tea at my hotel.

I had a very interesting call from Mr. Orton Bradley the other day. Readers of the HOME NEWS will remember him as the English musician who conducted the "St. Cecelia Society" at the home of the late Mrs. Hillhouse, of College Avenue, some years ago. He has an apartment in Embankment Chambers, and is very busy teaching music still. He saw my two last songs, "Before the Fair" and "Yellow Gown," and asked for a copy of the former, which he wishes to submit to a man who sings for the Edison Record Company. Mr. Bradley thought that both words and music would be just what he wanted.

But I must bring this rambling letter to a close. Mr. Kilmer arrives today, and next week we go on the Continent. Whether I find time to write again, or not, is a problem. I've no doubt we shall be home by November.

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER."

While in Coxwold at "Fauconberg Arms" I fell a victim to two pretty girls of the village, who wished me to write poems in their autograph books, so I think I will inflict them on the readers (if there are any), of this little book:

"This little book, a pretty maid,
With mild request has handed,
That I will write my name therein,
With other friends thus banded.

But when I see the lovely views,
With Art and Nature glowing!
My mind misgives me, for I know,
I'll make but a poor showing.

So let me only add the thought,
That sometimes when you're weary,
You'll think of one who loves COXWOLD (emphasis
And likewise YOU, my Dearie." on last syllable)

Written for Ada Comfort, 6th July.

The other was even worse, but it was an Acrostic, which may have helped!

"Soon I must leave fair Coxwold's sunny vales,
Each moment brings me nearer to the last,
Longingly, I wander through familiar dales,
In sorrow for the months so quickly passed,
No village in dear England charms me so!
As Coxwold, where I know each kindly face.

Bright boys, and bonny girls, I've watched them go,
Up to the cricket field, at rousing pace,
Remember, when the Autumn time is here,
Neath soft Italian skies your friend will roam,
England will still to her, be ever dear,
The Country she will always call her own!
Though Freedom's land will always claim her love.
Another Country, yet akin to this,
King, President, both kneel to God above,
Kind friends who greet each other with a kiss."

A poor attempt at an Acrostic, on the name Selena Burnett with my initials (A. K. K.) added. Coxwold, 18th August.

The allusion to "soft Italian skies" was not mere poetic license, for I was expecting Mr. Kilmer over very shortly, and we had planned to go home by the Southern Route, sailing for home from Genoa later in the Autumn. He came, and we sailed by that route.

(1913-1914)

The Winter of 1913-14 was, I think, the very happiest of what had been, so far, an unusually happy life. Joyce had

become well known in literary circles in New York. He had been made a member of the Poetry Society, had been elected President of the Dickens Fellowship, where it was one of my greatest pleasures to attend the monthly meetings, and with admiring eyes watch him preside. Apropos of that, I must give a little incident which occurred at a dinner given by the Poetry Society: I sat at his table, as I always did, at all such functions, and I don't suppose my eyes left his face for a moment. I was not aware that I was making myself conspicuous till at the close Miss Murray, sister of Joyce's wife, told me, with great glee that another young lady, who did not know me personally, had said with some animosity "I think it was perfectly absurd! The way that lady who sat opposite Mr. Kilmer, watched him, all through the dinner! She acted as though she was dead in love with him." When Miss Murray told her that I had a right to look at him as I was his mother, she was nonplussed!

I remember the teas given by the Author's Club, of which Joyce was the youngest member, and how he would bring people up to be introduced to me, saying "*This* is my mother."

We were soon to come under the shadow of the World War, but the Winter was delightful!

I sailed for England on S. S. Minnewaska, Atlantic Transport Line, the 20th of April. That was to be one of the most tragic Summers of my life, but I little knew it then. "Coming events (do not always) cast their shadows before." My journey across the Atlantic was uneventful though I met some nice people and among the number was Mrs. Basil Gill, wife of a well known English actor. She herself had been an actress of some note, but retired from the stage on her marriage. She was accompanied by her little girl with the nurse. Mr. Basil Gill was finishing an engagement in a New York theatre, and was to follow her later. I had tea with her in her pretty cottage, "Little Green", Luttrell Ave. Putney Park, S. W. and I saw her once again just before I sailed for home, when I gave an almost Impromptu Tea at Horrock's Hotel for Joyce in London. I went directly to that Hotel on landing in England and spent several weeks there, for nowhere is April and May so delightful as in London!

I saw a number of good plays, Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Pygmalion," at His Majesty's Theatre; "The Melting Pot," by Israel Zangwill, at the Comedy, "Broadway Jones" with Seymour Hicks, and Sir George Alexander in "An Ideal Husband" at the St. James.

Then I went to Cambridge for a few days to visit my friend Mrs. Pearce (with whom I had visited the Kings College (Cambridge) boy the year before). While there we saw the Irish Players give some of their fine plays, *Riders to the Sea*, *Maurice Haile*, and *The Rising of the Moon*.

On the 30th of May I went to Rochester to attend the annual conference of the Dickens Fellowship, as delegate from the Fellowship in New York City, of which Joyce was the President. I will insert here the report which I read at the monthly meeting in October, after my return. The half tender jocular allusions to "Your President" will be understood. How well I remember Joyce saying to me at the close, that he was proud of me! I lived but for his praise, and now I shall never hear him speak those words again!

REPORT READ AT THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

NEW YORK, October, 1914.

Mr. President, Members and Friends of the Dickens Fellowship:

The card announcing this meeting bears the significant and fatal words: "Report of Mrs. Kilburn-Kilmer, Delegate to the Convention at Rochester, England; *after* which, an interesting program will be presented." Comment is needless!

A very nearly life-long obedience to the wishes of your President is my only excuse for boring you with the record of my visit to London and Rochester, in the role of Delegate.

If you are exhausted at the end I shall be sorry, but, on the other hand, shall not feel too much responsibility in the matter, for after all you were *told* what to expect in your Postal Card!

I sailed for England the 11th. of April. After a pleasant voyage, arrived in London the 21st. I at once sent my letter

of introduction to the London Executive Council Office at Whitehall House, 30 Charing Cross. The next day I received a cordial letter from Mr. Sidney Marriott, who is one of the Committee of Management, which he welcomed me on my arrival, and invited me to call at the Council Rooms any Friday evening, also inviting me to a dramatization of "Barnaby Rudge" given by the Council's Dramatic Company at Kennington Theatre, just a little out of London. I was unable to attend that, but I called the following Friday evening at the Council Rooms and met Mr. Sidney Marriott (the writer of the letter) and also a Mr. Miller, who is the Hon. Sec'y of the Stoke Newington Branch, and who invited me to a Dickens Dinner to be given about a fortnight later.

In a subsequent letter he asked me to "speak for the ladies" (as he expressed it), and told me that a Mr. Johnson, Hon. Sec'y of the Executive Council, would be my escort. I had made another engagement for that evening, and so could not go, but when later, at Rochester, I met, for the first time, Mr. Johnson I was very sorry I hadn't gone!

On the 24th I received an invitation for the monthly Council Meeting, which I was to attend as a Delegate.

"Figure to yourself" (as H. G. Wells says), two large rooms dimly lighted by London gas, the second one—to which your shrinking Delegate was ushered,—being full of books and pictures, a long table in the centre of the room, around which were seated eight or ten gentlemen, and one lady, all members of the Council. Of course I was introduced to them individually, and took my seat at the table endeavoring to *look* as if I understood, and was interested in the proceedings of the meetings.

They were mainly a discussion of by-laws and amendments of the same, and rather prosy. When the regular business was finished, I was asked some questions about our Chapter, which I answered to the best of my limited ability.

Of course, I had the *inclination* to speak very warmly, not to say enthusiastically! on the subject, on account of the great admiration I have for your President! but I refrained, and only mentioned the dinners we had given, and what a live Chapter we were. I'm afraid I made our numbers more than



Joyce Kilmer as Sidney Carton, with His Mother as
Madame Lafarge (Dickens' Tale of Two Cities), at a
Reception Held by Dickens Fellowship, 1907

facts might guarantee, but I was *never* good at figures, and besides—"It's a long way to Tipperary," and I knew they couldn't *prove* anything!

At the close of the meeting, I was escorted to my taxi by a Mr. Haslin (one of the Executive Committee) who bore a most startling resemblance to my Rector at home, and whom I almost expected every minute to burst forth into "Dearly Beloved Brethren, The Scripture moveth us in sundry places," etc. etc.

On the 28th of May, I went to Rochester for the annual convention, which was held from the 27th to the 1st of June, inclusive.

Arriving at that wonderful old Dickens town, all decorated in honor of us, I went at once to the historic Bull Hotel, where I found many of the Conference people. I had missed the Wednesday 27th programme, which included a tour around Dickensian Rochester in the morning, and a Tea and Al Fresco Concert at the Tea Table in High Street, opposite the Cathedral. On Thursday morning there was an inspection of the beautiful old Cathedral, conducted by the Honorable Official Guide, "with especial reference" to the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" (so the programme put it.) In the afternoon was held Commemorative Service in the Nave of the Cathedral, which the Mayor and Corporation attended in State! and if you've ever *seen* an English Mayor in robe of office and long gold chain, you will bear me out in the assertion that it was very imposing. The Very Rev'd, the Dean of Rochester, gave a fine address. After the service a reception was held by the Dean and his wife in the Deanery Gardens.

At 4.30 a "Tiny Tim" tea party of 500 children, from the elementary schools of the city, took place in the Corn Exchange, a queer old building, which Dickens describes in his "Uncommercial Traveller" as "A mean little brick heap! like a demented Chapel," but that was because he hadn't seen it since his childhood days, when it had then appeared to him as "The model on which the Genie of the Lamp built the Palace for Aladdin!" At the close of the Tea there was a cinema exhibition of Dickens and other films. In the evening a *Conversazione* was held in the "Pickwick" Rooms, Bull

Hotel, under the auspices of the Rochester Branch. The trial scene of "Bardell and Pickwick" was given most delightfully by some of the members.

There were also three songs, the words written by your President, which were charmingly sung by a tall Junoesque young English girl. At the close, your Delegate was called upon to make a few remarks, which she did by saying she had never expected to hear her songs sung so beautifully.

On Friday the 29th, we made an excursion to Gad's Hill. Three large brakes (or carry-alls,) each holding about fifty people, together with private carriages, conveyed the party. I went with a Mrs. Scoone, whose husband is one of the City Councillors, and a Mrs. Morison, wife of an Edinburgh delegate. We went all through the house, once Charles Dickens' home; saw the beautiful library, with the walls lined with books,—and even in the door. I sat in his chair, at his desk, where so many of his immortal works were written, and was saddened at looking at the room where he had died.

Our excursion also included a drive through Cobham Park and Village. At the Park Gates we were met by the Baronet's wife, who was very gracious to us all, seemingly rather interested in me, because I came from America. Like many of England's titled people (whom I have had the honor of meeting), she was most simple and unaffected in her manners, and it grieves me to the core that I can't, for the *life* of me, remember her titled name. But never mind, I dare say she has forgotten *mine*!

In the afternoon there was an organ recital in the Cathedral, given by the assistant organist, who is a Dickensian. I'm sure it was good, though I didn't hear it.

From four to seven there was a garden party, given by the Mayor and Mayoress in the fine old Castle Gardens; followed by a reception in the evening given by the President and his wife at Nuns House mentioned in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

Saturday was the day of the conference, which was held in the old Guild Hall. That I attended and proudly *whispered* "here" when my name was called as Delegate.

I had also the honor of voting on one question, viz: "the advisability of the number of Vice Presidents remaining limited." There was quite a heated discussion, pro and con, and after a member from Sheffield had made an impassioned speech in favor of any number of Vice Presidents, I stood up! and when the President announced me, I said: "Well, you know, speaking in behalf of the States, I would give it as my opinion, that if the number of Vice Presidents was to be *unlimited*, we'd all want to be one!" Then I sat down. Everybody roared! And the man from Sheffield leaped to his feet in a fury and said: "I'm sure *I* don't want to be a Vice President," which, of course, made every one laugh more than ever! The vote was taken shortly after, and *my* side was carried!

In this connection it might be as well to state that a member of the Executive Council told me afterwards that *I* would be placed on the list of Vice Presidents another year, so that America is no longer without an official representative on the parent body.

On the evening of the 30th, there was given the annual banquet at the Corn Exchange. The Mayor, presided and I had the honor of sitting at his table, and on the left of the President of the Rochester Branch, and had on *my* left the same Mr. Haslin of the London Council, who looked so much like the Rector of my church. After the first toast, which on such occasions is always to "His Majesty the King," and given by the Mayor, the following toasts were given: "To the immortal memory of Charles Dickens," "The Dickens Fellowship!" "The Visitors," "The Pickwick Bicycle Club," and, by the way, they were all at a separate table, and were dressed in character. The replies were made by "Mr. Pickwick" and "Mr. Winkle," both of whom looked as though they had just stepped out of "Pickwick Papers." The closing toast was to "The Right Worshipful The Mayor." Of course there were songs and recitations scattered through the programme—One, a character sketch of "Mr. Micawber," was especially good as far as costume went, though I thought at the time, and *still* think, that our own Dr. Hill would have recited it much better.

The next day was a British Sunday,—therefore there were no excursions or entertainments planned. I went to the grand old Cathedral in the morning, and heard a fine sermon by

the Dean. Monday morning was devoted to excursions to Dingley Dell, and various other Dickens places, but I did not go, contenting myself with going to see the Petrine Pastoral Players in a preposterous performance of "Oliver Twist" that evening. I'm sorry I can't say much in favor of it! "Fagin" was too handsome, I'm sure, for Dickens' conception of him, and poor little "Oliver," taken by a mature lady of about thirty-five or so, was certainly very far from being mine! But that was the only thing that was poor.

I went back to London the next morning, bearing with me many sweet and gracious memories of Dickensians who had been most kind to the stranger from over-seas, and echoing in my heart "Tiny Tim's" prayer:

"God bless us! Every one!"

After attending the Dickens Conference, I went up into Yorkshire to the "Fauconberg Arms," Coxwold, York, where in the peaceful countryside I spent two months. I gave a tea for all the little boys of the village, the 15th of July, St. Swithin's Day, (and it didn't rain), and a big poster of brown manila wrapping paper was displayed in the window of the little provision shop next to the Inn, which said:

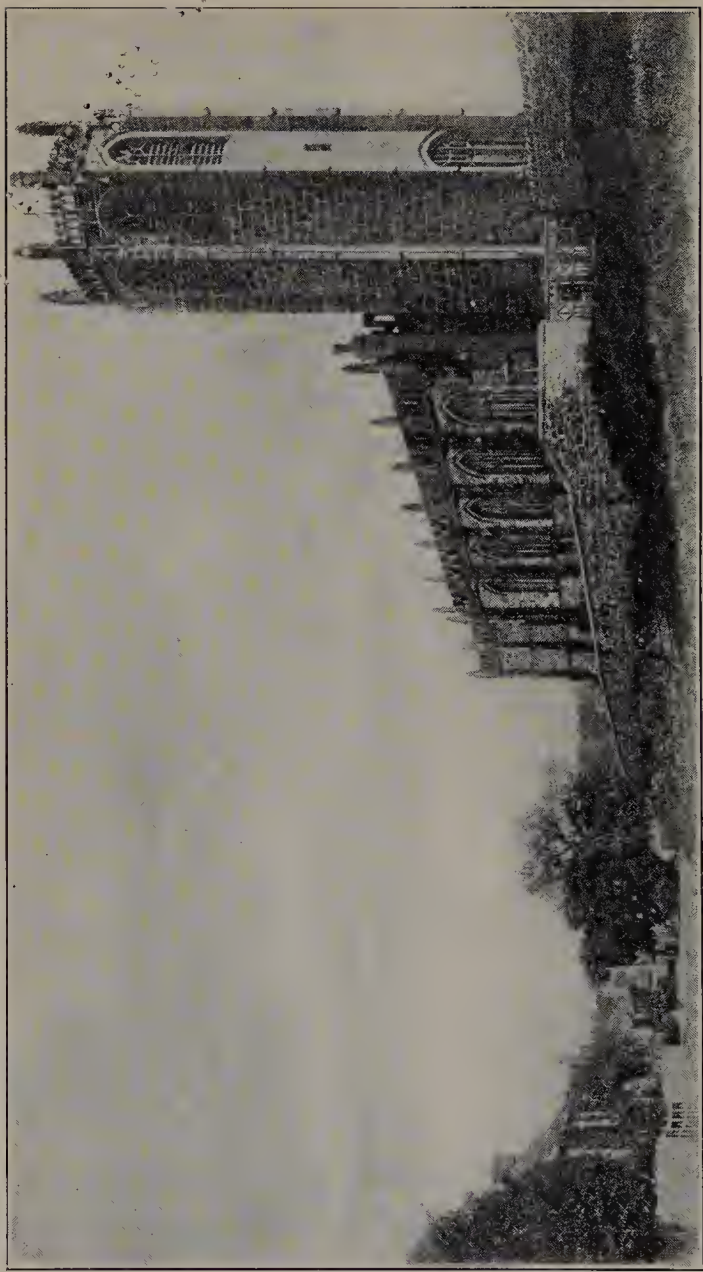
"Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer will give a Tea to all the little boys of the village between the ages of five and ten, at the "Fauconberg Arms," St. Swithin's Day, from four to six."

Of course it was a huge success, and made me very happy. When I came in the big coffee room of the Inn, Mrs. Hardy, the buxom landlady, who was taking care of them, told them to give three cheers for me, which they did with hearty goodwill, and yelled as only English boys can! When they finished their tea, I sat down at the piano and played songs for them, ending with "God Save the King." I will quote what the Yorkshire Herald said about it:

"COXWOLD

"A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION."

"A Birthday Tea and treat of small American Flags, sweets, nuts and toys, was given to 25 small boys of Coxwold at the Fauconberg Arms, by Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer. The treat



Parish Church, Coxwold (Yorkshire), where Laurence
Sterne Was Incumbent

was given in honor of the sixth birthday of Master Reggie Conforth, of Stockton. The birthday cake (from Barton, York) was beautifully decorated, and on the delicious almond icing was lettered:

“To Reggie, six years old, St. Swithen’s Day, 1914.” Tea was furnished by the Fauconberg Arms. Hearty cheers were given Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer by the boys.

That summer I also gave a treat of tea, sweets, pipes and “baccy” to the old people in the Almshouse of Coxwold, and last, though not least, my annual school treat to the Coxwold Parish school children. The Yorkshire Herald of that date published the following notice—

“SCHOOL TREAT”

“The Annual Treat was given to the school children of the above school yesterday, by Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer, Fauconberg Arms, Coxwold; who has also in past years given the children a similar treat which, judging by the heartiness of the cheers given for Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer, is evidently much enjoyed. The presentation speech was made by Captian Arthur Brigg of the London Staff of the Church Army, in the absence of Vicar Rev’d J. Hawkins.”

Forgive me if I linger on these little details, but it was the last summer I was to know perfect peace and contentment in England, and I dread the recountal of what was to follow.

On the 3rd of August I went to Buxton for a month, staying at the Crescent Hotel, where I had spent many happy weeks, and whose Visitors’ Book of 1899 still bore in Joyce’s childish cramped hand—writing “Joyce Kilmer and family, 16th of July.” He had registered on his own initiative, and I looked for and found it the first summer I was over alone, 1908, just after his marriage. I thought it would be pleasant to celebrate my birthday on the 4th of August, in beautiful Buxton, little dreaming of what dread significance that date would ever hereafter mean to me. On my arrival at the Crescent Hotel I soon found a tenseness which had not been noticeable in the quiet Yorkshire countryside, and the chambermaid told me, when she brought me my “early tea” the next morning, (August 4th), that the War was on! That day was spent in a daze, no one could realize what it meant!

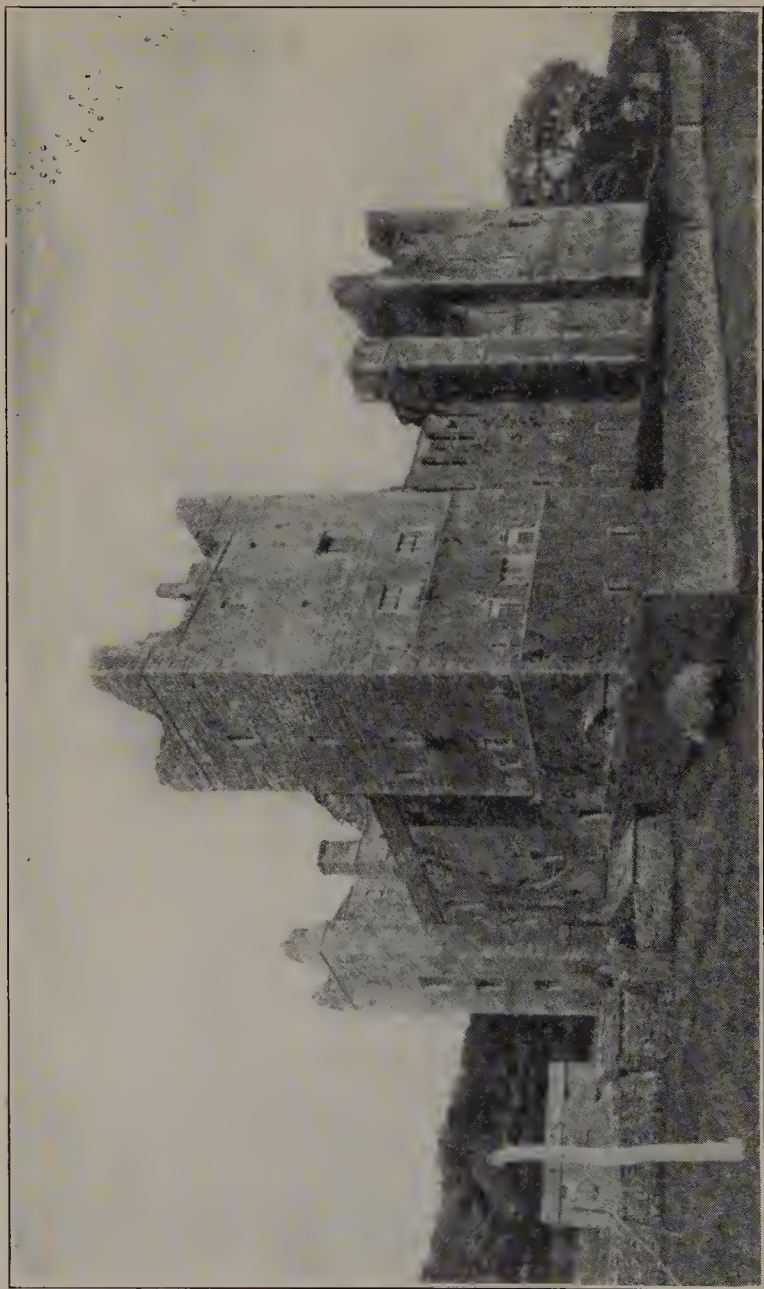
For many summers, Mr. Kilmer had sent me, through our London Office, a big bunch of cardinal colored carnation pinks, but *this* year the florist sent instead, dark wine colored ones—they made me think of blood, and added another terror to my frightened heart. A cable of congratulations on my birthday, which Mr. Kilmer always sent, was as follows: "Birthday congratulations, all well, don't worry about war, remain quiet." The days which followed were described in a report I read at the Dickens Fellowship in 1915, and which will be given later.

My Birthday Poem from Joyce (which he always wrote me), was sent, and I will give the original manuscript in his dear writing. It was also the dedication of his second book of verse "Trees, and Other Poems" which Doran Company published that summer.

The rest of that month was very gay with patriotic fervour. Every morning, afternoon and evening, there were wonderful concerts in the beautiful gardens, while splendid vocalists came down from London to sing to us such inspiring songs as "England, My England," and "Land of Hope and Glory" (from Sir Edward Edgar's "Pomp and Circumstance of War!")

To my great delight, Joyce came over on the 4th of September. As my return passage had been booked for the 12th of September, there was no difficulty in getting accommodations for him. I had engaged two bedrooms and a pretty sitting room at Horrock's Hotel, Norfolk St. Strand, London, and came down from Buxton to await his arrival on that day. Ah! so well do I remember how he looked as he alighted from the train! The last time he was to know the comfort and luxury of a first class railway carriage in England! When he crossed for the last time, in 1917, he was herded in with all the rest of 69th Regiment, on steamship and trains alike!

We had only a week before sailing, and he had so many literary friends to call on in London, that we weren't so much together, though I did get him to go with me to Maskelyne's Theatre of Mystery, and I remember how we enjoyed it. I was also able to have an almost impromptu tea for him, in my pretty sitting room. My guests were the Rev. and Mrs. Hugh Guy, Mr. and Mrs. Pearce (from Cambridge), Mrs. Basil Gill, Captain Arthur Brigg of the London Staff Church



Bolton Castle, Carperby, Yorkshire. Built in 1374

Army, and Orton Bradley, Esq. Joyce brought with him one or two male friends, and we had a jolly time. An enormous centerpiece of flowers on the tea table, and a bountiful tea such as one can only get in England, made it a very enjoyable affair. Joyce praised me with that loving quizzical look in his dear brown eyes, after it was over, on the skill with which I had gotten people together in that most busy time of always busy London Town but never so busy as then, with the frenzy of War in the air!

We sailed on the Minnewaska, the 12th of September, and that voyage was the most delightful one of my life, but how little I realized that it was the last (as well as the seventh) voyage we would take together. We had one interesting companion, Prof. Helen Grey Cone, to whom I allude in the paper I wrote in 1915, and which I will quote elsewhere.

That winter passed like a hurried dream—Joyce's second daughter was born that Autumn. I attended Authors' teas, a Poetry Society dinner, and the last dinner given by the Dickens Fellowship at which he was to preside. As always, I sat at his table, and it is a great comfort to look at the flashlight picture taken at the time, and which hangs in my old-fashioned room. I had two more of his poems set to music of my own composition, and published in London that summer, viz. "Song of Terre de Amour" and "Gifts of Shee;" the last being about Irish Fairies, I composed a tune to go with it that sounded Irish—so Irish muscians have told me. All three were sung at one of the Dickens Conference Meetings in Rochester, England that May—"Lullaby to a Baby Fairy," "Song of Terre de Amour," and "Gifts of Shee." One other I have forgotten to mention, "The Valentine." Joyce sent it to me a year previous, for Valentine's Day, and I had set it to music. It is so sweet that I must quote it here:

"VALENTINE TO MY MOTHER"

The English Meadows call her, and the streets of London
Town,

And the pleasant little villages, among the Yorkshire hills,
She can see the roads like ribbons white, that stretch across
the down,

And the great slow turning sails of sleepy mills.

She longs for stately mansions, in whose eaves the pigeons coo,

And she longs for yellow cornfields, where the scarlet Poppies
shine,
She loves the folk of England, and of course they love her too,
But she lingers in America, to be my Valentine."

SUMMER OF 1915.

The summer of 1915, my last happy year in England, I sailed on the S/S St. Paul, American Line, the 24th of April. It was just one week before the Germans sunk the Lusitania. How little we thought that soon the crowning horror of the age was to be accomplished! At that time, however, I felt no fear, though many people thought me fool-hardy, but Mr. Kilmer had said that if I sailed on an American boat, kept out of the big towns, and remained inland, I would be just as safe as in my own home.

I had again been appointed delegate to the Dickens Conference held in England, so I think I will quote here the report I read, at the October meeting of the New York branch of the Dickens Fellowship, as it gives a clearer account of conditions in England during War time than what I might be able to remember now. I will only add that my son was still the President of that Fellowship.

As Joyce was always almost morbidly sensitive about any allusions I might make to his literary work, I did not quote his fine poem "The White Ships and the Red," but I will do so now:

THE WHITE SHIPS AND THE RED.

(For Alden March)

With drooping sail and pennant
That never a wind may reach,
They float in sunless waters
Beside a sunless beach.
Their mighty masts and funnels
Are white as driven snow,
And with a pallid radiance
Their ghostly bulwarks glow.

Here is a Spanish galleon
That once with gold was gay,
Here is a Roman trireme
Whose hues outshone the day.
But Tyrian dyes have faded,
And prows that once were bright
With rainbow stains wear only
Death's livid, dreadful white.

White as the ice that clove her
That unforgotten day,
Among her pallid sisters
The grim TITANIC lay.
And through the leagues above her
She looked aghast, and said:
"What is this living ship that comes
Where every ship is dead?"

The ghostly vessels trembled
From ruined stern to prow;
What was this thing of terror
That broke their vigil now?
Down through the startled ocean
A mighty vessel came,
Not white, as all dead ships must be,
But red, like living flame!

The pale green waves about her
Were swiftly, strangely dyed,
By the great scarlet stream that flowed
From out her wounded side.
And all her decks were scarlet
And all her shattered crew.
She sank among the white ghost ships
And stained them through and through.

The grim TITANTIC greeted her.
"And who art thou?" she said;
"Why dost thou join our ghostly fleet
Arrayed in living red?
We are the ships of sorrow
Who spend the weary night,
Until the dawn of Judgment Day,
Obscure and still and white."

“Nay,” said the scarlet visitor,
“Though I sink through the sea,
A ruined thing that was a ship,
I sink not as did ye.
For ye met with your destiny
By storm or rock or flight,
So through the lagging centuries
Ye wear your robes of white.

But never crashing iceberg,
Nor honest shot of foe,
Nor hidden reef has sent me
The way that I must go.
My wound that stains the waters,
My blood that is like flame,
Bear witness to a loathly deed,
A deed without a name.

“I went not forth to battle,
I carried friendly men,
The children played about my decks,
The women sang—and then—
And then—the sun blushed scarlet
And heaven hid its face,
The world that God created
Became a shameful place!

“My wrong cries out for vengeance,
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah’s ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away that stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.”

When God’s great voice assembles
The fleet on Judgment Day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver,
But one—shall be like blood.

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS AND GUESTS OF DICKENS' FELLOWSHIP:

At our last meeting, which was also our first of the season, (not to be too paradoxical), we discussed the question as to whether Charles Dickens would have been in favor of Woman's suffrage, but as the time wore on, we discovered we were arguing instead, the pros and cons of the suffrage question, interspersed by the answers, in response to our President's energetic prodding, to the effect that "I think he would" or "I think he wouldn't," —so I fear that my very inadequate paper, with which I shall bore you this evening, will somewhat resemble it. I am supposed—as I had the honor of being your delegate to the Dickens' Conference, held in London last May— "to present a report of the said Conference, and nothing *but* the conference, so help me, shade of Charles Dickens!" but things of far greater importance were happening in England just then, so if my report is one-tenth conference and nine-tenths impressions of England in Wartime, you must blame the Kaiser, and not me!

To go back a year (if you don't mind), the Spring of 1914, I had also the honor of being your delegate to the Dickens' Conference held in Rochester through Whitsun week. It was a glorious occasion, and I thoroughly enjoyed the various functions of banquets, drives and receptions, all of which I faithfully described to you, at the October meeting of that year. There was no whisper of War then—all was calm and peaceful; and the conference for 1915 was voted to be held at Lancaster, a big manufacturing town. My pleasant duties at the Rochester conference ended, I went up into Yorkshire, and in the beautiful little Hamlet of Coxwold—twenty miles from the lovely old Cathedral town of York, I spent three happy months. On the first of August, just prior to the announcement of the war, I went to Buxton in Derbyshire. Buxton is an English Saratoga, beautifully situated in the green hills of Derbyshire. The springs from which Queen Ann drank, and made famous, are still there, and as they are supposed to be good for rheumatism (they are nasty enough to be good for anything), you will see gouty and rheumatic people on crutches and in bath chairs, going every morning to "take the waters" (as it is called) at Queen Ann's Well, or going for their baths at the various bath houses in the center of the town. There are lovely public gardens covering many

acres, with a covered pavilion (for it has been known to rain in Buxton!) where the visitors may sit or saunter, and hear an excellent orchestra give three concerts every day. Then there is a pretty opera house where the best talent for London comes down. Two picture palaces and a good vaudeville theatre are also there. The Duke of Devonshire's stables made into a large hospital some years ago, now alas! given over entirely to wounded soldiers, occupies a good part of the town.

It was in Buxton, then, that I was staying on that ever memorable fourth of August, 1914. All day the air had been thick with rumors. It was whispered, "We were going to declare War on Germany? It *couldn't* be possible! The Nations were so friendly! Why! the King and Kaiser are cousins!" So we talked; but the next morning, when the maid brought up my early tea, she said in an awe struck whisper "The War is on!"

The rest of that Summer in England, 1914, passed like a feverish dream. There was lots of excitement in Buxton! Every morning we would go to the gardens, and the orchestra (the leader a German) would play "God Save the King," "Land of Hope and Glory" (from Sir Edward Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance of War"), "England, my England," "God Bless the Prince of Wales," "Rule Britannia," "Columbia's the Gem of the Ocean" (which I had always fondly supposed, until then, to be an American tune), and many other patriotic airs. We would all sing, and as we sang we would be sure that the war couldn't possibly last more than three months!

On the 1st of September I went up to London—already there was a great change. On the back of every taxi there was a big placard bearing the words "Your King and Country need you!" while many bill and poster boards had similar phrases. There were soldiers everywhere, and bands playing "Tipperary," and in all directions you saw long lines of young men marching to the nearest recruiting office. Still it was a lively London—far gayer than at the time of the Coronation even, and everyone was saying "Well! Germany will get what she has been asking for these many years!" and we were sure (that is, the rank and file of us) that it would be all over before Xmas. Kitchener told us that it would last at least three years—but we didn't believe him then! On the 11th of September I sailed for home on the Atlantic Transport Line.

This year I sailed for England on the St. Paul, American Line S. S. Co. and found, of course, conditions very different. To begin with, I had to have a passport—a thing I have never before required—I had to have my photograph in one corner, and “most unkindest cut of all” my age in another! However, I had an accident with an ink bottle before leaving, and strange to say, the figures were completely blotted out, so no one could tell whether I was seventy-five or ninety—only by my looks!

Arriving at Liverpool, the 2nd of May, after a quiet uneventful voyage, I decided to “break my journey” (as it is called in England) by stopping over night in that city, before going up into Yorkshire.

When I registered at the Exchange Hotel, I found I had a whole lot of questions, about myself, to answer,—that process, by the way, was repeated in every hotel I stopped at while in England. Then the next morning I was told I must report myself at the police station. My life has been moderately full of action, but never before included the police, so after I had asked at the hotel desk if the officer couldn't come to the hotel, and was told mildly but firmly, that that was quite out of the question, I took a little page, and armed with him and the passport, went to the station. I was shown first to a room where two or three harassed looking men were disposing of passports and people. When my turn came, the officer made the business very brief,—and it was so soon over that I said—“But I thought I had to have my thumb imprinted? Bertillon method?” He smiled and said, “You will have to go in the next room for that—though you don't have to have it done.” But I was determined that no formalities should be omitted, so I went into the room designated, which was full of rather unsavoury foreigners—so that I was almost sorry I had persisted—but my motto has always been, if you're doing a thing, “get *on* with it” . . . so I advanced, and held out the paper which the other man had filled in, and announced my desire to have an impressionist sketch made of my thumb. This official seemed nonplussed at first, and then rather annoyed, but he finally relented, and showed me how to do it—which was to put my left thumb on some very black paper, and then press it firmly on the lower right hand corner of the paper the first man had filled in. I did it, and he was almost enthusiastic, saying gruffly: “That's a good im-

pression!" Then it was my turn to be annoyed at the appearance of my thumb, and after he had proffered a dingy cloth to clean it,—which I promptly refused with horror—I compromised by scrubbing it with my own "hanky," and turned to go, I'm sure to his great relief, for there was a waiting line of queer looking people, about twenty, I should think, filling the room. But I was determined to leave out none of the details, and besides, I knew how well the "scrap of paper" would look in my travel scrap-book!

My labours ended at the police station, I trained to York, that lovely old cathedral town, where I had booked for a fortnight before going into the country. York is a garrison town as well, but never before, in all the years I have visited it, were there so many men in khaki.

There were slim, boyish figures, with their pink cheeks and their bright eyes all aglow with excitement of war.

There were older men, many of whom had been through the Boer War, and who knew by hard experience, what war meant, but with an air of even more unshaken and grim determination to "see it through."

There were blushing brides, just married to their young hero husbands, soon to achieve glory "somewhere in France!" Well for these sweet girls that they could not know what lay before them. They shuddered at the thoughts of bullets ending the lives they loved so well, but they did not dream of the unspeakable horrors of the poison gas and the vitriol throwing which was to come later!

There were many officers with their families at the hotel where I was staying. Although it was an interesting fortnight—but rather exciting, and I was glad to leave it on the fifteenth of May—and go to Coxwold, a tiny hamlet twenty miles off from York.

At first it seemed almost the same quiet old-world village that I had made my home for many summers! The Church, the Vicarage, the Priory—where Lady Julia Wombwell lives in solitary grandeur—the two little provision shops, the post office, and the old Inn, Fauconberg Arms, were just the same, and yet the place seemed strangely quiet, especially in the evening; I knew! All the boys were gone to the war! Not one was left. Every house in the village had paid its toll,

and the sweethearts, sisters and mothers busied themselves knitting socks and mufflers, or packing boxes, for the boys who had left quiet Coxwold for the more deadly quiet of the trenches.

It was one week after I had sailed for England that the unequaled atrocity of the twentieth century took place! The sinking of the S. S. Lusitania. There was far more excitement in England than here, partly because it was an English boat, but principally because the attitude of "Watchful Waiting" had been more thoroughly inculcated over here, under the guidance of our peaceful President, who is "too proud to fight" than in the breasts of Englishmen! Still there were some faint murmurs of discontent over here, and I remember reading a very good poem on the subject, called "The White Ships and the Red, published in the *Times*. There were many poems written in England about it, and *Truth* a weekly magazine published in London, offered a two guinea prize for the best acrostic on the name Lusitania. I entered the competition, and though my poem did not win the prize, it *did* get honorable mention. I think I'll just submit it to you, if you don't object. Of course you all know an acrostic poem is one where the first letter of each line spells the name required.

Acrostic Poem on "LUSITANIA"

Let us remember to our latest day—
Under whose flag the dev'lish deed was done!
So let our children's children scorn the Hun!
In Hell's vast concourse every Fiend was gay—
To know of thousands plunged beneath the wave!
At Sunrise living! Night—an Ocean grave—
Never shall Germany forgiven be!
In every heart where love and pity flame—
A Murderer and the Kaiser are the same!!!!

On the 21st of May, I went up to London for the annual meeting of the Dickens Conference. It had been scheduled to be held in Lancaster, but the war changed all that! Lancaster is a big garrison town, and the chapter there had too much work connected with the war to attend to the details of a Dickens Conference. So it was decided to hold it in London for two days only, under the charge of the London Concil.

I was doubtful at first about making the journey. It is rather a far cry from Coxwold to London, and for only two days! Besides, I had been told that I must not go to London, on account of the Zeppelins, but while I was debating the question "to go or not to go" in my own mind, an urgent telegram, followed by a letter from the Hon. Sec'y Mr. T. W. Hill, of the London Council, decided me to go, so on Friday, 21st of May, I left Coxwold for London.

The first meeting was held that evening at Hamilton House, Victoria Embankment, and consisted of a discussion on "War and Peace as revealed in the writings of Charles Dickens."

The chairman was Mr. Walter Crotch, President-elect, and the speakers were Cecil Chesterton, and officers of the London Council. Of course, Mr. Chesterton was the only one who counted! His speech was wonderful! At the close of the meeting a collection was taken in behalf of one of the war funds.

The next morning a business meeting at the same place, which was very sparsely attended. Election of officers for the coming year—and the election of Mrs. Kate Perugini (Dickens' daughter) to Life Presidency. The next place of meeting was voted to be at Lancaster.

There were walks in the afternoon of that day, visiting Dickens places in London, but as I know my London fairly well, I did not go on many of them, and besides this, I have a horror of being chaperoned by a guide.

In the evening, the Annual Conference Dinner took place at Restaurant Frascati, in Oxford Street, but before the dinner there was an informal reception, and I had the honor of being presented to Mrs. Kate Perugini. She is a beautiful, slender lady, with a gracious charm of manner that one never forgets.

Her lovely dinner gown was silver grey tissue, over a faint pink, and it was vastly becoming to her grey hair and dainty Dresden coloring. As she held my hand, after I had been named to her as the delegate from New York, I said: "I am so glad to meet you, dear Mrs. Perugini, I came 'way from Yorkshire for this very purpose!" and she said, with a most enchanting smile, "Come and have tea with me to-morrow afternoon" to which I very gladly assented. Then



Mrs. Kilburn-Kilmer as "Sairey Gamp," in Historical Pageant, "Nursing Through the Ages," St. Peter's Hospital, New Brunswick, N. J., 1923

we went in to dinner. I was at the President's table, as last year—Mrs. Perugini sat on his left, and was the toast master.

There was the usual number of speeches, recitations, songs, etc., but it all lacked the zest and enthusiasm of the year before, because the heavy cloud of war was over everything.

The next afternoon (Sunday) I taxied to Mrs. Perugini's house, which is in a lovely part of Kensington West, quite near Kensington Gardens.

A neat parlor maid took my card and ushered me into a beautiful drawing room filled with flowers and people, where my hostess, in a wonderful tea gown of cream and pink flowered brocade, greeted me.

We had a delightful hour in that charming room—one that I shall never forget. Many beautiful portraits adorned the walls, two of Mrs. Perugini were the work of her husband, who was a painter of some little note. One of her portraits, taken when she was a young woman, was exhibited in the Royal Academy. Over the mantel was a large picture of her splendid father, banked with his favorite flower, the red geranium.

When I arose to go, she gave me an enormous bunch of lilies of the valley, and around their stalks she tied the scarlet ribbon which had decorated her menu card at the dinner. I have had several delightful letters from her since then, and I shall always remember the time spent at her home as a golden hour!

I went back to Coxwold the next day, and for some weeks spent a happy restful time, for though the spirit of the war was even in that peaceful country side, still the actual presence seemed very far away.

I visited the Rector of Gilling, who tutored the Indian Prince, Ranji Singhi, while he was in Cambridge, and met two of the Ranji's nephews, who were visiting the rector. Some weeks later they had tea with me at my lodgings at the inn at Coxwold, and at first it seemed rather odd to be pouring tea for two black men, but when I listened to the perfect English they spoke, the color of their skin didn't seem to matter! Their uncle, the Prince Ranji Singhi, has given his private

English residence, "Steynes," situated not far out of London, for a hospital for wounded soldiers, and has also fitted it up at an expense of £8000 (about \$40,000).

Many titled people in England have given up their residences for hospital use. The east wing of "Hovingham," near Gilling, is one it was my good fortune to visit, with Miss Borissou, who is a Red Cross nurse there.

We went in a little electric car, the Prince has given her, and the ride through Hovingham Woods with the thick green branches of the trees meeting overhead, was most delightful!

We took with us (among other things) an immense pile of American papers and magazines which I had brought in my suitcase that morning from Coxwold, and as we came in the first ward, Miss Borissou said to some convalescent soldiers who were standing "This lady has brought you some papers," and I said, "I hope you will like them none the less because they are from America!" Upon which several of the men exclaimed, "Oh! we like to see American papers!" I had also put a number of tiny American flags in the parcel—and they seemed delighted with them, and fastened them in their caps, like so many boys.

I went to Buxton on the 15th of August, and saw many changes from last year. Then the town practically emptied of visitors in a few days after the announcement of war! This year it was full, as no one cared to risk the dangers of Scarborough, Eastbourne, and other towns on the sea coast. In that respect it was livelier, but oh! the wounded soldiers that one met at every turn!

The gardens were still gay with music, but the German orchestra was, very properly, replaced by an English one!

Two German barber shops were wrecked by soldiers while I was there, but that was the only disturbance throughout the summer. The Englishman is supposed to take his pleasures sadly; that may or may not be true, but at least it may be safely said, that he bears his troubles with dignity! Old and young, high and low, all show the same spirit of dogged determination to "get on with it" with as little fuss as possible.

An incident illustrating that, was the case of a young boy I met last year in Buxton. His father, Sir Cecil Stanley Rose,

and his mother, were in Paris, while he remained at Buxton with his tutor, studying for the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

He was very gay, and seemed to spend most of his time in the gardens, and I didn't see how he was ever going to pass his exams. I heard from him during the Winter, and after I came to Buxton this year, he called to tell me he had passed and was going to Sandhurst the next day; he added that he thought he would like being an officer! The first letter I had from him after his arrival at Sandhurst, said that he had been put to digging trenches and his hands were badly blistered, but he knew they would be all right when they got hardened! My last letter from him, received since I came home, was accompanied by a photograph of himself in uniform, and looking so manly and self-reliant, and not a word in the letter about blisters!

I was in Liverpool for a fortnight, before sailing, and had a most interesting time. There was a great deal of recruiting going on. Mr. Lewis Waller, the famous English actor, who died only the other day, made a magnificent recruiting speech on the steps of the Exchange one noon, and on the last Sunday evening of my stay, Mr. Martin Harvey, the English actor, who has made "The Tale of Two Cities" more famous than any other of Dickens' dramatized books, gave a very fine war speech at the Court Theatre, and in closing read a poem which thrilled me with delight, for I know the author, Miss Helen Grey Cone, and when the poem appeared last February in Scribner's Magazine, I thought it the finest this horrible war has brought forth. I shall conclude by reading it. It is called:

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND.

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of sword and glory of souls;
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not—
Hers is the story, her's be the Glory, England!

Shatter her beauteous breast you may;
The spirit of England none can stay;
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel door—
Deem ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground—
Keats is beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free;
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendour eternal!
England!

After staying a few days in the comfortable Exchange Hotel at Liverpool, I went to the Fauconberg Arms at Coxwold, York. It was really quite touching the way the village people greeted me saying "You *did* come over again! We thought you would be afraid!" England had been at war for a year, and war's activities were all that were thought of, in the peaceful countryside, as well as the towns—only all the boys were gone.

Later, in August, I went to Buxton,—at the St. Ann's Hotel, and while there I received a letter from Mrs. Walter Page. I had heard that they were stopping in Buxton and wished to meet them again. Here is her letter:

"Aug. 18th, 1915.

6 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Dear Mrs. Kilmer:

Mr. Page wishes me to write and tell you that we were not staying at Buxton, but were only there for luncheon one day.

I am glad to hear that your son is so successful. It must be a source of great joy and pride to you.

I remember having the pleasure of meeting you at the Poetry Club Dinner in New York. Please remember me to your son.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,

ALICE PAGE."

I had written to Dr. Page in the first instance I had read in the Buxton Advertizer that he was to be in Buxton, and I was anxious to see him again after my call on him (by appointment) at the Embassy in London the year before. It was in the early spring that I saw him (before the memorable 4th of August) and I remember how very sad and troubled Dr. Page's face was, though he tried to be cheerful, and said many kind things of Joyce's success. It was Doubleday Page Company which had published Joyce's first book, "Summer of Love," the year before, and he was naturally interested. He told me that in the Autumn Mrs. Page would be over, after the marriage or graduation (I forget which) of a daughter, and that he hoped to see more of me, and also Mr. Kilmer whom I expected to come over but I never saw Dr. Page again—and I had known after the war was on in 1914 *why* he looked so sad and troubled, for of course he knew *then* (in April) that it was bound to come.

Before I say any more of my last Summer in Buxton in war time, let me give a little pen and ink picture of what happened every week in every Summer while I was in York and Coxwold. The last named, while a delightful stopping place in fair weather still left a little to be desired when I got tired of walking up the White Horse. So I used to spend two days every week in York, only twenty miles away. I would go to the pleasant and modern Station Hotel (after booking my seats for the play to be given that night at the Theatre Royal). I had always the same seats—center front row, dress circle—and I had as escort either a most engaging young Quaker boy, whom I called "the cleverest boy in England," and who was employed in the Customs Office in York, or else a bright young Yorkshire boy in the motorcycle and gramophone business with another boy, in York. One of them would call for me, and we would take one of the delightful old cabs drawn by a fat horse, and driven by a fat man (there were no taxis in York then, and horses and drivers always looked so sleepy and comfortable). The plays were always well

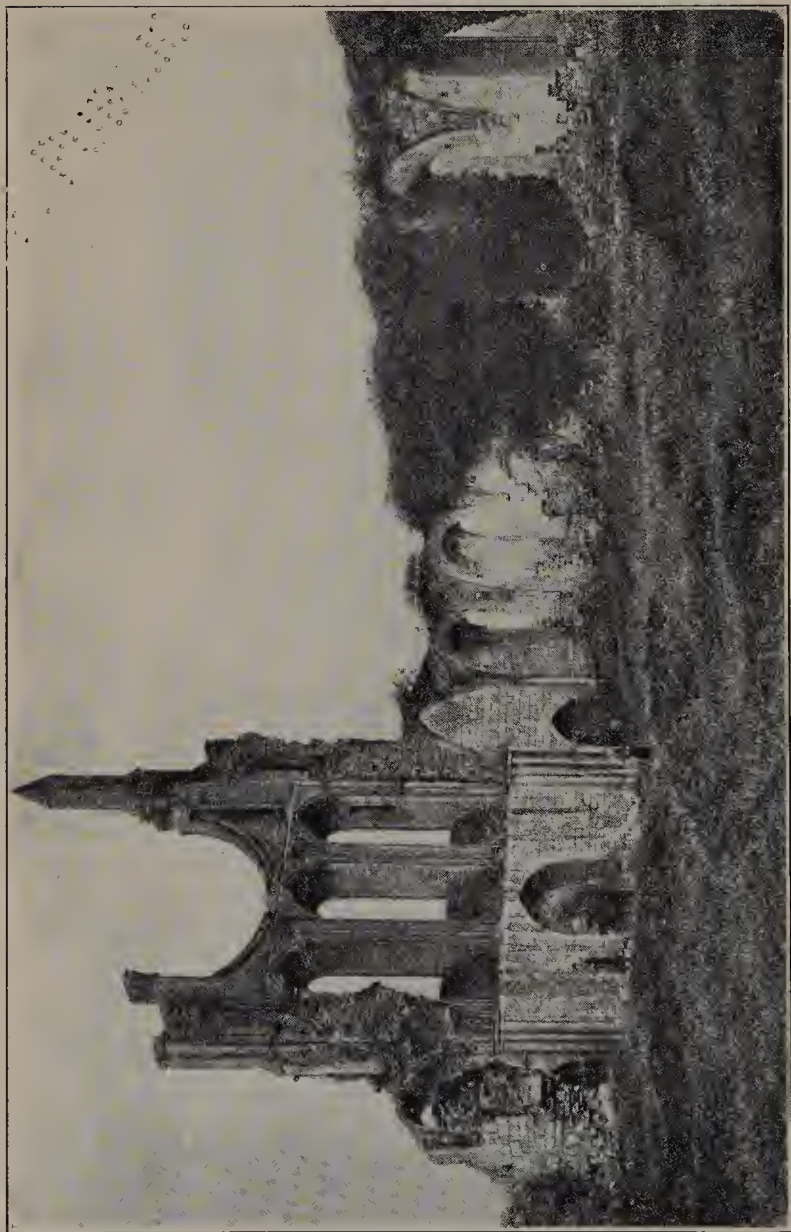
worth seeing—many of them from London. The next morning I would start out for a ramble through York, of which I never tired. The old antique shops were especially delightful, and I bought many lovely bits of garnet jewelry. At one place I found a wonderful old sun dial, which I gave to Joyce's wife that Autumn. I really think York is the most fascinating city in England.

But I did not confine my purchases to antique shops. An excellent jewelry shop in Coney St., kept by a Mr. Ingliss, was a favorite of mine. He it was, who made the English and American flag brooch for me at the time the Lusitania went down, and he was later to send for me, a set of solid silver bouillon spoons (for Joyce's wife—a birthday present), by the S. S. "Cedric," which the Germans sank. But that was in 1915.

In the peaceful days all was sunlight and happiness, with no thought of misadventure. Mr. Ingliss was (and still is) a delightful Scotchman, whom the City of York honored by electing him Lord Mayor last year (1923), which is a very great honor indeed ever since poor ragged Dick Whittington became the Lord Mayor of London.

Coming back to the Station Hotel, I would have my luncheon, which would usually consist of cold salmon (and oh! the delicious pinkiness of it, surrounded by sliced cucumber), cold veal and ham pie, (what Mr. Wegg, "the literary man with a wooden leg" called "A Veal and 'Ammer") when he went to read to "Mr. Boffin." With the above mentioned viands I would have good crusty English bread, all washed down with Bass and stout, mixed in a judicious "Shandy" and poured from each bottle simultaneously by my waiter, with an almost reverent care. Then would follow a fruit tart, and *after* that, in York a choice of Stilton, Cheshire, or Wemsleydale Cheese, with a few biscuit (crackers) and a bit of salad to top it off with. On rare occasions I had a demi-tasse—but not often.

Then I would pack my small bag, and be waiting at the door of the Station Hotel for whichever boy was to be my escort. Taking a cab, we would proceed happily out to Fossgate, about a mile out of York, to a moving picture place. The doorman would take my bag and put it in the box office where the fair haired young girl sold tickets—I never had a



Ruins of Byland Abbey

check for it.— After telling the cabman to come back for us in time for the 5:15 train for Coxwold, we would go into the cosy little theatre, and for 2½ hours would sit enthralled. I have always been able to enjoy everything that came into my life, and the hours spent at the Fossgate Theatre were happy ones indeed. I always came on Thursday because that was “half holiday,” and so more convenient for my boy friends—and the girl who sold the tickets, and the doorman, always greeted me like a friend, each week.

One week I did not come, and the doorman said reproachfully, as he took my bag “We missed you last week; why didn’t you come?” It was those little homely touches which make my memories of England so precious, and which makes me linger on them now.

We would arrive at the station in time to have a nice tea served for us in the railway carriage (3d), and which consisted of two slices of buttered bread, two wedges of plum cake, two tiny pots of tea, two jugs of cream, and four or five lumps of sugar. If we hadn’t quite finished before the train left (and my boy friend had to go) the tea tray would be pushed under the seat, and was taken out at the next station.

Then back to quiet, peaceful Fauconberg Arms and Coxwold, with Emmy, the smiling niece of the landlady, waiting at the door of the inn, to take my bag and carry it up to my pleasant bedroom, with beautiful old Byland Abbey waiting, as it had waited for centuries, for me to look at it, out of my eastern window. My pretty sitting room would have bouquets of fresh flowers, and the post which had come that day would be waiting for me on my round table, which was covered with a cheerful red cloth, where I was later to have my supper of cold roast beef or lamb (dinner was served at noon in the country), bread, butter, and a pint of Bass, with stewed plums or rhubarb, and cheese. My noonday meal was always graced by a big jug of *real* buttermilk, which came twice or three times a week from the dairy of New Newburg (pronounced Newbrys) Priory, through the kindness of Lady Julia Wombwell (pronounced “Wommel”).

But I must leave pleasant memories of Yorkshire, and finish my recountal of the Summer of 1915. Buxton, as I mention in my report, was much quieter than the year before, when it was filled with the hot enthusiasm of the opening of

the war, but light was the only thing we missed also on account of the Zeppelins. There were few gas lights in the street, but everywhere you would see people carrying tiny flash lights to see their way about, and St. Ann's and the Crescent Hotel were very dim.

There were wounded soldiers everywhere. I remember the cold horror which swept over me the first time I met a soldier in the Square at Buxton with a bandaged head! But I soon got accustomed to such sights, though it always gave me a pang in the heart, which has never been free from sadness since.

Mr. Kilmer cabled me he was sailing the 11th of September and for me to meet him in London, but I feared to go there, so engaged rooms at the Exchange Hotel, Liverpool, where I met him. We sailed for home 5th of October on the American Line, S. S. St. Louis, and had a comfortable but uneventful passage.

Anna Held was one of the passengers, and sang at the ship's concert, singing as she had always sung for the English soldiers in France. Her eyes were electrical, and one didn't wonder at her song, "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave"; but she was an ill woman then, and keeping up entirely on excitement—at least so it seemed to me. I heard her say she would not sing, just before the concert, and I said, "Oh! Miss Held, you *must*—I wouldn't have dressed and come down for the concert only for you." She said in her pretty broken English, But it ees impossible! Feel my heart!" and taking my hand, she placed it over her heart, which was indeed beating like a trip hammer, so I didn't urge her any more, but she sang just the same when the time came. Standing on the table with the tiniest feet I ever beheld, she sang the "Oh! Oh! Oh!" song which she sang in France, afterward autographing copies of the song, which she sold in large numbers.

WINTER OF 1915-1916.

Mr. Kilmer and I arrived home the 14th of October. I see by my diary of 1915 that my happy times with Joyce continued. He was unable to meet me at the dock, as he usually did, owing to fog and uncertainty of landing, but he telephoned twice the next day, and arranged for me to meet him at his office in the Annex Times Building, the 16th. We had luncheon at

Rector's, then saw "Sherlock Holmes" together. He gave me a poem, but the title is not quoted in my diary.

All through that winter of 1915-1916, I had the joy of weekly meetings with Joyce. We would lunch together at Rector's, or Claridge's, or Churchill's, or the Seville, or the Biltmore, or the Belmont. Then we would go to a matinee. Sometimes he could remain but an hour at the matinee, but how I cherished those hours!

How I love now to turn the pages of my diary and live again, through the reading of its brief records, those delightful days!

I attended with him the monthly meetings of the Dickens Fellowship. Of the meeting of November 23rd, when I read my report as delegate to the London Convention, my diary records: "Read paper; many congratulations; Joyce said he was proud of me; said it twice."

The next day he went with me to Mrs. Denny's "at home." I remember how Mrs. Denny said, when we came up to speak to her: "The proud mother!" She was a New Brunswick lady and had known Joyce since he was a child.

On the 5th of December I went to Mahwah where Joyce was living, to celebrate his birthday. As always, he had a big birthday cake. He was 29 the next day.

On the 20th of December, my diary says, I went to New York for Xmas shopping. I stopped at the Seville as usual, and Joyce came at 12 for luncheon. I had been ill with grippe, so stayed in that evening, contrary to my usual custom, but the next day Joyce came to the Seville for luncheon and in the evening we went to the Dickens Fellowship, where we met the famous English reader of Dickens' works, Mr. Frank Speight.

On the 23rd Joyce and family came out for Xmas. It was next to the last one he would spend at home—how little we realized it then! They stayed till the 27th.

When we realize that Joyce while writing, and lecturing often out of town, and besides his work on the Editorial Staff of the *New York Times* could devote so much time to me, it shows plainer than any words of mine can do, how very strong

was the tie between us, and which explains why I give all the details of the Winters of 1915, 1916, and 1917—the last I was to know of perfect happiness.

On Saturday, the 22nd of January, I went to New York for luncheon, and we saw "Treasure Island" in the evening. I stayed over at the Seville, as Joyce was to give readings from his poems at St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie in the afternoon. He gave "Roofs," "Trees," and "House With Nobody In It." How proud I was of him!

On the 25th of January, 1916, I went in to New York for the Poetry Society Dinner. Joyce was a member, and of course I sat at his table, and had such a happy time, as always when I was with him. The next day (26th) Joyce came to my hotel for dinner, and we took a hansom drive to 96th Street to make a call on Aline, who was in hospital awaiting her baby.

On the 5th of February I went in for Authors' Club Reception and Tea. He was the youngest member. I called at the hospital with Joyce to see Aline. The next day I stayed in New York, Joyce came at 3:30 and we called on Fannie Hurst, who was a great admirer of his, and later transferred the affection of her great noble heart to his mother. The next night, at the annual dinner of the Dickens Fellowship, of which Joyce was the President, I sat at Joyce's table. Fannie Hurst was at his left.

On the 19th I went in for Authors' Club Tea with him. Then, after dinner at my hotel, he went to the hospital to see Aline. The next morning he came at seven, to tell me that the baby was born—Michael Barry. In the evening we went to the Hippodrome (Actors' Benefit) and saw Charlie Chaplin in person. He made a speech and it was most amusing, as he was so embarrassed.

On the 24th, Mr. Kilmer went with me to the hospital to see Aline and the new baby—then to Joyce's office and took him to Shanley's for luncheon. My diary says "Joyce goes west tonight on lecture tour—gave him "Luck Tap."

On the 4th of March I went in for Authors' Club Reception Tea with Joyce, who came back to the hotel at 10, had supper with me, and stayed at the hotel for the night.

As I could not go to England in the Spring of 1916, Mr. Kilmer thought I might like Canada, as I would be among English people whom I love so well. So for a few weeks I was in Grimsby, it was too near the Great Lakes and the climate was depressing. Lord Kitchener was drowned that month.

On June 6th I left Canada for the Berkshires, where I stayed till the 6th of September.

On the 1st of November, I went to Philadelphia for two days, as Joyce was to give a lecture there, at the Stratford Hotel Miss Katherine Briger gave us a supper afterwards. Joyce said he was proud of me. I was, as always, proud of him!

The 6th of December, his thirtieth birthday, I spent with him in town. Gave him gold fob, my diary says, with which he was very much pleased. His birthday cake had been sent on to his home—his last birthday cake, and the last birthday I was ever to spend with him.

On the 23rd of December, Joyce and his family came for Xmas—the last one he was to spend at home. We had a tree, as we always had, since his first child was born. In my diary I say, "Joyce gave me a lovely red silk fan with ivory sticks." That fan I have yet.

When I was a child I always had barley sugar toys for Xmas, and I always had them for Joyce. After his marriage it was his habit to place them on a big platter, two or three pounds, and we would each select one till the pile was exhausted. Then he would exchange one of his for ours, and always at the end his portion was much more attractive than ours—Aline and mine, for Mr. Kilmer refused to be drawn into such a childish game, but Joyce and I were always young! That Xmas night we played the game for the last time, though how little we dreamed it then!

On the 17th of March, 1917, I went with Joyce to Boston, where he gave a lecture at the "Milleries" Hotel the next day. My diary says: "Good lecture; audience of 350 people." The next day I went with him to the Convent of Sacred Heart, where he gave a talk. The Sisters gave us tea afterwards.

Joyce had been on a western lecturing trip the week before, so when I went in on the 22nd to meet him as usual, he gave

me a lovely little turquoise matrix brooch, set in old silver, also a book by Hillary Belloc. I still have the brooch.

On April 4th, 1917, Joyce telephoned me he had enlisted in Co. N. Officers' Training Corps.

April 5th: met him at Times Annex Building, luncheon and Palace Theatre.

"The War is on," my diary says, on April 6th.

I motored to Plainfield on April 22nd to hear Joyce lecture at the College Sacred Heart. Afterward, the Rev. Father Hayes, from Sisters' College, Washington, D. C., and Joyce, came home with us for dinner and the evening. My diary says: "A Red Letter Day" and ends "Tired but happy." Alas! my red letter days were drawing to a close.

"Conscription has passed. Thank God," says my dairy for April 29th. I had seen the evils of relying on voluntary enlistment in England.

On the 8th of May I went to New York for a special meeting of Dickens Fellowship, Joyce, as President, presiding. At Joyce's request, Dr. Conde Pallen came, and read some of his War Poems, which were very fine. Joyce gave me a copy of "Main Street and other poems" just out. On the paper jacket he wrote,

"To my Mother, who taught me how to write verse."

I said, "Why dearest! I never taught you!" He said, "I remember how I used to see you count the syllables on your fingers."

Joyce, on May the 17th, gave me an old oil portrait which some one had given to him, and as it looked like Edgar Allen Poe, with whom my grandfather Curtis was connected, in a magazine, I was glad to have it for my old-fashioned room, where it still hangs.

On the 25th of May Joyce lunched with me at Henri's, and then went with me to see Dr. Laidlaw about a serious trouble which I thought I had (it proved to be unfounded) but it was sweet to have Joyce with me. He never failed me!

On the 29th of May I left home for Cheshire, Mass., where I had arranged to spend the summer months. I had luncheon



Joyce Kilmer, B. A.

with Joyce at Henri's and we went to the matinee at the Palace Theatre. He gave me a National Guard's pin, which I still have, and left me at the Grand Central Station, where I took the train for Cheshire. He was then spending most of his time at the Seventh Regiment Armory, going back and forth to Larchmont, and doing some work Heaven only knows how—at his office in the TIMES.

On the 26th of May I was in New York for a little shopping. Joyce met me at the Grand Central Station, and had dinner with me at the Seville. The next day he was with me for luncheon, and a play in the evening. The following day I saw him again for luncheon, and the Palace Theatre.

On the 1st of July I visited Joyce and his family at Larchmont. I was in New York again on the 3rd for Luncheon with Joyce, before going back to Cheshire. (I had been home in the intervening time.) I went in to New York just to see Joyce, met him at the Seventh Regiment Armory and we had luncheon at the Savoy and I then took him back to the Armory, as that was all the time he could spare me.

On the 4th and 6th I went again to see Joyce, to the Armory and thence to the Savoy for luncheon. He gave me a Seventh Regiment ring for my birthday, which I have worn ever since on the little finger of my left hand.

On the 8th I went with Mr. Kilmer to see Joyce, met him at the Armory, and we all had luncheon together. He gave me my birthday poem, which I was unfortunate enough to lose that day, together with my bag, at the Grand Central Station. The last poem I was ever to have from him. How cruel of Fate that I should lose it! Mr. Kilmer went back to Cheshire with me that day.

On the 15th of August I went in to see Joyce and attend his sister-in-law's wedding (Miss Constance Murray to Captain————) ? at National Arts Building, the next day. It was a war wedding, and very beautiful. Little Kenton and Deborah, in quaint old-fashioned child's clothing, Kenton bearing the ring on a cushion, and Deborah a basket of roses, preceded the bridal couple. The next day I went back to Cheshire, after seeing Joyce. I still have the withered rose leaves which I wore that night, and which Joyce bought me.

On the 27th, I walked up Mount Greylock and back, with a party, the same day. Most people spend the night at the top, so I was rather proud of myself that I was able to do it, with so little fatigue. I even went up to the top of the observatory, which the other women of the party would or could not do.

On the 5th of September I went home. Joyce met me at the Grand Central Station and we had dinner at the Manhattan, before I took the train for home.

On the 7th I went in to New York to see Joyce at the Armory, and we had luncheon at the Belmont. I then took him back to the Armory after buying him a kit-bag at Rogers-Peet.

The 9th of September: Little Rose Kilburn died that day! Poor Joyce brought her little body to us the next day. Aline was in a hospital awaiting her baby. When I met Joyce I scarcely knew him, he was so changed! We buried her in our plot in Willow Grove Cemetery, and I placed a cross of pink roses over her little grave. Joyce came home with us, and had the last dinner he was ever to have with us! He left at 10.20 that evening.

Mr. Kilmer and I went to Camp Mills, Mineola, where Joyce was stationed, on the 16th of September. It was my first experience of a military camp—I cannot write of it.

On the 23rd Joyce had leave, on account of Aline's being in the hospital, and I went in to see him and we had luncheon together at the Biltmore, as in the old days "Before the War."

On the 30th of September, Joyce telephoned me that Aline had a little boy—to be named Christopher.

On the 2nd of October, I went in to New York to see Joyce, who telephoned he could not see me till evening. He came at 8, and we saw "Country Cousin." He had supper with me, and stayed the night.

On October 7th, I went out to Camp Mills and saw Joyce.

On the 10th I went in to New York to meet Joyce, and see Aline and the baby. In the evening we went to the Lyric and saw "rather a poor play"—"The Masquerader," my diary says. Joyce went back to Camp Mills that night.



Post Card Photograph of Sergt. Joyce Kilmer, from
France, 1918

I went to New York again on the 17th, for shopping for Aline. Joyce came at 7, having dinner with me, and afterward going to the Palace Theatre. Diary says he brought me a book, but does not mention title.

On the 24th, Joyce telephoned me he would meet me at the Penn Station at 6. He did, we went to Rector's for luncheon, then to Palace, home that night.

The 28th of October was my last day with Joyce. Joyce telephoned on Sunday, the 28th of October, that he could see us that day—so we motored out. I took him a pair of wristlets (I had only just learned to knit), and gave him fruit. We went to his tent and talked—Aline came later. We left about five.

Before I got in the car I said "Aline, you may kiss him last," though had I known it was to be the last time his dear lips would touch mine, I doubt if I could have been brave enough to have said it, though I thought it was her right. He kissed me as had been his custom for many years, first on the mouth and then on the left cheek—always that cheek! Then I got in the car. He kissed Aline, and she got in beside me; as we were taking her to the 42nd Street Station. He stood at the window of the car. I can see him so plainly as I write! His dear brown eyes looked so steadily in mine—then at his wife—but last, at me, thank God! There was something in that look which sent a cold chill all through me, though I would not let myself realize what that look meant. A handshake with his father, and I saw him no more. No more!! It is six years and nine months, since that day, and the tears are streaming as I write—mothers never forget!

On Wednesday, the 31st, I learned he had sailed Monday morning.

On the 19th of November, Aline telephoned she had heard from Joyce—that he was safely over. I was relieved, of course, but a little hurt that I had not received a card—but perhaps the soldiers were allowed only one, or else my card was lost in the mail. It was for one of those reasons that I received no card, for Joyce never neglected me!

From the day I knew he had sailed, up to the 18th of August, 1918, when I received the news of his death on the 30th of July, I wrote nearly every day, and knitted constantly.

What the War Mothers would have done in those hideous days without the relief of knitting, I do not know! *

I was alone in Litchfield, Conn., where I had gone for a few days' rest, when the news came—and again, I cannot speak of my emotions!

But one tragic circumstance which occurred before I left Litchfield I must recount. I have mentioned the little service flag which Joyce gave me while he was still at Camp Mills, Mineola, and which I always wore over my heart—my readers may remember that the service flag had a tiny blue star in the centre. A few days after the news came which left me hopeless, I decided to place the little service flag on a bow of black ribbon, as I was pinning it on, I discovered to my shocked amazement, that the tiny blue star had changed to Gold. It is just the same today, the enamel isn't scratched and no one can explain the phenomenon. I have shown it to many jewelers. I will quote some verses I wrote at the time about the incident:

THE SERVICE FLAG

My Service Flag, with bright red rim and tiny star of blue,
Was given me by my dearest one, before he said Adieu.
And each day I pinned it o'er my yearning Mother's heart,
I prayed that he might never know how sad it was to part.

And every day I wrote to him, gay letters full of cheer,
Telling him how I'd learned to knit, and that he must not fear
That I was sad and lonely, for I sang his songs each day,
And lived the life I used to live, though he was far away.

The dreary Winter days came on, and still my heart was strong
And though I missed him, Oh! so much! and could not help
but long

To see his dear brown eyes again, and hear him speak to me,
I knew in God's own time, at last, we would united be.

When Summer came, and all the land was full of warmth and
bloom,

The dreadful news was given me, Alas! that day of doom!
"Ser'gt. Joyce Kilmer, Killed in Action," could the news be
true?

"Yes," my Mother's heart made answer, "hope and joy are
dead to you."

But my Service Flag I'll wear while my weary life shall last.
On a bow of sable ribbon then I pinned it sure and fast,
When my sad eyes looking downward, on the flag so dear
to me,
I beheld a star of gold, where the blue one used to be.

So I wear my Service Flag, with red rim and golden star,
And I think perhaps my Darling was allowed to place it there!
God is good, and knows how sorely Mother's hearts must
always ache
And my Service Flag still comforts, though my sad heart will
not break.

From then on, my life has passed like a troubled dream.
My greatest comfort was in reading and reciting Joyce's poems
to various gatherings of people in clubs, and other societies,
to whom the name Sergeant Joyce Kilmer was dear. And it
is sweet to know that they still hold him in tender reverence.
Only last week (1924) I read and spoke before some College
men, and the rapt silence with which they heard "Trees,"
showed that his name and memory still live! Close of 1918.

CLOSE OF 1919

I had been asked in 1919 to write a series of recollections
of Joyce, to run through a number of issues of a monthly maga-
zine, "*Queen's Work*," of St. Louis, and as the editor was a
dear friend of Joyce's, as well as my own, I complied with the
request, and from them, was formed the nucleus of the little
book entitled "Memories of My Son, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer"
which was published early in 1920. The chief value of the
book, of course, was the quantity of hitherto unpublished
letters from Joyce to me, running through a number of years,
and showing very plainly how dear to his heart was his Mother.
That year I also set his lovely poem "Trees" to music, and the
first thing I did on arriving in London in 1920, was to have it
published by the same music publisher who had done the
others. The poem is familiar, I am sure, to everyone who
reads this book, but I must give myself the pleasure of quoting
it here:

TREES

By Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see, a poem lovely as a Tree!
A Tree whose hungry mouth is pres't, against the earth's sweet
 flowing breast,
A Tree that looks at God all day, and lifts her leafy arms
 to pray,
A Tree that may in Summer wear, a nest of Robins in her hair,
Upon whose bosom snow has lain, who intimately lives with
 rain,
Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make
 a Tree!

In this connection, and to correct misapprehensions which have arisen regarding the number of books of which my son was the author, I will list them here:

"Summer of Love"—Doubleday Page & Co., New York.

"Trees and Other Poems"—Doran Co., New York.

"Main Street and Other Poems"—Doran Co., New York.

"The Circus and Other Essays"—Lawrence J. Gomme, New York.

"Literature in the Making by Some of Its Makers, Presented by Joyce Kilmer"—Harper Bros.

"Dreams and Images," an Anthology of Catholic Verse—Boni & Liveright, Inc., New York.

The preface of what was to be my son's last book, was written by him in August, 1917, while he was at Camp Mills, Mineola, New York, and not so very long before he sailed. He was anxious to see the book published, after his departure for France, but the copy which I sent him reached France—but not him. He had left this troubled world for another one.

When his old Regiment came back—what was left of it!—I had the strangest feeling! Just as though he missed his old comrades. It was only after I had written the following verses that my heart was soothed, for it seemed as though he *knew*. I will quote them here:

TO MY BOY WHO LIES IN FRANCE

Are you lonely, Dear, beneath the shining Lilies?
Do you miss the tramp of marching feet all day?
When the 69th had left you for the Home-land,
With their bright young faces resolute and gay.

Did you think, "My Mother, longing for my presence,
Cannot bear to see my Comrades marching by—
Through the streets where she and I had oftener lingered,
In Manhattan, underneath its bright blue sky."

"Ah! My Mother's heart was always beating for me,
And she never cared for aught when I was near—
Now the stormy, stern Atlantic rolls between us—
But her soul is with the Poppies over here."

Oh! My Darling, rest in quiet 'neath the Lilies,
God is good, and gives me courage for your sake!
For the Mother of a Hero should not falter,
And the bitter cup he gives me, I will take.

One more reminiscence and I have done, and will go on to
the year of 1920, with which this book will close.

In the agonizing months after Joyce sailed for France, most of my waking hours were spent in writing letters, sending off packages, and knitting for him, but my nights were terrible, because I always dreamed of him, and when I awoke, it seemed more than my burdened heart could bear. One dream was the inspiration of my little poem "The War Mother," which Joyce praised when he received it—and Oh! how sweet those words were, only a Mother can know! This was my dream: I thought he was a little boy again, only six or eight years old, I had missed him from the house, and on asking the maid where he was, she told me he would be in about nine o'clock. As he was never alone in the evening, I dreamed I was much annoyed, and said "I shall punish him when he comes in." I waited at the door for him to come, but when I saw him I only hugged him—and then awoke! The dream was so vivid, that I sat up in bed saying "Why, where is Joyce?" and then I knew! Here is the poem which I called—

THE WAR MOTHER

The days are heavy, and the nights are long;
My boy, now grown to be a man, is gone!
I dream of him, a little lad once more—
And dreaming, wait for him beside the door.
I see him coming, clasp him in my arms;
Then wake—to feel the woe of War's alarms.

Before his lips could utter words to me,
His eyes, so full of baby mystery,
Would look into my own, intent and sweet,
And I would hold him close, his love to greet.

On that last day before he sailed for France,
The same look in his eyes was like a Lance
Through my poor mother-heart, for well I knew
Not *Au revoir* was meant, but sad *Adieu*.

Dear Mother Mary, look with pity down
On these Thy daughters sad, who wear the crown
Of Martyrdom for pangs they will *not* own;
And force their lips to smile that hide a moan.

When Joyce received it he wrote the following (forgive a Mother's vanity!)

“Headquarters Co. 165th Inf.,
“A. E. F. France, May 18, 1918.

* * * “As to your ‘War Mother’ poem, I hesitate to tell you how I like it, because I am afraid you will think I am trying to flatter you. It certainly is the best poem you ever wrote—beautiful, original, and well-sustained. I have seen no recent War verse I like so well. There is no question but what you will sell it to some good magazine. I certainly congratulate you, and congratulate the magazine fortunate enough to print your poem.”

It was in 1919 I asked permission from our Government to visit my son's grave in France. Neither his widow nor ourselves wished his dear body disturbed—in the words of part of the last poem he ever wrote, published in *Scribner's Magazine* for August, 1918, and entitled:



Sergt. Joyce Kilmer in the Uniform of the Intelligence
Service, May, 1918

“ROUGE BOUQUET”

There is on earth no worthier grave,
To hold the spirits of the brave,
Than this place of toil and pride,
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.

In response to my request, I received through the War Office at Washington, a curt refusal, adding that no relatives of soldiers were allowed to cross. I wrote again, but received the same reply. I make no comments, simply state the facts.

In 1920 I asked again, but this time acting on the advice of friends, gave as my reason for wishing to go, that I had business in England and France. Received permission, and in the Spring of 1920, I sailed for England *and* France.

SUMMER OF 1920

I sailed on the Kroonland, Red Star Line, the 10th of May and met some interesting people, among them Miss Ruth Draper, who kindly gave two monologues at the Ship's Concert.

Before sailing, I was introduced to Governor Newton W. Gilbert—Governor of the Philippines—a very pleasant gentleman. The second day out he brought Mr. Alexander Woollcot, brilliant columnist and dramatic critic on the *New York Times* to me, as I sat in my steamer chair, and introduced him. We had many pleasant conversations together, and in one of them I thanked him for the beautiful tribute he had paid to Joyce, when he had visited his grave in France, and which was published in the *New York Times*. Mr. Woollcot was with the A. E. F. as War Correspondent. My little book “Memories of My Son, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer” was just out, and Brentano of New York, the publisher, had furnished me with an advance copy just before I sailed. I mentioned the fact to Mr. Woollcot, in the course of one of our chats, and he asked to see it. I very gladly loaned it to him, and when he returned it, his warm praise of it made me very happy.

On landing, I went directly to the “Arundel” Hotel in Surrey Street, Strand, London, W. I found conditions so changed from 1915! England was conserving coal for fear of strikes, which gave opportunities for any quantity of graft. When I arrived late in the afternoon I asked for a fire in my bedroom.

without which it is impossible to be comfortable almost any month in England. It was lighted, of course, but the trouble began the next morning when the maid brought my tea, and hot water for my bath, and I asked her to please light the fire, as it was deadly cold. To my great astonishment, she informed me (not at all in the tone in which English chamber-maids *used* to speak) that "no fires was allowed before four o'clock in the afternoon, without a doctor's *Prescription*." So I had to go to a doctor's office, and after sounding my chest and finding I had chronic Bronchitis, he gave me a certificate to that effect, for which I had to pay him 10 shillings (about \$2.50). When my bills came in, I found that I was paying that amount daily for my fire, which needless to say from then on, was kept up vigorously, from "early morn till dewy eve."

The Arundel Hotel was once part of the Duke of Arundel's Estate, and by the way, it was rather amusing to note the different pronunciations of the name—the proper way, was with the emphasis on the first syllable *Arundel* but the taxi people always called it the *Arundel*. Many old family portraits were in my big bed-sitting room—for they could not allow me an extra room as before the war—still I wouldn't have minded that so much, if the food had been palatable. I was never so poorly fed as in England, Summer of 1920. The meats were without exception unpalatable, while the bread, excepting in London and other large towns, was still made with the War flour, and was blacker and more unfit to eat than any we had during the War. Of course, England was still under War conditions; but it was plainly to be seen, and more plainly and unpleasantly to be felt, that lots of money was being made on that account, and as usual, the public had to pay the bill.

I was only a few weeks in London, and of course, did not have the heart to go about as in 1915 when I was last over, and when Joyce was alive.

I was made a member of the Lyceum Club, 138 Piccadilly W., and had the honor of being asked to speak at one of their Tea-Receptions. I recited "Trees," "In Memory of Rupert Brooke," and "Rouge Bouquet." Everyone was most kind, and it cheered my sad heart not a little to know that in England, my son was loved and appreciated, almost as much as in his own Country.

I attended Remembrance Day, England's Memorial Day Services, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and left with a Verger a lovely bouquet of pink and white roses, to be placed later on among the many floral tributes. On my card I wrote, "In Memory of My Son, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer."

I went to Buxton for the month of June. Was at St. Ann's Hotel in the Crescent. There, too, I found many changes, but not as noticeable as in London—though the fires still had to be paid for *twice*!

I was never so quiet in Buxton as in the Summer of 1920. The shadow of what the Autumn was bringing me (for I had planned to visit his grave in France, on Mr. Kilmer's arrival) hung over me, and dear, beautiful England, which I had loved so fondly for over twenty years, had almost lost its charm. I found pleasure, however, in the lovely Gardens, for which Buxton is so justly famous, where my sad heart was soothed by the fine concerts given three times a day. Then too, I enjoyed exploring the antique shops, which had always a great fascination for me, though they never equalled those of York.

In a Buxton antique shop I bought many lovely gifts for friends at home, and perhaps in consequence of that, the proprietor gave me one day, a delightful little china figure of Prince Albert in his blue naval uniform, trimmed with gold braid and gold star, and with immaculate white trousers. He has on a narrow checkered sash of green and red, with long ends—his hair is brown, his eyes dark blue, and I suppose looks much as he did, when Queen Victoria gave him her royal heart. The little figure is about ten inches in height.

A dear English friend gave me a fine "Toby Jug" that Summer, and these two are valued ornaments in my "old fashioned room," where my square Rosewood Piano (on which a little girl called Annie Kilburn once learned to play the scales) holds the place of honor.

July and August I spent in Lodgings in High Kilburn, York, Yorks. I wasn't very happy there, for it seemed as though the ghosts of the joyous weeks and months I used to spend in that locality hovered around, and the difference between the present and the past, seemed almost too much, at times, for me to bear! Still I gave my usual teas for the little boys, adding one for their mothers, this year; a treat for the old

people in the Almshouses, and a treat of sweets and toys for the Parish School. It rained almost continuously, those two dreary months of July and August, and though I went in to York nearly every week, the old zest and flavour of those pleasant by-gone trips had gone forever!

On the first of September Mr. Kilmer came over. In this connection, I would like to state some rather interesting facts. His passport cost more than mine had done in May, and the passport to France from the English Government was expensive—but when we went to the French Embassy to have it viséd, the Agent said, “Why are you going to France?” Mr. Kilmer replied, “To visit our son’s grave,” and the agent, with a fine gesture, said, “There is nothing to pay.”

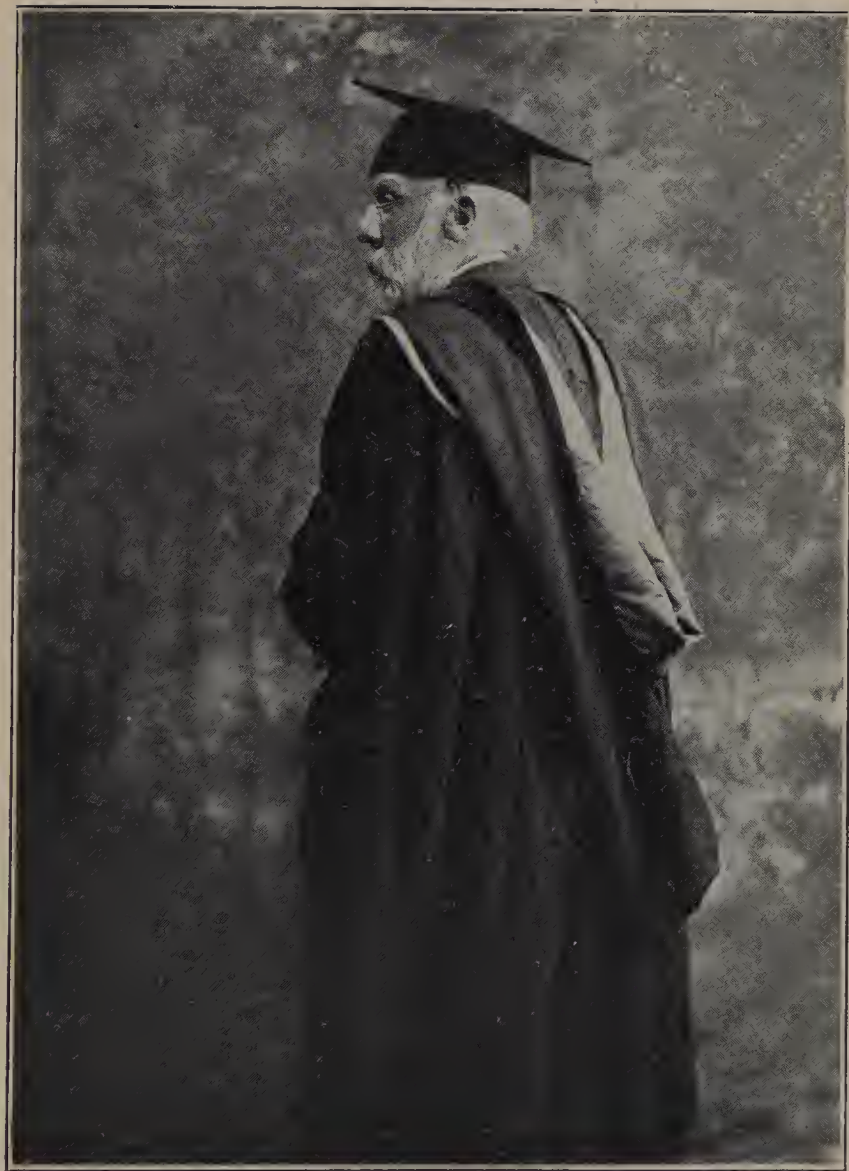
There was at that time, and afterward, much talk of French profiteering, but I did not find it so.

After staying a few days in Hotel Norfolk, Surrey Street, Strand, London, W. C., we went to France.

And now I find my pen falters! How can I describe that sad journey to his grave? We were at the Hotel De Malte for a few days, till I could get strength and courage sufficient to motor to Fere-en-Tardenois, where he lies, in the little American Cemetary, of only about 600 graves.

It was a bright sunshiny day, on Thursday, the 9th of September, when we left the Hotel at 9:15 a. m. A Mr. Evans, from the American Express Company, and another man, an acquaintance of Mr. Kilmer’s, went with us in the motor. That swift trip! We went like the wind, for there are no speed restrictions in France, but I felt no fear—in fact the only thought I had was the belief that I might die on his grave, and it was a pleasant thought! Before leaving Paris, Mr. Kilmer had bought, for me to place on the grave, one of those large flat pieces the florists sell for that purpose—all roses and pinks. I held it on my lap all the way, only when we stopped for luncheon at about 12 o’clock.

We arrived at the grave about 3 p. m. At my desire I was left alone. He lies just a little way from the gate of the little cemetery, on the left side as you enter. I can see it as I write. The grave was covered with flowers, but I took those at the head, and placed them lower down, and put *my* flowers



Frederick B. Kilmer, Ph.M., Father of Joyce Kilmer



Main Street, Kilburn, Yorkshire, showing the
"Beck" (creek)

in their place. Then I knelt and said my Rosary, the one Joyce gave me before he became a Catholic. I have never left my own Church—the Episcopalian—but I am never so content as in a Catholic Church, and “telling my beads” soothed and quieted me that day as I knelt on his grave, more than anything else could have done. And I did not shed one tear.

AT HIS GRAVE—1920

For two years I had waited for this day
To see the place wherein my hero lay,
And as I knelt beside my dear one's grave
My fingers held the Rosary that he gave.
I said the “Credo” and my heart grew calm.
“Our Father”—Oh! the blessed words were balm.
“Hail Mary” thrice repeated soothed my soul.
While “Gloria Patri” rounded out the whole.
“Hail Mary's” ten I prayed and felt him near,
And “Gloria Patri” said without a tear.
For he was with me as I told each bead.
I could not weep for Mary's love indeed
Upheld and succored my poor lonely heart
And took from death the sting, and cruel smart.
I wished to kneel beside that grave all day,
And bitter sad it was to come away.
But God knows best—my son is with me still
And so I bow submissive to His Will.

Afterward, Mr. Kilmer asked me to go to the Hostess House. I did so, and spoke to the young American lady, a Miss Macy, in charge, but in a mechanical manner, as I felt like one in a dream. She did not ask my name, nor did I give it, but when at her request I wrote “Serg't. Joyce Kilmer's Mother” in the visitors' book, and she saw what I had written, she gave a little cry of astonishment, and said, “There is no grave in the cemetery that is asked for, as much as his.” Then I said, “Who placed the flowers which I found there?” She replied, “That grave is never without flowers! People from all over the United States bring them.” Then I went back to the grave with Mr. Kilmer.

I had told him some time before, that I would like to bring away a little of the earth which lay above Joyce's dear body, and when I asked Mr. Kilmer if he had made arrangements

for getting some of the earth, he said "yes" and motioned toward a young man who stood near, one of the invalided soldiers who tended the cemetery with such loving care. I then gestured to ask if he had paid him. Mr. Kilmer said, "He wouldn't take any money." I walked up to the young man. I did not know if he was French, he wore no uniform—and though I do not speak the language, I knew he would understand me, when I said, "Will you shake hands with me?" extending my hand to him. He grasped it warmly, while he said, "You *bet* I will." He was an American boy, and had known Joyce. His eyes filled with tears.

I knelt once more on that dear grave—took a pink and rose from my flowers, kissed the sod three times, and came away, without one tear!

We made arrangements with the people who care for the graves to put flowers for him on his birthday the 6th of December, and on Christmas Day. We got back to our Hotel at 9:45 p. m.

AT HIS GRAVE

In France, September, 1920.

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER.

So very far away in sunny France,
Lies all my happiness, lies all my joy!
My weary footsteps took me to the place,
Where all that's mortal rests that was my boy.

And as I knelt upon the grassy sod,
My sad eyes lingered on the snow white cross,
Fit emblem for the hero buried there,
Who freely gave his life, nor thought it loss.

The dear grave had a mantle of fresh flowers,
For many loved him, and had known his fame;
My flowers I placed the nearest to the cross,
Where the great Mother knelt, Her grief the same.

We mothers suffer most whose lips are firm
And will not show the agony we feel,
Nor claim the sympathy from passing friends;
But Mary Mother! comforts as we kneel.

Some earth I took from that dear resting place,
 (It seemed so sweet to have a part of France,)
And when I reached my sad and lonely home
 I planted English poppy seeds. Perchance

Their scarlet blooms will lighten my sad heart;
 For even now, green tiny leaves peep through,—
From English friends a message sweet they bring,
 Of loyal sympathy, and love anew.

Weep not, O Mothers sad, who mourn your dead,
 For though they lie so very far from you,
Their souls are now at rest in Mary's love.
 And God, He knows the best. Believe! 'tis true.

We left France on the 12th of September, and I cried for the first time because I was leaving Joyce, but I don't feel like that any more, for he is with me always!

And now I shall write *Finis* to my little tale, which began with such high hopes and happiness, and ends with a grave in France—but lest you, too, may be sad, I will give you a delightful essay of Joyce's, written after his "*Circus and Other Essays*" was published. "*A Bouquet for Jenny*" was published in "*The Bellmann*" on the 13th of January, 1917. Here it is—and on this note I say Goodbye.

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER...

A BOUQUET FOR JENNY

By Joyce Kilmer

So far as I know, in no library is to be found a book illustrated by Jenny Hand. Therefore more than much vellum and crushed levant, more than first editions and association copies bearing famous signatures, do I prize a certain fat volume, a foxed and dog-eared and battered volume, which was published by Grigg and Elliott (God rest them!) in Philadelphia at number nine North Fourth Street in 1847. This is a book of poetry, but it is no slender little pamphlet of a thing, the shelter of one bardling's lyrical ejaculations. Five full-grown poets, two of them men of noble birth, comfortably share this stately tenement. The book's solid and imposing name is "*The Poetical Works of Rogers, Campbell, J. Montgomery, Lamb, and Kirk White.*"

A detailed consideration of this volume might, to the profit of the reading public, fill all of one issue of any book review supplement or literary, so to speak, section printed in America. But for the moment I would write, not of the excellencies of the volume in general, but of the distinguishing feature of my copy—its unique virtue, which gives me the right to pity all other bibliophiles now rejoicing in this illustrious Grigg and Elliott imprint. I refer to the illustrations by Jenny Hand.

Messrs. Grigg and Elliott illustrated, to the best of their ability, every copy of this work. They illustrated it with what they doubtless termed “elegant steel engravings.” These steel engravings are indeed “elegant,” also they are “appropriate” also they are “chaste.” Take down from its shelf your copy of “The Poetical Works of, etc.” and you will find, facing page ninety-four, a representation of “Morning among the Alps,” painted, the legend tells you, by T. Doughty, and engraved by George W. Hatch. The sun is rising, much as Mr. Belasco might direct, and upon a pleasant little pond in the foreground are three of those famous Alpine early birds known as swan. This picture is designed to accompany Samuel Rogers’ “The Alps at Daybreak” lines which I may recall to your memory by saying that they begin “The sunbeams streak the azure skies.” The picture was not intended by the artists to be Alpine in character, but it is a nice picture, very harmonious with the text.

Furthermore, the generous Messrs. Gregg and Elliot, being greatly moved by those lines of the ingenious Kirk White which begin: “Behold the shepherd boy, who homeward tends, Finish’d his daily labor,—O’er his path, Deep overhung with herbage, does he stroll with pace irregular; by fits he runs, Then sudden stops with vacant countenance, And picks the pungent herb”—being greatly moved, I say, by these lines, they determined to give them a supplementary embellishment. Therefore they caused one O. Pelton to engrave on steel a picture first “Drawn by Cristall” (as who should say “Painted by Raphael”). This shows us a plump youth, with the vacant countenance celebrated by the poet, standing upon the side of Vesuvius, carrying over his shoulder a large spade, and in his left hand a basket of potatoes. In their sensational journalistic way, Messrs. Grigg and Elliot affixed to this picture the cap-

tion "The Shepherd Boy," and forthwith the poem was illustrated.

But while you will take pleasure, if you are a worthy possessor of this volume, in these altogether admirable engravings, you will look through your copy in vain, for expressions of the genius of Jenny Hand. The Jenny Hand illustrations are two in number, and they are to be found only in my copy.

One of the advantages of illustrating a book with steel engravings is that it necessitates the inclusion of blank pages. When a steel engraving occupies one side of a page, there may be nothing whatever printed on the reverse.

There may be nothing printed, I said, on the reverse. But on the reverse anything in the world may be drawn or written. Therein we see the origin of the entertaining practice of extra illustration. To the eager pencil of Jennie Hand, these virginal white pages, cases among pages dry with verse, offered irresistible opportunities. And my library is therefore the richer.

This book never belonged to Jenny Hand, except so far as anything belongs to one who makes it more beautiful and interesting and useful. The book belonged to Jenny's sister, Esther. On the fly-leaf is written "Mifs E. C. Hand, with the regards of C. F. Q." Obviously, E. C. stands for Esther Conway. Obviously, also, Esther did not herself draw pictures on the beautiful volume of poesy (with gold scroll work all over the cover) which the amorous and tasteful Mr. C. E. Q. presented to her. This delightful work was done by Esther's younger sister, who in 1847 was aged perhaps thirteen, and should have been and probably was named Jenny. C. F. Q. stands for Charles Francis Quigley. This is not a random guess; it is a wholly logical deduction from the portrait of the gentleman drawn by Jenny, who knew him well.

It was one summer afternoon in 1847 that Jennie first began to improve "The Poetical Works of Rogers, Campbell, J. Montgomery, Lamb and Kirk White." At three o'clock Jenny had been out play-keeping the porch, and the front gate, well in sight, for she knew that not for nothing had Esther put on her pearl necklace and her blue sash and spent three-quarters of an hour over her hair. Jenny's suspicions were

justified and her vigilance rewarded. At four o'clock the front gate clicked and the gravel walk resounded under a manly tread. Charlie Quigley, in a high stock, a flowered waistcoat, a long black coat, tight blue trousers and a tall silk hat, came to call on Esther. And he brought a gift. Was it a box of candy? If so, Jenny would, as a dutiful sister, help to entertain the company. She would wait—Esther was unwrapping the present. No, it was not a box of candy—it was a book. And it was not even a novel, it was a book of poetry, of all things in the world! How could that Charlie Quigley be so silly?

Well, Jenny lost interest in Charlie and his gift for a while. She rolled her hoop and played with the puppy while Esther and Charlie sat on the porch and looked at the foolish book. When Jenny came up on the porch, toward sunset, they had gone into the parlor. They had left the book open face downward on a bench, open to "Thomas Campbell's Song," beginning "Oh how hard it is to find The one just suited to our mind"—certain lines of which Charlie had roguishly underscored.

Jennie turned the pages of the book, but found therein little entertainment. At length, she came upon "Morning in the Alps," with its blank inviting reverse. Among the jackstones in her pocket was the stub of a pencil, and soon that pencil was at its predestined task of depicting the event of the afternoon—for my edification some three score years later.

Jenny drew a side view of the broad stone steps, with a little of the railing and Grecian pillars. She drew the locust tree, and since she knew that there was a robin's nest in it, she outlined two little birds against the skyey background. She drew Esther, grand in her hoopskirts, necklace, curls and blue sash—no, it wasn't blue, it was green plaid, and the fabric was satin, for as I live! there is a faded corner of it in this very book, sentimentally cut off and placed there by Esther herself! Why was Esther so particular about saving a fragment of that sash? Was this really a momentous afternoon? Was this the sash that Charlie's black broadcloth sleeve surrounded when Esther consented to become Mrs. Quigley? And were they married, and did Charlie's friends all make flat jokes about his claiming the hand of a Hand?

And were all these things going on while the artistic Jenny

was busy on the porch? Possibly. Probably. But with such conjectures the author of this serious essay in art criticism, has no concern. To return to the account of the picture—Jenny drew next the renowned Charles Francis Quigley. But now her pencil was dipped in a mild solution of venom, imparted to it, I fear, when she thoughtfully placed its point between her small lips. For those same lips had desired chocolates and the chocolates had turned out to be nothing but poesy. Therefore she sacrificed realism to satire, and made Charlie (really a very nice fellow, whom she came to like very much in later years) something of a fop. She made the cut of his coat too extreme, his hair too curly, his mustache too obviously waxed. She deliberately gave his eye a sentimental expression; she smiled derisively as she padded his pictured sleeve.

And then she gave her drawing its crowning charm—she put in the “selbst-portrait.” She drew the little cedar tree that flanked the porch, and she drew herself kneeling beside it, seeing, but not seen by, the rapt Esther and Charlie. Far from being ashamed of this act of sisterly espionage, she gloried in it, and brought all her art to the task of immortalizing it.

So in my book the locust tree is forever in leaf, and the two little birds poise always against the summer sky. And always, Charlie, hat in hand, presents to the radiant Esther “The Poetical Works of Rogers, Campbell, J. Montgomery, Lamb and Kirke White.” And always the little artist, with long curls hanging over her white frock, laughs at the lovers from behind her cedar tree.

The light was fading now, but Jenny had found another blank page—that preceding the section devoted to Kirke White’s verses. Supper wouldn’t be ready for fifteen minutes, so she started on a picture more difficult than the simple incident she had just drawn. She chose for her scene Riley’s Riding Academy, where she and Esther spent every Wednesday morning. There was Esther, seated with a sedateness appropriate to her eighteen years, upon the tamest of nags. And there was Jenny, in her fetching habit, perilously poised upon her wildly careering steed. With enthusiastic pencil did Jenny depict her own brave unconcern, and Esther’s timorousness. How firmly Esther clutches the reins of her mild beast,

how startled is her face as she looks upon her daring and nonchalant younger sister!

Did the Quigleys and the Hands, I wonder, shed tears over Mr. Southey's "Account of the Life of Henry Kirke White?" Did they know Francis Boott, of Boston, the young American gentleman who placed, Mr. Southey tells us, a tablet to Henry's memory in All Saints' Church, Cambridge? Were they moved by James Montgomery's "Prison Amusements; Written during nine months of confinement in the Castle of York, in the years 1795 and 1796?" Mr. Montgomery himself tells us in the prefatory advertisement, "they were the transcripts of melancholy feelings—the warm effusions of a bleeding heart." Did they read "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Theodric; a Domestic Tale," and the "Pleasures of Hope?"

Did they read the memoirs prefaced to the various selections? If so, I hope they found them as delightful as I do. There is the inexhaustibly fascinating "Memoir of Charles Lamb," in which the anonymous critic improves the occasion by reproving sternly the Lake Poets, or the "Lakers" as he calls them. "The thousand Songs" he tells us, "of our writers in verse of past time dwell on all tongues, with the melodies of Moore. But who learns or repeats the cumbrous verses of Wordsworth, which require an initiation from their writer to comprehend?"

Later this gentleman has occasion to refer to "Another School of Poetry" which "arose in opposition to that of the Lakers." "Their talents," he writes, "are before the world. To this new school belonged the late poet Shelly, whose lofty powers are unquestionable; Keats, also now deceased; and Leigh Hunt." Keats also now deceased! What porridge fed the writer of this memoir!

Well, my concern is not with the poor hack who edited this book and wrote the memoirs. I hope Messrs. Grigg and Elliot paid him well. And as for Charlie and Esther and Jenny and the robins in the locust tree—well, Charles Quigley's dust and his good sword's rust, and his soul is with the saints, I trust. I hope Esther married him. I'm glad he brought her "The Poetical Works of Rogers, Campbell, J. Montgomery, Lamb and Kirke White," even if Jenny was disappointed. For if she'd made her drawings on the cover of a candy box they would not now be in my library.

The following essays were written by Joyce Kilmer and were inspired by his visits to England with his mother.

A DAY AMONG THE COSTER MONGERS

It was early, and the summer sun is just beginning to settle down to its daily duty of baking the Londoners, as we pass down "Igh Olbun" on our way to the Coasta Country. Past the bourgeois houses, where the sleepy maids are washing the doorsteps, and flirting (in solemn English manner) with the milkman, past the flower girls, who are twisting the petals of their blossoms to bring back a semblance of freshness, on we go, until at last we are in Aldersgate Street. On both sides of the street, as far as we can see, stretch rows of carts, of stands, of barrows filled with almost every conceivable article that can be bought and sold.

How different from the swarthy Italian fruit vender of little old New York is the flaxen-haired man who stands guard over yonder cart of apples and cherries! Cockney, yes, from the enormous boots to the checkered scarf. His trousers are of brown corduroy, and marvelously narrow. He wears no coat, but his waist-coat makes up for the loss. It reaches half-way to his knees, and is ornamented with a double row of big white buttons. A brilliant pink is the color of his shirt and his neck cloth (tied stockwise to take the place of a collar and necktie) is deep red.

He arose from his mattress in the closet-like room which with some half-dozen other companions, he occupies at three in the morning. He breakfasted on bread and tea, and then, hitching his donkey to the cart (first stocked with fruit which has spent the night in his sleeping place) he led it to his special place of sale. He is not so noisy as an American vender would be, but still his shouts of "Fine ripe cherries," "good English apples,—a penny apiece!" "Ave an apple, sor!" when mingled with the cries of his numerous brethren, make a goodly uproar.

Most of his companions are English. There are some women, but the majority are men. The woman wear black dresses, showing an amazing fondness for cheap fur boots and stoles, even in the middle of the summer. Their hats are of straw, and of the stiff, ugly "sailor shape."

The stalls are many, and the variety of the wares are great. Here are boots and shoes of all styles, with their prices written upon them in glaring red letters. There are caps and corduroy garments. That sign, "American Ices—1/2d" looks interesting. Let us examine the stall and its contents. It looks very much like our own familiar hokey-pokey carts, and the red-faced vender is as dirty as though he plied his trade on Fourteenth Street. But the half-frozen mixture of bad eggs, cheap flavoring extract, milk, hair, and mud is worse to see and taste than the stuff offered to our poor. It is served in little cups to the customer, whose tongue cleans the cups for the next customer.

The most noticeable odor comes from the fried fish stand, where a stout, old woman cooks chunks of fish over a gas lamp. Nearby is a barrow filled with whelps, and periwinkles. If it were Winter, we would see plenty of little fires, with potatoes and sausages cooking over them. Fruit stalls are in abundance.

This talk of food reminds us of the fact that it is noon. The Costar Mongers are preparing to eat their dinners, but first they make arrangements for the feeding of their donkeys, which are tethered not far away. The Costar Monger usually starves and beats his wife, but is kind to his donkey. The reason is that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offers yearly, a prize for well kept donkeys, but no society has offered a prize for well kept wives. Dinner consists for the most part of cheese, and huge "door steps" (slices of unbuttered bread) occasionally varied by rather wilted lettuce and cress, and among the more extravagant buy "butchers' blocks," which are cakes made of the minced of the meat shops. The food is washed down by copious draughts of ale from the nearby "pubs." "Arry" drunks give as a diversion, but beer as an occupation.

Dinnertime is a period of social intercourse. The Costar Monger leaves his stand while he goes to chat with his "donah" and to make arrangements for a trip to 'Appy 'Amstead with her next Bank 'oliday. In a few weeks they will be married, and he will knock her down and kick her, and she will "gouge" the "bobby" that comes to arrest him.

The rush of business is on again as we pass down to White-chapel. But the faces are different, and so are the wares.

These swarthy men and women, who are they? Ah, we are among the Jews now. The buildings are Jewish shops. Synagogues, and Missions to the Jews. The stalls are kept by Jews and second-hand books, cloths and kosher meat are the principal things for sale.

It is later in the afternoon as we reach Whitechapel Street Station, but twilight is hours away. We go into the little railway carriages, and are drawn (with much smoke and cinders) away from the lands of stalls.

Farewell, good kerb-stone captain of industry! Your voices are all on the surface, but your virtues are not few. Most of your faults arise from poverty and ignorance, and for these you cannot be to blame. But you possess honesty, loyalty, simplicity and good fellowship as true as ever lived. May you always buy cheap and sell dear, and may 'Armstead grow more charming, and whelps and gin more refreshing every week, until at least we meet on the eternal Bank 'oliday.

A. J. K.

(The Targum, Jan'y 29, 1906)

THE VICAR GOES AFISHING

"Will you get some paste for us, Mary," and the stately lady sails majestically to her pantry to mix together some bread and water for her husband. For the Vicar is going fishing, and his clerical hands must not descend to the making of baits. Soon the bait, a huge mass of dough, is stored away with the lunch and poles and fish can, in the bottom of the cart.

A gentle chirrup from the priestly lips, and away we swing down the broad avenue of oaks to the turnpike, gleaming white in its green hedge setting. Our steed is a fat old donkey, bred among the gypsies, and bought at a great bargain—to all parties concerned—on market day in the village streets. The cart is a little brown affair which jumps and jolts after the donkey's heels.

With the Vicar's broad form clad in rusty black, and his clerical, wide brimmed hat overshadowing the tiny animal and the tiny cart, we would send American farmers into convulsions of laughter, but never a smile on the face of Hodge, who looks up from his reaping to touch his cap to Mrs. Hodge,

who courtesies in the doorway of the thatch-roofed white-washed cottage of the flowery garden, or the little white-headed Hodges who roll about under the donkey's hoofs.

The village is far behind us now, and golden wheat fields decked with scarlet poppies enclose us. It is a shooting country, as the swelling shelters of the hedges, and the occasional whirl of wings from the ditches show. In the distance, a grey tower shows itself among the trees, and proves to the Vicar that we are nearing Brimsley Moat. The tower, he says, is that of "Saint Mary, and all the Host of Heaven." It is a fine specimen of Norman architecture, but age, and the neglect of Lord Weston, the patron, have reduced it to a crumbling mass of ruins.

The Vicar grows eloquent as he speaks of the poor people of the neighborhood, whose parish church was left to fall to pieces when the Patron changed his faith, and for whom a monthly service by a priest from a neighboring parish now takes the place of the regular Matins and Evensong of days gone by.

The donkey is tethered to the broken stile-post, and we walk through the grassy church-yard toward the moat. Is any place more beautiful than an old, neglected graveyard? There is a sweet, melancholy in the wild roses that half circle these broken monuments, and in the grass that covers these lying epitaphs, that falsehood may not mar a place of peace. But the moat is gleaming among the trees and we pass on by the buttressed tower whose roof the rooks inhabit, and strike on until we reach the water's edge.

Years ago, a stately castle stood on yonder island, but the present Lord Weston has departed from the habitations of his ancestors as from their faith. He lives in a great glaring red brick house farther away, and the island is without occupant save for the moorhens that splash among the reeds.

The Vicar is seated on a fallen log, making ready for work. He is a true Briton, and enters into such modest sport as roachfishing with as deep and hearty interest as he shows in cricket and football at Eton or in his church now-a-days. Now a smile lights his clean shaven face, and with a swing, the line flies out, and on the water floats the tiny dark red "bobbin." How quiet it all is! And the grey tower, and

blue clouds pictured in the depths of the moat seem to add to the stillness. Ah! now the float sinks lightly and rises again. Once more it goes down, and splash! there's a fine fat roach well landed.

Another, and yet other victims succumb to the charms of bread-dough, and soon the fish-pail is alive with glistening, struggling bodies.

Now luncheon time has come and the plump basket is drawn from the cool shade of the bushes. Forth comes appetizing sandwiches of ham, cheese, crisp leaves of lettuce, hard-boiled eggs, and a stone bottle of clear, wholesome Home Brew. We eat and fish and at the same time talk Theology and Politics.

When the sun sinks behind the Poplars of the West, we take our tackle, and our fish, and start for home. The donkey (mentally) sniffs his fodder from afar, and rattles along at a great pace. Against the crimson sky stand out the black figures of men and horses returning from work, and through the quiet evening air, rolls the low music of the Harvest Song.

Now comes the shaded avenue, and yonder is the vicarage itself. The Vicar's wife crosses the broad lawn to meet us, and around her head there shines the glory of the setting sun.

A. J. K.

VALENTINES

It was my son's custom always to remember St. Valentine's Day by either a picture of a heart drawn and colored by his childish fingers, or some little verse. These I still treasure! In later years he sent me many beautiful Valentine poems, one of which I set to music and had published in London.

The last Valentine I was never to receive, though he sent me a cable in February, 1918, saying, "Your Valentine will be late, but you'll get it!" Later he wrote he was sending it the next day, but it never reached me. So many letters were lost in that most trying time!

VALENTINE—(Date unknown.)

Red is the rose
 you love the best.
Red are the rubies
 in which you're drest.
Red is the richest,
 mellowest wine,
And red is my heart—
 your Valentine.

TO YOU, 1908—(The year of his marriage.)

Devotion never ending,
And courage, ever mending
These two, together blending
Belong always to you.
I give you my devotion
In calm or in commotion,
As deep as is the ocean
And as the stars are, true.

BIRTHDAY AND VALENTINE GREETINGS FROM MY SON TO ME

To A. K. K. Aug. 4, 1911

Now the English larks are singing,
And the English meadows flinging
Scarlet flags of blazing poppies to the
 fragrant summer air,
And from every tower and steeple,
All the wondering English people,
Hear a chime of fairy music, though no
 bell-ringers are there.

What has caused this jubilation?
Days ago the Coronation
Went with jewelled pomp and splendor
 to the country of the past.
Is the land some Saint's day hailing?
Or has some tall ship gone sailing
Through the hostile fleet to triumph,
 with the Union at her mast?

Nay, it is no war-like glory,
Nor pale saint, or ancient story,
That has made the island blossom into
 beauty rare and new.
We in this sea-severed nation,
Share with England our elation,
As we keep this feast, your birthday,
 and are glad with love for you!

1912

She has dainty silken gowns,
Purples, scarlets, blues and browns,
She has flashing jeweled circlets to adorn
 her pretty hair.
She has ribbons, scarves and rings,
Cigarettes and other things,
And to find a new gift for her, drives a
 person to despair.

On Saint Valentine his day
I have made my eager way,
Through the rich and splendid counters
 of Dan Cupid's famous mart,
There was no gift I could buy,
So I guess I'll have to try
To content her with a simple thing—
 it's nothing but my heart.

VALENTINE—1913

I will send my heart to England, and will make it learn to act
Like a vacant minded Vicar, or a Curate full of tea.
I will make my heart talk Cambridgese, or Yorkshirish, in fact,
I will make it be as British as a human heart can be.
I will dress my heart in roses, roses red and ever gay,
I will steep my heart in scarletest of wine.
I will teach my heart to bow, and smile, and sing, and dance
 and play—
Just to make you take it for a Valentine!

VALENTINE TO MY MOTHER, 1914

The English meadows call her, and the streets of London
 Town,
And the pleasant little villages under the Yorkshire hills.
She can see the roads, like ribbons white, that stretch across
 the down,
And the great, slow-turning sails of sleepy mills.

She longs for stately mansions, in whose eaves the pigeons coo,
And she longs for yellow corn-fields, where the scarlet
 poppies shine,
She loves the folk of England, and, of course, they love her too,
But she lingers in America to be my Valentine.

FOR A BIRTHDAY

To A. K. K., 1913

England, England, put your veil of mist away!
Dress in green with poppies in your hair.
England, England, let your birds sing holiday.
Let your lanes be jubilant and fair.

She is made of singing, therefore hail her with a song,
Strew her path with loveliness and crown her with delight.
Golden hours of joy and beauty—these to her belong,
Everything that lives today must own her gentle might.
England, England, now the *jocund* feast is here,
Now is time for frolicking and mirth.
England, England, now another turning year,
Bring the day that celebrates her birth!

TO MY MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1914

WITH A BOOK OF POEMS

Gentlest of critics, does your memory hold,
(I know it does) a record of the days
When I, a schoolboy, earned your generous praise
For halting verse and stories crudely told?
Over those boyish scrawls the years have rolled,
They might not bear the world's unfriendly gaze,
But still your smile shines down familiar ways,
Touches my words and turns their dross to gold.

Dearer to-day than in that happy time,
Comes your high praise to make me proud and strong,
In my poor notes you hear Love's splendid chime,
So unto you does this, my work belong.
Take, then, this little book of fragile rhyme;
Your heart will change it to authentic song.

TO AN ADVENTUROUS INFANT

ON HER BIRTHDAY, AUGUST, 1915

"England," she said, "is surely England yet;
Therefore it is the place where I should be.
In spite of war, I know that tea is tea,
A cigarette is still a cigarette."

"Why should I worry over Wilhelm's threat?"
And thereupon she said goodbye to me,
And gaily sailed across the dangerous sea,
To where, among the Zeppelins, tea was set.

What if the sea foam mountainously high
 With waves that had in Hell their fiery birth?
What if black peril hover in the sky,
 And bursting shell wound deep the trembling earth?
All evil things must harmlessly pass by
 She who doth bear the talisman of Mirth.

TO MY MOTHER, OCTOBER, 1915

There fell a flood of devastating flame
 On half the world, and all its joy was dead.
 The sky was black, the troubled sea was red,
And from all mouths a lamentation came.
But you, in calm and hurricane the same,
 Went with gay lips, brave heart and unbowed head,
What was the charm, from which all danger fled?
What did you say, what cabalistic name?

It was my love that sent its quickening breath
 On all the waves that bore your ship along.
My love held out, against the flying death,
 That clove the sea, a shield than steel more strong,
Bringing you back, where no war harrieth,
 Stars in your eyes, and in your heart a song.

VALENTINE 1915

TO MY MOTHER SINGING

Out of the golden valleys of old years,
 You have recalled so many a lovely thing.
Forgotten splendors glimmer when you sing,
With their long vanished light of mirth and tears.
Gay lovers flout their love's delicious fears.
 The proud swords clash for Charles, the rightful King,
 A woman weeps, and turns her "Silver Ring."
The "Men of Harlech" charge with level spears.
Yet I, crowned with my crown of vanity,
 Have been more happy when you sang and played,
The songs wherein your art has succoured me.
 As starry note on starry note was laid,
Then my chained rhymes, by your designs set free,
 Flew heavenward on the radiant wings you made.

VALENTINE FOR MY MOTHER, 1917

If some day as you idly turn the pages,
Whereon my verses are,
You find a flower where angry winter rages,
On the black earth a star;
If in dead words you come on something living,
Some fair and vibrant line—
It is the message that my heart is giving,
It is your Valentine.

TO A. K. K., AUGUST 4, 1916

The Berkshire Hills are gay
With a gladder tint to-day,
And Mount Graylock rears his mighty
head in pride.
For the lady that they knew
Long ago, to them is true,
And has come within their shadow
to reside.

And across the troubled sea,
Yorkshire hill and Cambridge lea,
Send their love to you by every wind
that blows.

And a greater love than these
Hurries northward on the breeze
From the little hills they call the
Ramapos.

NIGHT ON THE OCEAN

Suppose you were on the lower deck of an ocean-liner. The time is about half-past eight at night. The situation is drear and desolate. The cabin passengers are all inside amusing themselves in many ways in the brilliantly lighted salons. Down in their quarters under the deck, the steerage passengers are talking a babel of foreign languages, broken now and then by the sound of a fiddle, and the scuffling of feet. On the deck, all is silent. All is clothed in darkness, except for a few lanterns hung at the side of the ship, and on the masts. Clouds of spray, shot up by the mighty vessel contrast strangely with the darkness of the night. Here a huge wave looms up before the bow like a mountain; but, unable to resist the force

of the current sent by the ship from either side, turns back and bursts, covering the deck with spray.

A bell on the deck now strikes eight. It is the signal for the change of the watch. As soon as the bell ceases tolling, the voice of the sailor at watch is heard: "All's well; eight bells, and a fog ahead." He then clammers down from his perch, and is relieved by another. Again silence reigns. The night is getting darker. Even the lanterns at the side of the ship seem enveloped in the mist. The ship is surrounded by a dense fog. Suddenly the sound of the fog-horn booms loudly out. Guided by the compass, the sailor at the wheel steers safely on, until at last the great ship passes through, and leaves the grey, cold fog behind her, in the sea.

LOSS OF THE ARETHUSA ANNE

It was about six o'clock on a summer evening, along the English Coast. A small fishing smack was lying about fifty miles off Holyhead to the East. An hour before, it had been surrounded by a fleet of other smacks, but now it was alone. Twilight, which in England lasts until about half-past nine, had just set in. The scene was one of peace and beauty. As far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen of prominence except the picturesque little fishing smack, with its three occupants, and the name "Arethusa Anne" painted across the bow. The rays of the red sun, slowly sinking below the waters, cast a glimmer over the peaceful scene, whose quiet was broken only by the ripple of the waves, and the splash of the fisherman's lines.

In the boat were three men. The oldest, David Hawkins, an old English farmer from around Marblehead, was going to Queenstown, Ireland. He had received a letter the previous day, which told him that his son William, who had been in the United States for five years, had started for home, and would arrive at Queenstown the following day. It asked Hawkins to be at the Queenstown pier to meet him. As Hawkins did not have money enough to go on one of the steamers, he had asked his two friends, Joe West and George Wilkins, who were Marblehead fishers, to carry him across the Channel in their boat, the "Arethusa Anne." They had some doubt as to whether this could be done, but as Wilkins had done it in his youth, they decided to at least try.

After fishing a while, they started in the direction of Ireland about an hour and a half after the other smacks had left for home. It was a fine evening. The wind, however, was slowly rising, and the sky looked cloudy. Joe, the youngest of the fishermen was at the tiller, softly whistling "Soldiers of the Queen." At last Hawkins spoke: "What time dost reckon 'u'll rach Ireland, Garge?" "Happen 'u'll strike land nigh eight the morrow morning" said Wilkins.

For an hour there was silence. Then Joe suddenly spoke out. "Dom it," said he, "O wish O had never set out on a night like this." "It's too dark for this time of night, and the bloody wind's blowin like a million belluses."

It was the truth. The sky had become dark. A heavy wind was blowing from the East, and the waves threatened to engulf the little vessel as she plunged and reared. "Looks like rough weather, lad," said Hawkins. "Aye, worse luck," said Joe. "It'll be a long time before we reach Ireland at this rate."

Suddenly Wilkins jumped up with a cry of fear. "Look! Look!" he shouted. "She's leaking!" They all looked. In the bottom of the boat was a small hole, through which the boat was rapidly filling. Wilkins seized a board. "Bail out the boat, lads," he shouted above the storm, for it was now pouring, and thundering. "I'll plug this 'ole."

The men were working hard, when, with a crash, the mast broke and fell across the boat. "Bail her out, Hawkins!" shouted Wilkins. "Joe, dost thou cut off the sail. Happen we can make use of th' mast."

They obeyed. When the mast was cleared, Wilkins lifted it. "Here, Hawkins," he said, "stand over the leak and help me hold up the mast." Then he called to Joe. "Here, Joe," he said. "Thou are a brave limber lad. Climb th' mast and swing the lantern around y'r head. Happen some ship 'ull see us an' save us. Hawkins an' me 'ull hold th' mast up."

"Aye, Aye, Garge!" said Joe. Then, with the boat creaking, the waves dashing over her, the thunder rolling, and the forked lightning playing around his head, Joe clambered up the mast and swung the lantern.

"Canst thou see ought of a ship, lad?" said Hawkins after a pause. "Noa, Noa—not yet,—err—a—Aye! there's a steamer at last! Yelp bloody murder, lads; they must hear us!" For

a time they shouted, and at last an answering shout was heard. "Who are you?" came through the speaking trumpet. "We are th' 'Arethusa Anne' o'Holyhead. We've sprung a leak and we'll sink 'less we get help just now!" "Aye, Aye, keep it up 'till we come," came back the welcome answer.

Soon the splash of oars was heard, and a life-boat manned by six stout sailors came up. Joe (who had climbed down from his perch on the mast) and his two companions leaped into the life-boat. "Can't we save the old smack," said Wilkins, looking longingly at the ship. "Nay, mate, t'aint worth while now," said a sailor. They then pulled away to the steamer, where they were given a royal reception, with a hot supper and comfortable berths in the sailors' quarters.

The passengers of the steamer (which was the "Virginia" of the Franklin and Westlock line) were interested in the brave men who had kept up so well in a storm on a leaky vessel. One tall, bright looking young business man from New York, a first class passenger, came to see Hawkins. "I hear you are from Holyhead," he said. "Do you know a farmer by the name of Hawkins?" "Weel," said Hawkins, "I reckon I'm him." "Dom it, lad," he said suddenly, "art thou Wilyum Hawkins?" "Egad, you've growed," he said, shaking his son's hand heartily. "And look at the clothes on ye, lad," he cried. "You must be a gentleman loike." "Aye, father, I am, and I've the money to make you one. We'll go back to America together." After all, something fortunate has come of the loss of the "Arethusa Anne."

QUIEN SABE
(WHO KNOWS?)

1921

I know not what's in store for me,
The joy of Heaven, the pain of Hell,
My love has held them both in fee,
What comes hereafter—who can tell?

But if I live beyond the grave,
Upon the earth I'd choose to be,
Out from my heart let branches wave,
My life embodied in a tree.

My son who wrote with quickening heart,
About the trees he loved so well,
Was one with nature's every part,
And knew each mossy nook and dell.

So let me be a tree in France,
Not far from where my dear one lies,
My soul may rest in peace perchance,
Until we meet in Paradise.

A. K. K.

